THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Volume 198, Number 48

MAY 29, 1926

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Norman Rockwell

For 30 years baby specialists have advised mothers to give Cream of Wheat as the first solid food. They recommend it because it supplies the energy a baby needs to grow with, and because it is so easy for delicate little stomachs to digest

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A reproduction of this painting A-1 will be sent free on request. Cream of Wheat Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Prove to Yourself that this amazing claim is true

Wear in men's socks has been increased 3 to 4 times by a revolutionary way of knitting

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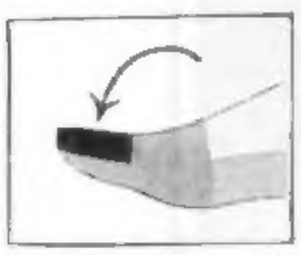
NO need to take our word for these surprising figures—"3 to 4 times more wear in smart silk socks." Two million men confirm them. So do their wives. Let them tell you, or, better still, find out for yourself by testing a single pair of these smart socks.

The new way

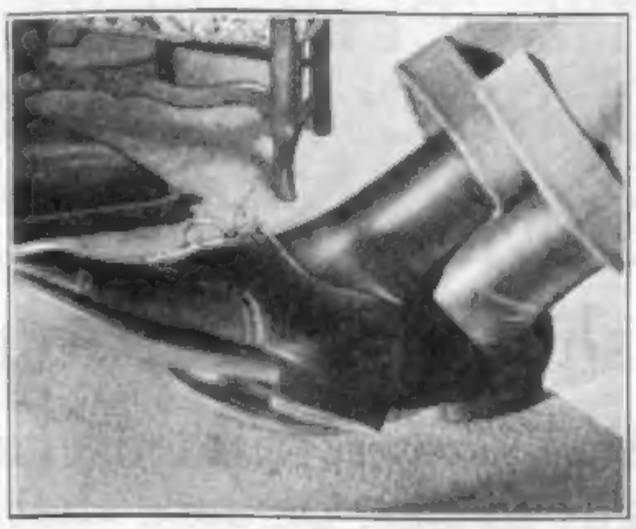


This diagram illustrates the Ex Toe idea. Yet you can neither feel nor see it in the socks themselves.

Science has discovered a new way of knitting. The toe—where most socks wear out first—now becomes the strongest part of all. Wear is increased by a simple scientific principle.

Just at the point of hardest use a special wear-resisting thread is woven at the tip and over the top of the toe.

An easy thing to tell about, yet it took experts months to find the perfect way to do it. Hundreds of tests were made, thousands of experiments. Different machines were designed and built.



Special thread was carefully selected. At last came the hosiery achievement known to the world as Ex Toe.

Above all, these socks are extremely smart. Sheer silks in striking colors make them faultlessly correct. Glove-tight fit at ankles adds trimness. Yet prices are quite inexpensive. Only 75c and $1 for the finest silks. A wide variety of other materials for 50c.

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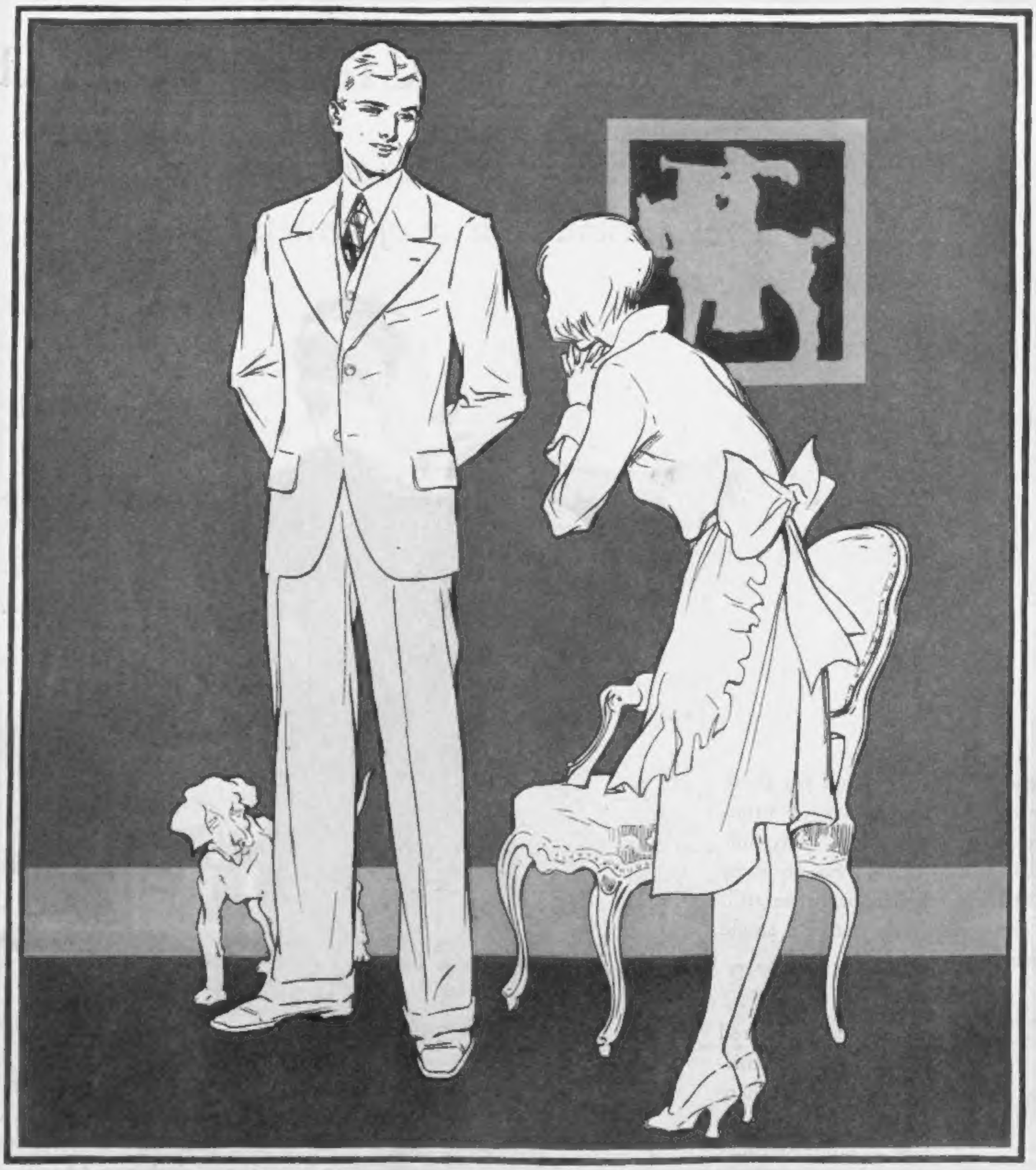

IT'S THE STYLE AND SHE KNOWS IT

Hart Schaffner & Marx made this suit; wide lapels and shoulders; narrow hips

Women know style—even in men's clothes. So if you want to look right to her, be sure that you get it. You will if the Hart Schaffner & Marx label is in the clothes

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AFTER MUSSOLINI—WHAT?

By Isaac F. Marcosson

THE most casual diagnosis of Europe today inspires the conviction, peculiarly cynical in view of the vast sacrifice entailed, that the Great War made the world safe for dictatorships instead of democracies. Curiously enough, they have all been national life-savers with one exception—Russia. Her compass was set for destruction in the red dawn of her proletarian autocracy.

Catalogue the lot and an astonishing repetition of what might be called recuperative history is revealed. A military directorate under Primo de Rivera saved Spain from complete disaster in the African war and brought about some degree of stabilization at home. The republic of Turkey rose out of the ashes of empire because Kemal Pasha first fought, and has since ruled, with iron hand. Greece owes her semblance of republican integrity to hard-fisted gentry of the type of Pangalos. So too with Hungary under Horthy. The prize exhibit of rebirth through highly concentrated authority, however, is Italy, where masterfulness and Mussolini are synonymous terms. The boss business as a first aid to bankrupt nationalism is not to be despised.

An Age of Dictators

ON THE other hand—and here you have the reverse of the picture—French fiscal chaos is almost entirely due to the lack of a strong executive will to compose political differences and impose financial responsibility, especially with regard to taxation. If ever a country needed the firmness of the dictator, it is France. This, however, is in passing.

Why is all this dictator-going so good? The answer is the same in all the countries I have mentioned, with Russia again the exception. It lies in the fact that the traditional parliamentary systems of Europe are failures when it comes to response to the needs of an acute crisis. Whether in Italy, Spain or France—I cite only the major instances—the number and welter of parties, together with bloc alignments that do nothing but block traffic, set up insurmountable obstacles to necessary legislative action. Measures are sterilized through coalition or stifled by endless talk. One of the curses of the Continent has been "gossipy parliamentarism," to quote the Italian Premier's pat designation.

COPYRIGHT BY EVA BARRETT, ROME

An Autographed Copy of Mussolini's Latest Portrait, Inscribed for The Saturday Evening Post

Mussolini found a broken-down constitution that had become the plastic instrument of a vacillating clique which stood more or less pat on parliamentary procedure. It permitted Bolshevism to fasten its fangs on the country; remained supine while the workers seized the industrial machine; remained inert during the collapse of credit. Ruin impended.

Mussolini took the short and unconstitutional cut, which is the dictatorial way. He smashed precedents, turned red terror into white fear, and brought order and—what was even more important—economic revival out of the dust and din of class war and political bicker. In the last analysis, Fascism is not only a political force of historic moment but it has been the impetus to an impressive commercial renaissance as well. It means that most contemporary dictatorships have succeeded because a man or a group of men has arisen strong enough to usurp constructively the privileges of wilful and inept majorities. The outstanding instance, of course, is that afforded by Mussolini. Cromwell had nothing on him.

A dangerous precedent, you may well say, and with truth, because the constitution is the accredited bulwark of modern liberty. But desperate diseases need desperate remedies. Italy was a surgical case that called for a major operation.

With the reference to the practical by-products of Fascism, we reach the phase of the Italian situation with which this article is concerned. In the mass of fierce publicity that beats so continuously about Mussolini—he is the most efficient first-page specialist since the late Theodore Roosevelt—there has been scant appraisal of the part he has played, and continues to play, as prop of the Italian economic structure. We are so apt to associate business overlordship of one kind or another with men of the type of the elder Rockefeller, Harriman and Hugo Stinnes—that is, individuals recruited from private life—that we seldom attach it to political leadership or official ruling powers. To be sure, King Leopold of Belgium, and later William Hohenzollern, in Germany, encouraged commercial expansion.

But neither initiated the sweeping social, industrial and fiscal measures that have galvanized Italian productive life since the advent of Mussolini. Everything, from the encouragement of music and the speeding up of exports to the return of the splendors of ancient Rome, is grist to his imperialistic mill.

A Latin Colossus

IT IS the business instinct of the man that has been most surprising. He is as many-sided as he is active. Mussolini has created an economic nationalism that is unique in various aspects. It is, first of all, in sharp contrast with the narrow, selfish, political nationalism that, masquerading as patriotism, has been the death's head at nearly every international feast. It helped to spill the beans at the latest Geneva Conference. It has made a jest of the Locarno Pact. It has frustrated practically every effort to bring Europe to the realization that commercially at least the war is over. The brand of professional nationalism to which I have alluded works overtime to impede material reorganization.

Italy's economic nationalism, as interpreted in the performance of Mussolini, is of supreme interest to the United States, not only because of the debt settlement with which it is intimately related but by reason of our increasing financial stake in the country. Since the debt parley at Washington, we have loaned approximately $150,000,000 for public and private purposes. The real interpretation of Mussolini, which has escaped most of his Boswells, is that he stands as a sort of human equity behind this investment. The Yankee dollar is down on him. A considerable degree of its safeguard therefore reposes in his ability to stay where he is. It is a new phase of the human relation to the employment of money, and on a national scale. Moreover other factors make the present characterization timely. Mussolini has reached the high tide, or what appears

to be the apogee, of his achievement. He has consolidated his position. He has weathered the most serious storm that has so far threatened his remarkable grip on the situation. I refer, of course, to the Matteotti murder and its aftermath. At the moment I write, which is mid-April, he stands at the peak of his power—a Latin colossus astride the peninsular world, incarnating an authority not approached by any living king. He is more than heir of the Cæsars, for he has assumed an unofficial divine right which must make that royal Teutonic exile at Doorn squirm with envy.

I say at the moment because any analysis of Mussolini's status must be made with such a qualification. Swift and dramatic as has been his rise, his tenure is almost equally perilous. This does not develop from political menace, because Fascism is welded as a unit behind him and opposition is a farce. It is due to two things. One is the inexorable mandate vested in Nature. The iron man of Italy is far from well. This seems like a paradox, but it is nevertheless true. The will is adamant, but the flesh not so strong, although when I talked with him he seemed fit, and said he was. There is no doubt that he and his friends are alike apprehensive. Likewise many chancelleries and cabinets are solicitous, some not in the same way. Mussolini is a sort of new sick man of Europe, but far more useful and forceful than the original of the phrase who once brooded over Europe from the shores of the Bosporus.

Part of the Crowd Assembled to Hear Mussolini at the Seventh Anniversary of the Fascisti

The Danger of a One-Man Show

THE other is the ever-present danger of assassination. No high-placed personage of recent times, not even the last of the Romanoffs, has aroused such bitter hatred, nor has any potentate ever been so zealously guarded. Various attempts have been made on his life. The latest occurred on April seventh last at Rome, when an Englishwoman fired a revolver at him, inflicting a slight wound. His closest shave so far was when a plot to shoot him as he appeared on the balcony of the Foreign Office to speak on the anniversary of the march on Rome was discovered literally at the last moment. It means that the safety attached for the moment to dictatorship does not extend to the dictators.

Mussolini believes implicitly that he is a creature of destiny and he may be striving to anticipate the decree of fate. This perhaps accounts for the feverish energy with which he works. He is at his desk at eight o'clock in the morning and sticks to it long after midnight. He is a sort of super-Roosevelt in dynamic energy. One thing is certain—he lives the crowded hour.

Mussolini's physical condition, the pace at which he goes and the constant hazard of a violent end, all combine to the belief—as strong with him as with all Italy—that the sands may be running fast. Be that as it may, he is losing no opportunity to cheat time. The old gentleman with the scythe and the hourglass is having some job to keep step with him.

Hence, whenever and whatever his finish—and no one faces the issue more squarely than the *duce* himself—the vital question arises: After Mussolini—what?

There is nothing cold-blooded in this query. It lives with Italy sleeping and waking. You touch it the moment you cross the frontier. Upon the Mussolini succession and the manner of it hinge momentous events. Not only is the new economic structure involved, but political complications of far-reaching consequences to all Europe are inevitable. As one leading Italian industrialist put it to me at Milan, "We are not worrying about Mussolini, but about his successor." He expressed the point of view of millions of his countrymen.

It is well to remember at this point that whether in the bloodless business battles of peace or the conflicts of actual war, the Napoleons always get theirs. Italy today is a one-man show, always a risky procedure. It was Italy's good fortune that the one man arose in the person of Mussolini to meet a crisis that threatened the social and economic life of the nation. It may be a kindred misfortune that he should so completely embody the elements of animate leadership that his place cannot be filled.

Mussolini and Lenine

OBVIOUSLY, the approach to a close-up of the man as I found him is a swift summary of his economic achievement. People are so prone to look upon Mussolini almost solely as the black-shirted Saint George who slew the red dragon of Italy, and the creator of a spectacular political cult that incarnates his impetuous personality, that they will perhaps be surprised to learn that, almost without business experience save as editor and owner of a newspaper—he is the son of a blacksmith—he has shown a remarkable grasp of practical affairs.

Of the three compelling figures, Mussolini, Lenine and Kemal Pasha—never was a trio more diverse in vision and impulse—that emerged from the cataclysm of the World War, the Italian is the only one who has registered a clear-cut economic accomplishment. This, I may add, is not the fault of Kemal. His ambition is to create a modernly productive Turkey, but he lacks the tools with which to work. The land is impoverished and the people illiterate and scattered. A slow process of education and evolution is the only hope there.

The inevitable contrast therefore is between Mussolini and Lenine. Each marched to eminence by way of revolution, one peaceful at the start and the other awash with wanton bloodletting. The Italian reared his power amid the clash of class war; the Slav on the wreck of society. The former created a force that is commercially constructive; the latter was the evangelist of a terror that destroyed. Fascism therefore is the exact opposite of all that Bolshevism spells in the matter of sane and safe rehabilitation. In short, Mussolini has been the doer; Lenine was the dreamer whose dream became a nightmare. Italy has reaped the fruits of intelligent effort, while Russia remains as an ever-widening shadow, with ruin the grim and ultimate objective.

To perpetuate their political systems, both Mussolini and Lenine resorted to force and autocracy. But it is by results that we must make the measure. Italy is on her economic feet, while Russia's dictatorship is the rule of unproductive might, imposed by tyranny and perpetuated through fear. Whatever the methods employed by the Fascist steam roller to eliminate opposition—and they have not been amiable, to say the least—the bigger fact remains that economic order,

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Blessing the Fascist Banners at the Seventh Anniversary of the Forming of the Society

The Royal Scheme of Things

By Maude Parker Child

THE royal family of Italy have avoided publicity with as much success as certain other European monarchs have obtained it.

"There is nothing interesting about us," the Queen said the other day, as she has said on other occasions. "My children have been brought up just like other children."

But as she proceeded to talk about them in detail, one realized that Her Majesty cannot know how other children are brought up, if she believes that the crown prince and the four princesses have followed the ordinary course of education. The general impression of outsiders is that they have led a life which has differed markedly from that of most Italian children, as well as from the children of other ruling houses of Europe. One can find people who are enthusiastic in their approval, and with equal ease one can listen to severe criticism of these differences. No matter which side is speaking, however, their comments inevitably center upon the personality of Queen Elena.

The Princess Yolanda (Countess Calvi)

She herself has declared, "One is a mother first and a queen afterward."

Her daily life exemplifies this point of view. To many people, particularly in a country where children are adored as they are in Italy, this sums up the highest type of womanhood.

From the other camp one hears that the Queen has failed, through her very devotion, to train her children for their proper places.

"Children of royalty should not be brought up as if they were just ordinary well-bred people," one of this group declared. "For the art of being a successful ruler depends less upon knowledge or even accomplishments than upon charm and that indefinable quality of being regal." She then said, "The King's mother, Queen Margherita, had this quality to an extraordinary degree."

The Royal Job of Being Picturesque

OF THIS there can be no question; even after she had passed middle age and had begun to be somewhat infirm, the Queen Mother retained this great gift. To come into her presence was to feel oneself unmistakably in the presence of royalty. Just what elements combined to cause this effect it would be difficult to say. She made conversation with great ease; she possessed a delightful sense of humor; she was keenly interested in people, in politics, in a wide range of things. But over and above all these qualities, there was an authenticity about her queenship.

No one has ever questioned this—all Italy adored her; all Europe acknowledged her great charm. Foreign diplomats, to whom going to court was usually a perfunctory process, were always delighted when they could be received by Queen Margherita. She must have been conscious, of course, of her power, although she always gave the impression of complete spontaneity.

"Queen Margherita and Eleanora Duse were two of the greatest women Europe has produced since the Renaissance," said someone who has studied Italian life for half a century. "Each was supreme in her way, and each practiced that greatest of all arts—simplicity."

He described an incident which had occurred years ago when Margherita was the young and beloved Queen of Italy. She was riding through the gardens of the Borghese one afternoon in her splendid carriage, with eight outriders in scarlet and gold, when she saw a ragged and crippled child standing at the side of the road. Instantly she stopped the carriage, and, breaking the string of her magnificent pearls, gave one of them to him and drove on.

"Now that's the kind of gesture which the people love," he added. "No one who saw that incident would ever stop to think that she might have done an equal amount of good in a less picturesque way. All people—especially Latins—respond to that kind of thing. It is the lack of it which has kept the present Queen, Elena, from being properly appreciated in all quarters. She does a tremendous amount of work among the poor; there is probably no woman in the whole kingdom who is as conscientious and selfless as she. But the routine, day-after-day work which she does makes no appeal to the imagination. And in these days appealing to the imagination is about all that's left for royalty to do."

The King and Queen of Italy and Mussolini at the Inaugural Ceremonies of the Monument to King Humbert at Villa Borghese

Yet the story of the present Queen and her five children appeals in its own way to the imagination which concerns itself less with dramatic and spectacular manifestations than with the motives which underlie human action.

Queen Elena was the daughter of the King of Montenegro—the shepherd king, as he was always called. There is a well-known story that he was once asked what were the chief exports of Montenegro.

"My daughters," he answered.

It seems a curious chance that the four princesses of this obscure little country should have made brilliant marriages. It was like a quadruple version of the Cinderella classic. The eldest married a Russian grand duke; the second, the Duke de Leuchtenberg; and another the Prince of Battenberg. But it was left for the third daughter, Hélène, as she was then called, to marry the heir to the Italian throne.

The worldly minded saw in this alliance many advantages for the Montenegrin bride, but few for the crown prince. They declared that she brought nothing with which to enrich the House of Savoy. Her native country was an unproductive rocky little place of no importance; they listed the various reigning houses of Europe with which marriage would have been profitable.

Moreover, the Queen, Margherita, had set such a high standard of queenliness that this tall, shy, dark-eyed girl of twenty-three who shrank from society did not in the least fulfill their ideal of a worthy successor.

Marriages Made in the Counting Room

IN ALL this mundane criticism, however, there was little mention of the viewpoint of the crown prince himself. In that atmosphere, marriage was one thing—one definite and important thing; love was another story. Marriages were supposed to be made less in heaven than in the counting room. Human affections are susceptible of change; at best they are ephemeral and cannot be weighed or measured. But the economic and political results of a well-considered marriage can be charted and shown by maps.

The romantic illusions which a democratic people foster about royalty are rarely held by people who are close to it. It is easy for us on the other side of the Atlantic to think of kings and queens in somewhat the same personal terms as our children think of the kings and queens in fairy tales. But people who are the subjects of these rulers hold a much more practical point of view about them.

In this particular case, however, the critics seem to have overlooked one consideration of vital importance even in their own worldly realm.

The House of Savoy was the oldest reigning house in Europe. During its nine centuries of ruling over Savoy and Piedmont it had made many brilliant alliances. The father of the present King married his first cousin, Princess Margherita of Savoy. Her erect carriage and regal manner made one forget that she was short in stature. Her only child, Victor Emanuel III, however, was equally small; and this, coupled with his extreme shyness, made him appear almost insignificant.

One of the most touching stories ever related about the painful self-consciousness of youth concerns this fact. It is said that when he was in his teens, his tutor discovered, in some way, that he was not sleeping well at night. As his health was of vital concern, of course, an investigation was

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THE HERDER

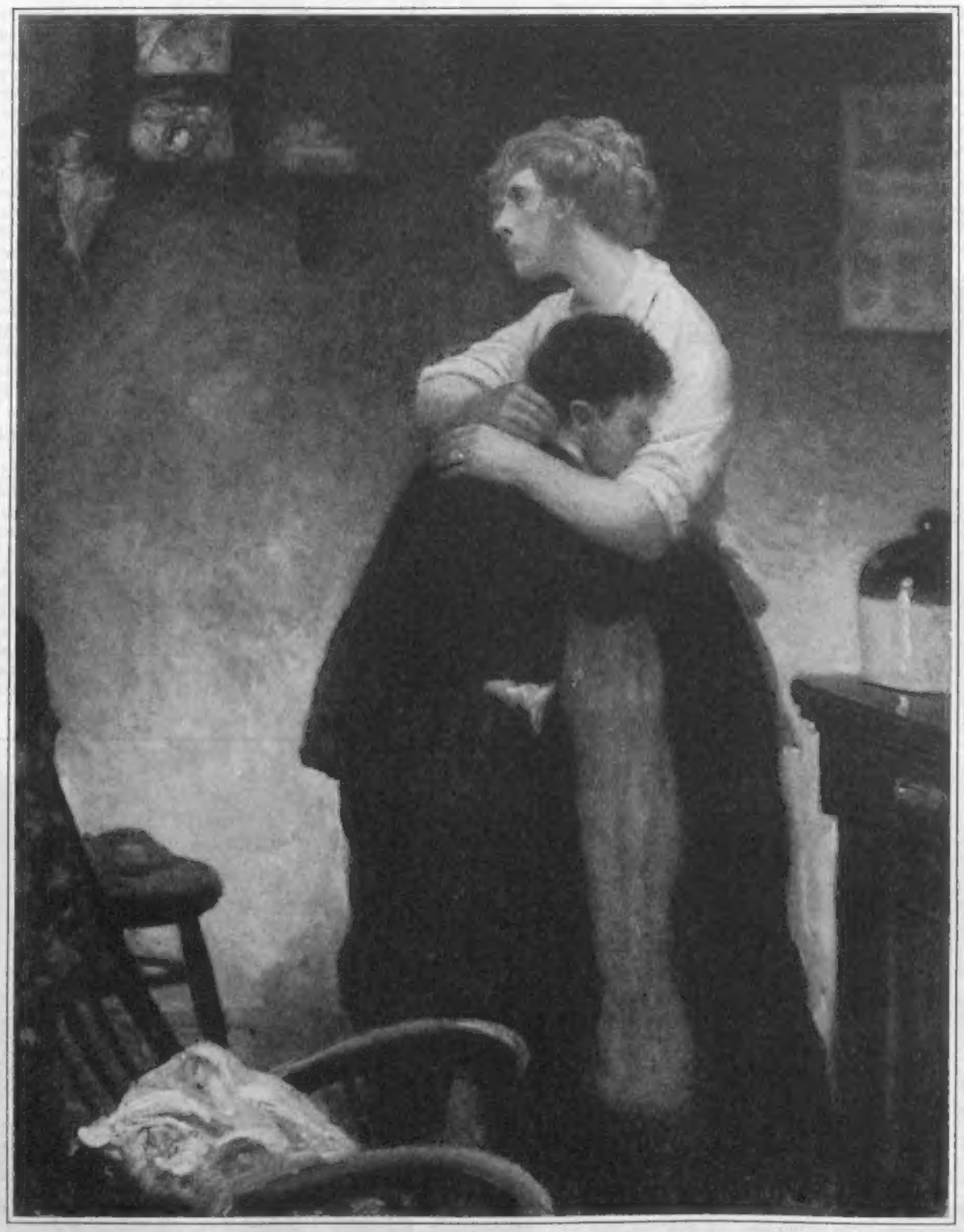
By WILL PAYNE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

I WAS fifteen that summer, and for nearly a year had been living with my uncle and aunt in McCullom, Nebraska. In stagecoach days a rancher of that name had set up a pioneer hotel and general store there. When the Union Pacific built through from Omaha to Cheyenne it took over the name for its span-new town, which was made a division headquarters. With that boost from the railroad, the place throve. When I went there it had eight thousand inhabitants, and on Washington and Jefferson streets the pine shanties had long since been replaced with brick.

When the railroad came through, and for some time afterward, all that high and nearly treeless plain was cattle range, and not much concerned with statute books. In the making-over from a grazing régime to tilled fields and commerce there had been a period when neither the old rough-and-ready law of the range nor the new legislature-made code seemed effectual, until a vigilance committee, led by Lon Webster, intervened. There had been a slight decrease in the city's population; but those that remained felt more secure in their persons and property. That was before my time; but of course I heard the stories, and often saw Lon Webster in his hardware shop.

A grocer named Bert Potts lived on the same street with my uncle and aunt—Niobrara Street—but farther out, at the edge of the town. We traded at his store. The evening meal, called supper, was eaten at six o'clock. After it, in midsummer, there would be a couple of reposeful hours of daylight, sunset and twilight. Sometimes Potts, alone or accompanied by his wife, would come through the gate in our unpainted picket fence to join my uncle and aunt on the porch and sit gossiping for an hour. Altogether hardly any figure in town was more familiar to me than that of the lean, mild grocer with his shiny bald dome and equally shiny false teeth.



She Came Up and Gathered Me in Her Arms. I Was Surprised to Find How Soft and Warm Her Big Body Was

October was the busiest month of the year. Then farmers hauled their wheat to market—sometimes coming twenty miles—and got the only cash worth mentioning that many of them saw through the twelvemonth. Store bills of long standing were paid. On Saturday farm wagons would be hitched along Washington and Jefferson streets much as automobiles are parked on market days now. Like other retail merchants, Potts kept his grocery open Saturday evenings as long as any cash-laden farmers appeared. The banks closed at four o'clock. Having no safe in his office, Potts carried the receipts of Saturday afternoon and evening home with him.

The third week of that October a chill wind came down from the Rockies; two or three inches of snow fell Saturday afternoon. It was a quarter to eleven when Potts locked the grocery and started home, a canvas bag full of bank notes and silver bulging the pocket of his light overcoat. He kept one hand in that pocket, but carried no gun, for it was many years since a highway robbery had been committed thereabouts.

He trudged up Jefferson Street, which was still crowded and noisy, especially about the brightly lighted Élite, Old Trail and Wheel Horse saloons. Two squares away from Jefferson, on Niobrara Street, the lights faded down to a single gas jet on each alternate corner; and at the Methodist Church they stopped altogether. A little beyond the church two men, walking briskly, overtook the grocer. In the starless night they made only indistinct figures; but he knew well enough that the hard object pressed against the side of his head was the muzzle of a pistol. They commanded him to walk on, saying he wouldn't be hurt if he obeyed orders.

As it happened, they met nobody. The plan, they said, was to march Potts a couple of miles out of town so they would have a good start before he could get back and give an alarm. But the route ran past his own house. There was a light in the living room, shining against the drawn shades. The gate in the board fence stood open. Probably Potts had no confidence in the promise of immunity from bodily harm if he obeyed orders. He walked past the gate, then whirled in his tracks and bolted for the house. One of the robbers fired and Potts fell inside the gate. They were afraid to wait for the booty, and ran. The bullet hit Potts in the back of the head. When his wife hurried out to him he was dead. She was frail and lame.

Two men, one about thirty-five, the other only twenty, had been hanging around town without visible means of support, unless playing pool for small stakes could be called that. The negro porter in the Great Plains House had complained to a policeman that these men cheated him in a game of pool. The policeman had an argument with them about it, which served to fix his attention upon them. He noticed them turning off Jefferson Street into Niobrara about a quarter to eleven that night. They were arrested within an hour of the murder, and by daylight the younger one had confessed.

Potts was a quiet, industrious man, without an enemy. His wife's physical disabilities counted. Everybody could feel to the marrow the lame woman hobbling out and finding her husband dead at his own door. The canvas bag, tied with a string, containing several hundred dollars in bank notes and silver, was still in his overcoat pocket, and that mysteriously heightened the horror. I remember a boy of my own age exclaiming, "And they never got a cent!" I, too, felt that their not getting the money made the murder mere wanton beastliness, like shooting a man down for the fun of it.

At the public school Monday morning I heard that the murderers were to be lynched that night. At recess everybody seemed to know it, and to approve. That had not occurred to me on Sunday, for I was reared in a community where, from long habit, such a high-handed measure would not have been thought of. That spring, however, there had been a lynching at Flat Rock, seventy miles west, and my uncle's weekly newspaper, The Herder, had strongly condemned it. In conversation he denounced it still more vehemently. From time to time, with similar events further away for a text, The Herder preached observance of law.

Supper on Monday was eaten mostly in a painful silence. Once Aunt Lucinda sighed as she brushed back a strand of hair, Uncle Clay doggedly feeding himself. The meal over, he clapped on his hat and waddled from the house, slamming the door behind him. I waited until Aunt Lucinda was in the kitchen, then grabbed my hat and overcoat and slid out. Already there was a crowd in Washington Street—not good-natured and boisterous like all other crowds I had seen there, but tense, waiting, speaking in subdued tones. I found a boy I knew on the corner by the Merchants' Bank and we kept together.

The three-story red-brick courthouse, with a dome, stood twenty feet or more back from the street, with a paved plaza in front. The plaza was full of people, and the sidewalk; they overflowed into the roadway and would have choked it, but one of the town's three policemen kept a path open so vehicles and pedestrians could pass. With patience, hard wriggling and some stepped-on toes, Orrin and I found a place where, he boosting me, then I boosting him, we could see the front of the courthouse. A broad flight of stone steps led up to the main entrance. A policeman and a deputy sheriff stood on the steps, keeping the crowd back. But the jail was in the basement and a rope had been stretched across, marking off a space in front of its door. The third policeman and another deputy stood inside the rope, mildly admonishing the crowd not to press too hard against it. Courthouse and jail were dark except for a gas lamp at either side of the main door.

A more orderly crowd could not have been found. People in the roadway moved on to keep a clear path when the

policeman told them to. No one attempted to go up the courthouse steps or to pass the rope in front of the jail door. But mere waiting presently grew irksome to two excited boys, so we decided to have a look at the back of the jail. We knew there was a high, tight board fence along the alley behind the courthouse, but one of us, boosted by the other, could peek over that. We scurried away and found a barricade of two farm wagons across the mouth of the alley. A man sat in each wagon, facing the crowd that had gathered there, now and then saying, "Keep back, boys; nothing to see here." No doubt the crowd was as curious as Orrin Brown and myself, but no one attempted to pass the barricade.

Evidently there was nothing to be seen here; and after lingering awhile we decided to go round the block, although we surmised that the mouth of the alley on the opposite side would be barricaded too. Going round the block meant turning into Jackson Street, which was a tumble-down, out-at-elbows thoroughfare next the railroad tracks. Beck's livery stable, a big, ramshackle frame building, opened on it and ran through to the alley behind the courthouse. The rolling front doors of the livery stable were closed and perhaps a hundred people stood about gaping at them. It was not a dense crowd, however; Orrin and I had no trouble getting through it.

We had got fairly in front of the faded yellow doors when our hearts went into our mouths, for, propelled from within, they rolled wide open. A file of men, with handkerchiefs tied over their faces up to the eyes and pistols in their hands, came marching out.

"Stand back! Stand back! Give us room!" they said, motioning significantly with the pistols.

Those in front, which included Orrin and myself, promptly fell back, leaving a clear space across the sidewalk. The masked men formed a line on each side of it. Then other men, with handkerchiefs over their faces, but no weapons in sight, marched out in double file. We saw two prisoners, bareheaded, their hands bound behind them, between the files. The older and taller one had a ragged mustache; his face was set in a scowl. The younger, smooth-shaven one walked with his mouth open, gaping stupidly. I shall always remember those two faces.

Orrin and I instantly recognized the tall gaunt figure that came out of the livery stable last. Probably everybody in the crowd recognized it. But the handkerchief had been tied insecurely, and just as the gaunt form stepped out of the door it fell down, disclosing the long, bony, beardless face of old Lon Webster. He made no attempt to replace the handkerchief. Looking, untroubled, at the crowd to right and left, he stalked across the sidewalk. The men who had come out first formed a rear guard, stretching across the street and falling back slowly.

"Don't crowd! Keep back!" they warned, with now and then a motion of a pistol barrel.

As before, there was no attempt to question their authority. At a respectful distance, the crowd followed as the rear guard retreated more slowly than the marching column that convoyed the prisoners. Orrin and I soon perceived that the men ahead were making for the railroad trestle over the ravine—or draw, as we called it—at that edge of the town. Word of what was going on had evidently spread quickly, for the hundred or so who left the livery stable had grown to several hundred by the time we got near the draw. Here the rear guard stopped us with the same mildly spoken warnings: "Keep back! Don't crowd! Give 'em room!"

The sky was overcast, so our eyes could make out nothing definitely beyond the rear guard; nor did I hear anything that I could attach definite meaning to, although Orrin afterward said he heard the bodies fall. I have no idea how many tense minutes we stood in almost complete silence. Then I heard somebody give a low call, "All right!" A moment later the rear guard had vanished, I don't know exactly how, and the crowd surged forward, some going up on the trestle and some down in the draw. Orrin and I went down in the draw. We were not far behind Bert Potts' youngest clerk when he lit three or four matches in a bunch and held them up as a miniature torch. For a long while afterward I wished acutely that I hadn't looked. I wish it even now. The faces of the two dead men, hanging by the neck from a railroad trestle, in the wavering flare of matches, do not make a pleasant picture to carry in one's mind.

Orrin Brown and I lingered a bit, then went back to town with the straggling crowd, which babbled excitedly now that the thing was over. I remember how surprised I was at seeing by the clock on the corner of the Merchants' Bank that it was only five minutes to nine. The lynchers had acted early in the evening because there would be less liability to disorder then than later on, when a bigger crowd would have assembled and the flow of liquor in half a dozen saloons might have inspired some riotous conduct.

One of my big impressions was of the perfect orderliness of the crowd. Generally, the men of McCullom and thereabouts had a lively and militant sense of personal liberty. Only a fortnight before the lynching, two convivial young farmers, issuing from the Wheel Horse Saloon, started up Jefferson Street roaring a song at the top of their lungs. When a policeman ordered them to stop it, they promptly threw him off the sidewalk. In court next day they defended themselves with spirit and indignation. The affair made considerable stir in town and a great many people—perhaps a majority—sided with the farmers. Things were coming to a pretty pass, they held, if an American citizen couldn't sing when he felt like it. Ordinarily, a policeman who ordered a crowd to move on would at least come in for some chaffing. But on this night of the lynching everybody readily obeyed. Of course the affair had been carefully arranged by Lon Webster and other experienced hands. Everyone knew that the old vigilantes were going to lynch the worthless loafers who had murdered good Bert Potts on his own doorstep. Practically everyone assented and loyally stood aside to let them do justice. It was the deed of a community.

Five minutes to nine, and all over. Without doubt the saloons would be full from now to midnight, with much harmless but noisy exploding of pent emotions. Orrin was going to stay downtown awhile and see the fun, but Aunt Lucinda hated to have me on the streets after this hour. I was only fifteen, and lathy, but tall for my age. Any of the saloons would have sold me as much beer as I could pay for. So I turned homeward, strongly stirred. Two lives had been blotted out under my eyes.

The way home was up Jefferson Street, past Dowd's jewelry shop in the middle of the block. Not that the shop itself mattered; but it occupied the ground floor of a two-story brick building, and the second floor of that building housed my uncle's newspaper—editorial and business office in front, composing room and the press in the rear. My uncle was standing in the narrow doorway that gave to the stairs. Evidently he had seen me coming up the street and waited for me. His slouch hat was pulled down over his brows. There was something ominous about him that arrested me with an inward start.

"Tell your Aunt Lucinda I won't be home till late; I've got some work to do," he said, his eyes resting heavily

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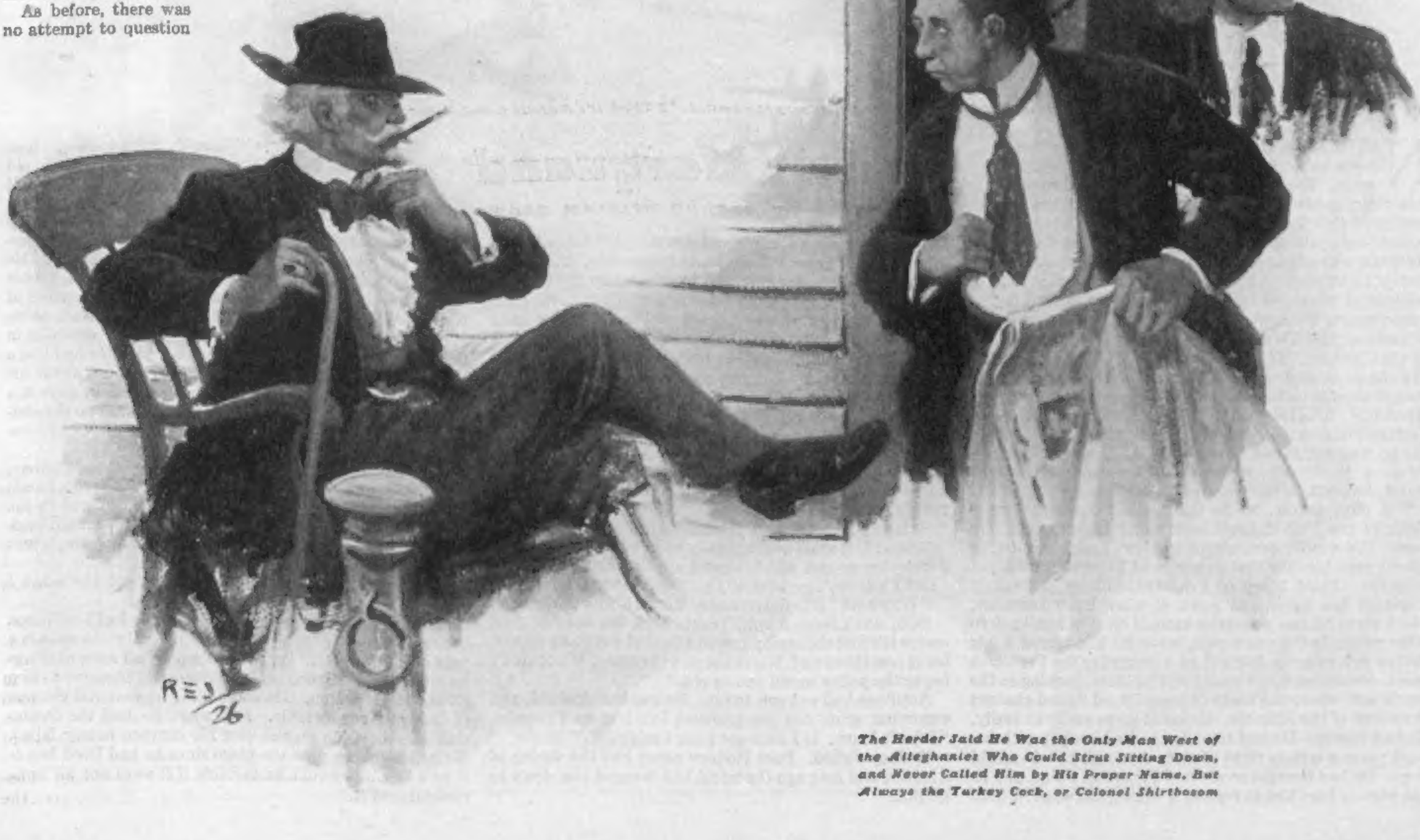

The Herder Said He Was the Only Man West of the Alleghanies Who Could Strut Sitting Down, and Never Called Him by His Proper Name, But Always the Turkey Cock, or Colonel Shirthosom

THE BLAME OF YOUTH

"Yes," She Said, "We're Here." And Suddenly She Smiled. "I Think It's Awfully Crowded Here, Don't You?"

By J. P. Marquand

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

NATURALLY Armitage Gleason did not want anybody to know the precise nature of his experiment. The wistfulness of his idea lapsed so easily into ridicule and verged so readily upon a species of sentiment that had always made Armitage squirm in exquisite spiritual agony when he saw it revealed in others. He could scarcely bear to discuss what he proposed to do, even with himself; yet for days he walked in that land of excitement where all travelers walk before embarking on some voyage. Without confessing it to himself, he knew that he had bought the Wilson Six roadster especially to take him on that journey. The white flannels, the buckskin shoes, and the socks and neckties from the collegian counter at Poole's were to be his marching equipment for that mystic expedition. The lore he had learned from the front row of the latest musical shows was to be his ammunition. After all, he was not so old. Confound it, he was only forty-three—a lonely age, a thoughtful age, an age of vague regret, but still on the outer verge of youth.

Ten days before, as he had walked down the gangplank of the United Fruit boat which had brought him home, the dead warm air from New York's sweltering streets gave him the first suspicion of his desire, wild, yet poignant. Saint Mary of Cristobal, but he had nearly forgotten the smell and noise of New York summers, which make all cool memories sacred! It sent him back to other summers ten years past, when he had tossed a few clothes in a suitcase and left on a Saturday for Pentecost Point. Pentecost Point would still be there, basking in the gentle surf, where the north of Long Island Sound changes to an arm of the Atlantic. He could go as easily as easily. He had money. He had time, for he had bought with ten stark years a certain right to rest. And still he was afraid to go. He had thought so often of Pentecost Point, and he was not—it hurt him to confess it—not quite what he used to be. There was a sort of carelessness, a *joie de vive*, which he had left at Pentecost Point, or somewhere. There was a shadow of himself along that beach and on the twisting village street, a rollicking, roistering shadow; not of the watchful Gleason who had developed the San José lode, but the shadow of his youth, stronger than any shade which may wander across the Styx. His shadow would be there to make coarse gestures at the shadow he was now.

"Sure!" said Rodney Wilkinson. "Those sure were the days!" His voice boomed with healthy resignation above the music in one of those outdoor Italian restaurants where they serve cold drinks in coffee cups. "Why, the old girls—I don't mean old, exactly, but the ones we used to know—they talk about you still! Nobody's been swimming off the point in a dress suit yet but you."

"Have you been there lately?" Armitage asked.

"Sure!" Rodney was actually running to flesh; he was developing a jowl which almost shook when he nodded. "But I wouldn't go back if I were you—no, I wouldn't."

"Why not?" asked Armitage. "Isn't it just the same?"

"Oh, don't be so dumb!" came back the answer. "Of course it's just the same; but what's that got to do with it, being just the same? We're not just the same. We couldn't be, or the police would put us out."

Armitage had not run to fat. He was lean instead, and somewhat grim, but his grimness left him as he spoke. "I don't know. If I once got back I might be."

Rodney sighed. Poor Rodney never had the daring of a leader, and long ago the world had dragged him down to normal.

"The same old nerve!" he said. "It's a wonder how you keep that same old nerve; but don't go back, old boy. It's better to remember it as it used to be. If you go it'll just be like a class reunion." Armitage could see it, if he closed his eyes—a stretch of brown grass meadows and the sea, with the heat waves shivering off the dunes like the waves on another beach. He could hear across the gap of time a shouting on the tennis courts and a clink of ice in glasses. The sad remarks of Rodney Wilkinson had stirred him to revolt. Once alone in his hotel room, Armitage examined his face carefully in the mirror. After all, he was not so old yet. He had lost a certain callowness, and that was all. The lines about his mouth and eyes made his face more interesting, gave it a worn, dependable appearance; but he was not so dependable—not yet. He could still step out, though it had been a long, long time.

Lean and muscular, not yet stooped at the shoulders, hair in good condition, though a trifle thin at the top, hands in good condition, excellent clothes, he looked well in the mirror, except —— Why was it that his eyes stared back so suspiciously and seemed to belie his most complacent thoughts?

"At any rate," he muttered, "if I'm not the same I might pretend to be."

At any rate, he knew he had to go. He had his Wilson Six roadster and his brilliant socks; his golf clubs were in a neat pigskin bag. He kept remembering all sorts of things he might need—cigarettes, a lighter—and he stowed them all about his person. He was taking no material chances of being uncomfortable. But when he had the Pentecost Harbor Club on the wire his courage nearly failed. He had not been near the place since he had lived beside it as a boy. It would be horrible if it were not all as he remembered it.

"This is Mr. Gleason." His voice shook slightly. "Yes, the one who won the open handicap back in 1916." They remembered—they remembered him still! "I want a room for the week-end. . . . Yes, I'll motor down."

It was clever of him to have kept the family membership. As he spun along through Westchester and across the Connecticut line he could almost believe he had kept it not out of sentiment but for just such a purpose as the present. It was a rare opportunity, in a way, to see the place he cared for above any other after a ten-year lapse.

At Pentecost Point people might have money, but they had not spoiled things. Now that he was off the main road, the space of time seemed almost negligible since he had been there last. All his youth was wrapped in the straggling village street, and the shops had hardly changed, nor the clubhouse when he reached it. It was the same rambling shingled structure, looking over fields of brown grass and goldenrod toward the ocean, and the cottages around it were quite as he remembered. He hurried toward the steps of the veranda. It was a Thursday, and he supposed that nearly everyone would be working; but surely some of the old crowd would be there.

He stared about him curiously when he reached the top of the steps. There was the same noise that he remembered, laughing conversations and a tinkling of glasses. The chairs had the same battered look of chairs in every country club, and they had not changed the bulletin board; but where were the people that he used to know? Where had the Jones boys gone? Tom Jones had been killed in the war, of course, but the others should have been about—at any rate, some of the others. He paused uncertainly as he remembered how long ago it had all been actually. All the faces upon the veranda were so unfamiliar that he came near to starting when someone called his name

It was a strange corpulent old gentleman, seated by a round table near the rail. Of all the people there he alone had risen, and he peered at Armitage with puckered little eyes.

"By gad," he said in a thick apoplectic voice, "it's Gleason!"

Not the fat figure in plus-four trousers, but the voice struck Armitage's memory.

"It can't " he began. "Mr. Benton, it can't be you, sir?"

He knew how long he had been away at last. It was terrible to behold the wreck the years had wrought.

"Why the devil can't it be?" Mr. Benton obviously was not pleased. And the difficulty of it was that everything was difficult to understand. All the while it seemed to Armitage that just across that gap of time was the right Mr. Benton—the Mr. Benton he remembered, stocky but not fat, dark-haired but not gray. Armitage pushed back his hat.

Ye gods! Would he change some day as Mr. Benton had?

"Sit down and have a cool drink," suggested Mr. Benton

"Funny my not recognizing you," began Armitage. "I've been away such a long time, sir ——"

Mr. Benton slapped his glass resoundingly on the table.

"Here," he remarked thickly, "that's the second time you've done it. What's this sir stuff for?"

Incredulously Armitage stared at the fat old man before him, at his gray hair and red cheeks and slightly protruding eyes.

"But, Mr. Benton," he explained, "it just came to me naturally. I was such a kid when I used to live here; and you —— Well, of course, you "

"What makes you think you're such a kid?" snapped Mr. Benton. "Call me Jasper if you like, but not sir—and get over this juvenile complex. You're in the older generation. What have you been doing not to know it?"

"I was young enough to go to the war." Armitage grinned provokingly over the edge of his glass.

"And hasn't it ever occurred to you," suggested Mr. Benton, "that the war will be ten years old next April?" Mr. Benton placed his thumbs in the armholes of a vest which he should have had more sense than to wear. "Yes, sir, ten years, and neither of us is as young as we used to be."

"Exactly," asked Armitage, aware of an increasing annoyance, "why should you be hanging crape, if you don't mind my being personal?"

"And why in thunder," inquired Mr. Benton, "shouldn't you be personal? Now don't try this respectful-college-boy stuff. Why am I hanging crape? Because you've got the youth complex like lots of idiots your age. I can see it breaking out all over you like a rash. Now get over it. You can't get young again any more than I can."

"Good heavens!" Armitage raised his voice in his surprise. "It's all right joking about it, but I'm only forty-three!"

Mr. Benton smiled grimly. It was rather ghastly to see him smile, and to see him place the fingers of his plump hands carefully together, as though he feared one finger at least might have become misplaced.

"Forty-three," he repeated in a rude and clumsy imitation. "Forty-three. . . . Why, you and I are approximately the same age now, though you'll have to be my age before you find it out. Look here. . . "

But Mr. Benton's speech remained suspended because of a diversion. Six or seven individuals of that class known to Sunday-school superintendents as young people had come up from the tennis courts like a final argument in that controversy of age and youth. Heavens, but they looked young, startlingly young, it seemed to Armitage; or had he been away too long? Surely he had never looked so callow as those boys in white knickerbockers and striped sweaters, with a childish curve to their noses and beardless freshness to their cheeks. And surely the girls had never looked like that—say, a decade back. The sea breeze had caught their dresses, making them whirl in dizzy plaits. They swung their arms awkwardly and tossed their shoulders as if their hearts were beating to a modernist syncopation. One of them, with yellow hair clipped in a way that reminded him of lines in new motors and all things new, was saying, "How perfectly excruciating!"

And just then one of those young males touched her elbow and glanced with a significant gesture toward the round table where Armitage and Mr. Benton were sitting.

"The eternal gap between youth and age," said Mr. Benton triumphantly, yet sadly. "Doesn't that get you over the youth complex? See, they don't even talk when we're around."

For a moment Mr. Benton stared sourly at the young people, and then puckered his lips indecisively, looked at Armitage and spoke.

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"Mister," He Remarked, "It Don't Do Any Good to be Smooth. The Description Says 'Polite and Classy'"

FLORIDA VERSUS CALIFORNIA

A Debate Held Before the Prevaricators' Club of America

BETWEEN: Florida in This Corner and California in This Corner. Both Members of the Club. California is a Charter Member

By WILL ROGERS

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

FLORIDA OPENING: Ponce de León discovered Florida in his search for the Fountain of Youth. CALIFORNIA REPLYING: Yes, and the Ponce left there and died at an early age. We won't say that his sojourn in Florida shortened his life, but he died soon after, and circumstantial evidence is accepted in many courts. It has been recorded that regret killed him—regret that he couldn't live to reach California. We will admit that the Ponce left quite a reputation, but it was not for discovering Florida; it was for the being the father of the gland seekers.

FLA.: When the United States first bought Florida, they gave only five cents an acre for the land. Ten years ago a dollar an acre would have bought half the state, while now land which is under water is being sold for farming land at $300 and $400 an acre.

CAL.: Yes, Spain sold it for five cents an acre and Spain was never noted for her generosity. The whole history of Spain proves that they always got everything a thing was worth. Yes, and where did the United States get the nickel an acre to pay Spain? They had to stand 'em off till finally they struck gold in California, when one miner, after working all day in the mother lode, returned to his cabin, wearily removed his shoes and just casually shook out enough gold dust to pay for the Florida purchase. That was without even shaking his socks out at all. Now about that land under water selling at $300—we don't know anything about that. We haven't disposed of all ours on top yet, but I doubt if it would be a profitable enterprise out our way. The difference in the intelligence of the buyers might act against us on sales like that; but as your people buy more under water they will naturally get wiser, and in time to come your subterranean farms will decrease.

FLA.: This does not, however, explain the tremendous rush to our shores; Florida passed a law whereby state income tax was free here.

CAL.: We in California make no appeal to tax dodgers. If a man is not patriotic enough to help maintain the state in which he resides, we don't want him in California. Generosity with state as well as with our fellow man is one of our characteristics.

FLA.: Florida is the second largest state east of the Mississippi.

CAL.: Say, what do we care about east of the Mississippi? We are like Al Smith when the Democratic delegation asked him at the continuous Democratic roll call at Madison Square Garden during '24, '25, and '26, "What states do you think you can carry in the South?" Al kiddingly answered them, "Lord, I don't know what states you got down there." So what do we care for east of the Mississippi? Why don't you come out west of the Mississippi, where states are states and men marry governors?

FLA.: Florida is nearly as large as New England.

CAL.: Nearly as large as New England? That old "nearly" ain't going to get you anywhere. Firpo was nearly as good as Dempsey. Now you can't find him. Why, the city of Los Angeles, at every election, annexes more territory than Georgia and Cuba combined. If that state line hadn't stopped us we would have had Phœnix, Arizona. But what's the size of a state got to do with how good it is? I heard of one fellow that was satisfied with Rhode Island, and part of his garage lopped over into Connecticut and half his yard was in Massachusetts. Now if Florida gets to monkeying with us, we will drop 'em down in the middle of the Mohave Desert.

FLA.: We have the longest seacoast of any state in the Union. We have 1145 miles, and that is 100 miles more than California has.

CAL.: Now you notice they emphasize the word "California." Why didn't they say how much more they had than New York or West Virginia. No, they must outdo California. Now what has a long seacoast to do with the quality of a state? According to the latest returns from Rand McNally, Siberia has quite a mess of seacoast, but I have never heard of any emigration going there—that is, voluntarily—on account of their seacoast. Clam diggers and lighthouse keepers are the only two professions that I know of that thrive off long coast lines.

FLA.: We have 3,000,000 acres of Everglades, and when they are drained they will support 3,000,000 people.

CAL.: California has 20,000,000 acres of mountains, and when they are leveled out they will support the whole of India, with the Chinese nation invited as week-end guests. I know you may ask, "Who is going to flatten the mountains?" Why, the same fellow that drains the Everglades. In fact, to show them that there is no hard feeling, and that we don't even look on them as a competitor, we will give them enough dirt to fill up their Everglades. They can't drain their Everglades, as there is nowhere to put the water. If they drain them into the ocean, why, that will raise the ocean higher than the land.

FLA.: Lake Okeechobee has 1,000,000 acres in it. If drained, it would support 1,000,000 people. In one year it produced $1,000,000 worth of catfish.

CAL.: Why, even the name "Okeechobee"—you can't say it without sneezing, and if you speak it enough you are subject to asthma. They say 1,000,000 acres and $1,000,000 worth of catfish; that's a dollar's worth of catfish to the acre, but they don't say how many catfish are a dollar's worth. If I was going to buy catfish an acre wouldn't hold a dollar's worth, even if I was fond of catfish. This is the first time I ever heard of selling fish by the acre. They say if the lake was drained it would support 1,000,000 people, so an acre will support either a human or a catfish. So the question the state has to decide is what to keep on there, catfish or humans? Up to the present, catfish have won. So if you buy an acre of Lake Okeechobee, your deed will call for one acre and a dollar's worth of catfish. Of course, when you catch him and he is two dollars' worth of catfish, why, then you have to buy another acre or give your neighbor half a catfish. So it looks like a pretty tough job in mathematics down there to divide up your acres, your water, your catfish and your humans.

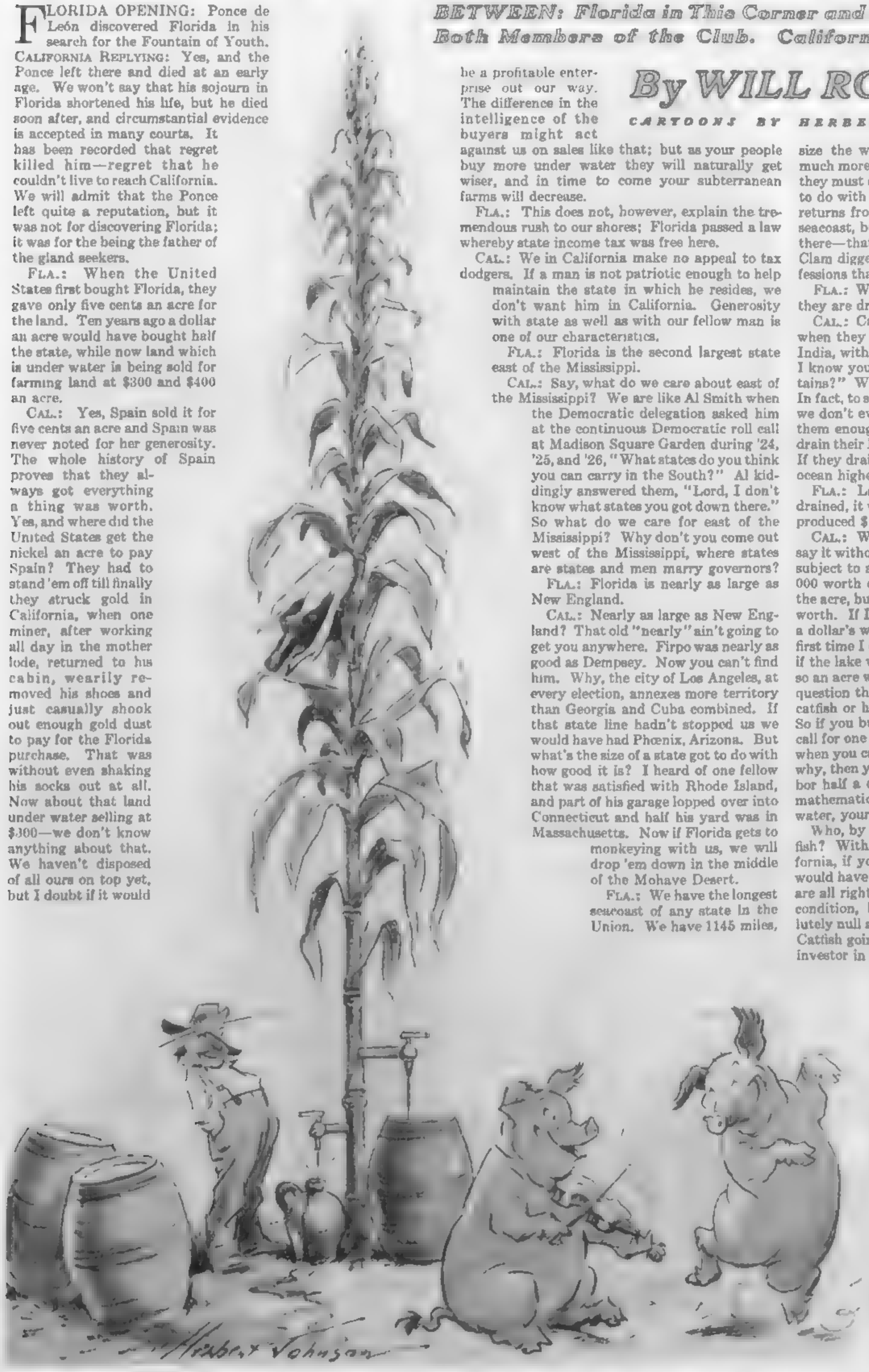
Who, by the way, wants to eat $1,000,000 worth of catfish? With all the wonderful sea food we have in California, if you offered a man a catfish the criminal courts would have another murder trial on their dockets. Catfish are all right for one who is in a famished or impoverished condition, but for discriminating tastes they are absolutely null and void. Now what is the Humane Society for Catfish going to say about this? And the problem for the investor in buying an acre of this submerged land is: "If I drain the water off, the catfish will die; if I leave the water on, the human will drown, so what shall I do?"

FLA.: Lots of people think that Florida is low, but we have a point in Highlands County which is some 310 feet high.

CAL.: Why, Florida is so low it's the only country in the world where you have to climb a ladder to get into the ocean. As for this place in Highlands County they speak of—the Alps of Florida! No native Floridian has ever been able to reach the top. When they get up around 200 feet above sea level the altitude gets 'em. About timber line is as far as they can go.

FLA.: The Gulf Stream—you should all know about that. It's the largest river in the world. It's ninety miles wide and we have it. It is the thing that gives us our rare climate.

CAL.: It's all right for Florida to claim the Gulf Stream, but have they spoken to England about it? You know, our seacoast is generally apportioned as follows: American beaches are owned exclusively by millionaires and real-estate operators; then the next three miles belongs to the revenue boats; from the third to the twelfth mile is for the



Why, Our Corn Last Year in Oklahoma Ran Over 300 Gallons to the Acre!

And as for Your Sailfish, California Originated Them

anchorage of our filling stations; and from twelve miles out it is England's. So why does Florida claim the Gulf Stream? Suppose California laid claim to the Pacific trade winds? We wouldn't do it, even if we had Japan's permission. We don't call on the ocean to help us out—we don't take wind from anybody. With movie press agents, Kiwanis, Rotary, Lions, Tigers, and all Sixty-Cent Cold-Potato Luncheon Clubs, we create our own trade winds. And up to now nobody has ever been able to trade wind with us. You Floridians will be claiming the equator next. You say the Gulf Stream gave you your climate. Climate is ours; it is the one thing we will fight for. We have a copyright on it. We are the first ones that ever sold it. No state in the world had thought about advertising climate until California started it. We have spent millions of dollars to make climate our slogan. When you say "Climate" you think of California. Every state has had climate for years, but we are the first ones to conceive the idea of using it. Until our literature fell into your hands you didn't know how to spell "climate." I suppose sooner or later that you will be claiming our unusual climate! Try to say that we are not the originators of that! We were the first to discover that when it rains on a day that was advertised to be bright, that was unusual.

FLA.: Florida on the map looks like a finger pointing south. It does. It points to South America, the land of the great development of the next century.

CAL.: Where is the finger pointing? It is pointing to somewhere else. If you will look on the map, it will show this finger of Florida slightly crooked at the end, at a point called Cape Sable, and it is pointing due west to California, the land of the great development of the next century. After all, you can't fool Nature; she knows where to point. Speaking of fingers pointing south, we had one called Lower California. What did we do with it? We gave it to Mexico, because nothing is so useless as a pointing finger. Florida looks like a springboard that points from the land out into the water. But who wants to live on a springboard, where somebody is diving off all the time? California, as you will see by your map, is at the back. It is tall and straight and symmetrical. It's the backbone and the spine of a great country. You can't live without a spine. But a finger means nothing to our national existence. So please never again draw attention to your geographical architecture.

FLA.: We have $15,000,000 worth of fish in the waters bordering on Florida.

CAL.: They're in with fish again! And they have got 'em up to 15,000,000 now. Of course, they don't say they have sold these 15,000,000, but they have them there in case some buyer comes along and wants $15,000,000 worth of uncaught fish. It seems they can catch their catfish, but for these others they just give you a floating bill of sale. Now we are going to be honest and tell you that we don't know how many millions of dollars' worth of fish there are in the waters bordering on California. We have heard various estimates by fishermen. Some of the more conservative fishermen estimate them at around $5,000,000,000.

FLA.: We have 500 different kinds of fish. We have the best sporting fish in the world—the tarpon. And if you have ever seen the sailfish, you know what a beautiful fish it is.

CAL.: Now as to varieties, we don't know whether we have 500 varieties or not. We have heard it estimated by several of our trustworthy fishermen that our varieties will run in the neighborhood of a little more than 2,000,000. That is without estimating some of the few odd varieties that were playing around and made themselves hard to count. But we are not like Florida—we don't know exactly. Now we don't know what a fish has to be to be a sport. The tarpon may be a sport in Florida, but he is a moron with us in California. Boy Scouts catch the tarpon with a minnow seine and sell them to the fishermen as bait for the tuna. The tuna is a fish, that if he ever landed in Florida, he would give one yell and have all these other Florida fish climbing coconut trees. And if a Florida fisherman ever hooked one of them, the Gulf Stream would be that fisherman's tombstone. And as for your sailfish, California originated them. Why, on a good sailing day the sky is scaly with them. We have seen the time when you couldn't see the goats on Catalina Island for the sailfish. We cut out all the little ones that couldn't fly very high and shooed them off in the general direction of Florida. So the ones you have there are just kind of a mongrel breed that was littering up a perfect ocean out our way.

FLA.: We are known for our oranges.

CAL.: Why orange, climate, Pickford, California—those four wonderful words can never be dissociated. I will admit there is a bootleg variety of orange that thrives up to the size of a green plum on the banks of your swamps; but as for being called an orange, that is only done, of course, through a sense of humor. We take Florida oranges to California, dry them and use them for golf balls. As for taste, they resemble the green persimmon.

FLA.: Our grapefruit sells for about $10,000,000 a year, and we think it is the best in the world.

CAL.: We use the juice of your grapefruit as a fly spray. We had no idea anyone ate them.

FLA.: Our oranges alone in 1924 brought us in $15,000,000.

(Continued on Page 70)

We Have 500 Different Kinds of Fish in Florida

INSIDE STUFF

By WILLIAM J. NEIDIG

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

"You Wished to See Me?"
"I Don't Know That I Would Put It That Strongly. I Asked to See You. I'd Just as Soon Not"

DONOVAN heard of the loss at 10:05, immediately after the receipt of the wire. Redelos Indemnity, for whom he was jewel expert, had insured the diamonds.

"What I'm trying to say is this," O'Day sputtered after saying a number of things. "Nicolson's best salesman has just got himself robbed of five hundred thousand dollars' worth of loose diamonds."

Nicolson was Nicolson, Inc., Wholesale Diamonds, New York City, an important company in the trade. Unset stones in the medium sizes are especially hard to trace, not having characteristics that are readily distinguishable. O'Day was Donovan's immediate superior in Redelos.

"What salesman was that?"

"Carl Wiedman."

Donovan pulled at his pipe a few puffs. "Nearly half a pound of diamonds. Wiedman's a careful man. How come?"

"How do any of them get robbed? Ask me! This time somebody stole his trunk. He's over at the Blake, according to Nicolson, sitting on the empty nest, but entirely at our service. Want him here?"

"I'd rather talk to him there," said Donovan.

"We'll run over." O'Day snatched up a telephone. "Call me a taxi," he told the girl at the board, giving his name.

They found Carl Wiedman, the careful man who had lost the half pound of insured diamonds, pacing up and down the hotel lobby, almost too much overcome to reply to his name. At Donovan's suggestion they went to his room. The man seemed heartbroken, but he welcomed their questions.

"I spent all of yesterday," he said, "in Indianapolis, calling upon old customers. No one who did not know me could have guessed my business. As I wished to take the night train out, after dinner I called in the porter, who checked my trunk through to Chicago on my railroad ticket. My portmanteau containing the diamonds had been placed in its pocket under the till. I never saw the trunk again."

"Did the porter know of the diamonds?"

"He did not."

"You have the baggage check he gave you?"

"When I reached Chicago I gave it to the station transfer company. Then I drove to my hotel and had breakfast. When I returned to my room I found a strange trunk. My own trunk had disappeared."

"Disappeared from where?"

"I don't know."

"The strange trunk came from where?"

"I don't know that either. It carried my check number, according to the records—that's all I know."

"Your check number—how could it?" O'Day asked.

"Somebody changed babies on me. Somebody stripped my check from my trunk and placed it on this other, and then placed its check on mine."

"You looked for your own trunk in the baggage room?"

"First thing I did. It had been claimed."

"Is that the changeling?" asked Donovan, who had been eying an open trunk in the center of the floor.

"That's the mongrel, and there are its contents. I had the Blake porter help me open it."

The trunk, cheaply made in a common pattern, had been emptied upon the floor—emptied to its figured lining. Donovan inferred that it had seen use in the bootlegger's trade; its contents consisted of excelsior packing such as might have been used to protect bottles, and the odor of whisky still lingered about its sides. On the carpet in front, as though fallen into the excelsior by accident, lay a fragment of broken glass from a flask.

The only further articles from the trunk lay in the till on a chair at the left. One of these was an automatic pistol from which the number had been filed. The other was a stained cotton mask, cut hurriedly from a man's handkerchief from which the laundry mark had been ripped. The pistol looked like a threat or a warning—Donovan let it lie. The handkerchief, gray with grime and indistinguishably common, he folded and placed in his pocketbook.

"Last year's style, but I want to show it to the police."

"They've already seen it," said Wiedman. "I notified them at once."

"Oh, did you?" Donovan looked around the room, then again at the trunk. "What did the police say?"

"They called it an inside baggage-room job. Only half a dozen men from first to last could have changed those checks, don't you see? They promised to have the thieves in jail before night."

"Diamonds and all?"

"That doesn't seem likely, does it?"

"Not likely."

"Looks pretty bad," said O'Day when he and Donovan had returned to their taxi.

Donovan grinned cheerfully, then changed the subject by a humorous shift into the sciences; but he continued speaking in lowered tones that could not be heard by the driver.

"Know anything about sugar?" he asked.

"Not much; but I know where I can find out. I know some mighty good sugar men. Why?"

"When pure carbon crystallizes in the cubic system, as against the rhombohedral, which produces graphite, it becomes diamond. As a diamond man I have to know that."

"You were speaking of sugar."

"Sugar likewise crystallizes in the cubic system."

"I don't know what you're driving at," said O'Day, "but you're driving at something."

"Sugar is mostly carbon."

"Therefore ——"

Donovan chuckled softly, then went on:

"Cotton is mostly carbon also. Therefore sugar is cotton. Therefore sugar and cotton contain diamonds. That cotton mask had sugar on it. I felt it between my fingers. All we have to do now is to find our diamonds."

But O'Day had again begun expressing his opinion of Carl Wiedman, and the car drew up at their entrance before the fallacy could be expanded.

Donovan saw the little diamond out of the corner of his eye—saw it and stopped. It stood between other diamonds as cheap and as beautiful, like the fourth girl from the end in last night's chorus, but he did not see these, although most of them were larger.

Donovan was not looking for beautiful diamonds; he was looking for stolen diamonds. The little diamond had not caught his eye because it was beautiful, but because it was different.

"An old-style square-cut Brazilian," he thought.

He looked at it more closely. The stone was an antiquated little thing, in the old-mine cut, rather than in the modern brilliant, and of the color of mountain dew. The old-mine cut is overthick for the width of the stone. The corners of the rough diamond are preserved, the girdle is left thick and the facets above and below show oversteep angles. The result is that the stone weighs considerably more than it would if cut as a brilliant. Since there can be only one best angle for the reflecting of interior light, a stone cut in other angles does not reflect the light perfectly and lacks fire. An overthick stone shows a well in the center in certain positions. Diamond men call such a stone lumpy.

It was the stone itself that had caught his eye, but its price interested him as well. Because of its obsolete cut, it was held at thirty dollars.

"That man doesn't know diamonds," he thought. "That stone could be recut for six dollars."

From the old-mine diamond his glance wandered to a pair of stones farther back in the window, and he drew himself together and rubbed his eyes.

"That man is crazy," he thought.

The two stones lay side by side, each on its own price card. The first looked to be of Wesselton color, and had been cut not in the old-mine make but in the modern brilliant; but although he believed it would weigh a carat or more, it, too, was priced at thirty dollars. Stones of its grade sell at five hundred dollars a carat wholesale. The second of the two, of half the weight and no better color, was held, according to its price card, at one hundred and fifty dollars, five times as much, although its price the carat wholesale would have been only about three hundred dollars. Smaller stones bring less the carat.

"Crazy!"

His eye wandered over the other articles in the window, resting in succession upon a portable typewriter stated to be of a high serial number, a silver-mounted pocket flask, an automatic pistol, and at one side a numbering machine set to number consecutively. Beside the flask, placed there as though to help sell it, lay a four-inch cut of rock candy. The numbering machine stood upon a strip of paper displaying its work.

The flask, or the pistol, or both, carried him back in thought to the stolen trunk, recovered within two hours, which he had just seen opened. The trunk had been found in a Chicago railroad station, where it had arrived from South Chicago. Who had checked it there no one knew. It contained Carl Wiedman's clothing and personal effects, including a good pistol; but a half-pint flask of whisky was reported as missing. The diamonds, of course, were gone.

"Look for a silver-mounted flask with my initials," Wiedman had said. It was too soon for that flask to have reached market, but he instinctively looked for the initials.

His eye returned to the diamonds, first to the old-mine stone and then to the insanely priced pair of brilliants. As he stood thus, absent-mindedly looking at the diamonds, a hard-faced stranger approached him.

"Want to buy a good diamond, mister? I got a pawn ticket I'll sell you cheap."

He held the pawn ticket in the light; Donovan, glancing at it, saw that it bore a serial number to identify it in the pawnbroker's books, and that the pawnshop was located on another street. The article pawned was described as a diamond ring.

"Thank you, no," he replied. He added absently, "It's your ticket, not mine."

"All you got to do is take it to this place and pay the loan and get the ring. Anybody can take it. It's like a hat check. If you find a hat check you can go to the coat room and get the hat, see?"

"I'm not buying today, thank you," repeated Donovan.

After looking again at the diamonds he passed on; but because of the articles displayed in it, or of the prices, he continued thinking of the window long afterward.

Suddenly it flashed upon him that he wished to see that window again. Something displayed in it called to him. He burst in upon O'Day with the spell of it pounding at his eyes.

"Can you come with me, chief, to look at a pawnbroker's window?" he cried.

But O'Day had been stirred by certain experiences of his own, and his thoughts likewise flared up hotly. He had commanded a regiment in France during the war. Donovan had served as one of his officers. Instead of answering the civil question, he began asking a military one.

"Captain Donovan," he began, "do you remember a roughneck doughboy named Shad Wilton in your company?"

"Serving with us in the Argonne?"

"Exactly. That Wilton."

"I ought to, colonel. That boy bit off a boche bayonet the second time he saw one. That boy ——"

O'Day exploded into language. When he came up to breathe he asked: "What do you suppose has happened? I give you a hundred guesses."

"Did you run across Wilton, colonel?"

"I did! And where? Where?"

"I haven't heard of Shad Wilton since we were demobilized. Where did you see him?"

"In detective headquarters," snapped O'Day. "The police have arrested him for stealing the Nicolson diamonds."

"Oh, for cat's sake!"

"He's baggage clerk on the P. & K. D. Apparently he handled the Nicolson trunk. Apparently he was the only man alone with that trunk from the time Carl Wiedman checked it until it was claimed by the thieves. Some bright detective put two and two together and spelled Wilton."

"Is he there now, colonel?"

"He is not!" snapped O'Day. "I got him out pronto. What do you take me for?"

"Naturally you would, knowing him."

"He's gone home to his wife."

"Is he married?"

"Married and keeping house on the North Side. I judge he hasn't been able to save much. On top of his arrest he lost his baggage job."

"They fired him, colonel?"

"The minute he was arrested."

"We can't let them get away with a thing like that, chief. Why, it's inhuman!"

"It's their railroad, you see."

"It's several people's railroad." Donovan began walking the floor, from desk to wall, from wall to desk. Suddenly he wheeled. "We'll make the idiot who fired him take him back! Why, firing the man is a confession of responsibility! Any jury would see it so! You can't fire your agent for stealing something and then claim that he didn't steal it! The P. & K. D. law department will make that baggage maestro, whoever he is, eat crow!"

"Snap into it," said O'Day.

"Tickled to. Now about this other matter, colonel—can you go with me to look at that show window?"

"We'll go at once," said O'Day.

The little old-mine diamond was waiting for them, still at thirty dollars, when they reached the pawnshop, and the one-carat brilliant behind it, likewise still priced at thirty dollars, and beside it the half-carat brilliant, still priced at one hundred and fifty. The other articles in the window remained as they were—the typewriter, the pistol, the numbering machine, the silver-mounted flask.

"What's the answer?" asked Donovan, pointing to the pair of brilliants.

"If it were a too low price merely, the answer might be that it was placed on stolen goods."

"But it isn't."

"No." O'Day regarded the diamonds thoughtfully. "What did you learn about Wiedman?" he asked after a moment, as if changing the subject.

"Only what we knew before. Somebody switched trunk checks on him. He didn't, for he didn't go near his trunk after the porter took it away. He had dinner with friends, then saw a play with them. The trunk went to Chicago by an earlier train. He's out of it."

"Somebody may have switched price cards on these diamonds," said O'Day.

"That's what happened, of course. Easy when you know." His face lighted; he drew a deep breath. "Chief," he said, "I want to buy that old-mine diamond. Then I want you to take me out to see Wilton."

"What has the diamond to do with Wilton?"

"Not a thing in the world, but it stopped me before this window, and the window has a good deal to do with him. We'll work it out."

"Your idea is that the thief switched trunk checks on Wiedman? Admitted. What of it?"

"I forgot to say, colonel, that the sugar on that handkerchief mask we found this morning came from a beet-sugar factory. I had Andrews analyze it."

"And what of that?"

"I'm on my way to that factory," said Donovan.

They Found the Man They Sought Conferring With the Other in the Rear of the Candy-Maker's Store

II

THE stranger in the place stood for a while watching the arrival of

(Continued on Page 114)

MR. TUTT LAYS A GHOST

"First of May—Moving Day, Eh?" The Old Lawyer Masked His Concern Behind an Air of Jocularity

Nuthin' ever really dies—or, if it does, that ain't the end of it by any manner o' means! —*The Hermit of Turkey Hollow.*

By Arthur Train

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"BROWN HACKLE," repeated Mr. Tutt stubbornly.

"Green Vamp!" retorted his friend McKinnon. "You just try one! It sets 'em crazy!"

"Green Vamp?" snorted the old lawyer. "Who ever heard of such a fly! I've fished for trout these seventy years come Michaelmas and I tell you there's nothing like a Brown Hackle, and never has been."

There was a real touch of spring all along Twenty-third Street. Patches of yellow green had appeared among the shell holes of the desiccated grass plots; the cracks in the damp asphalt between the car tracks steamed in the hot afternoon sun, exuding a few adventurous angleworms; even the withered plane tree in front of Mr. Tutt's legal residence was beaded with tiny sprouts along the upper branches, and the song of the strawberry vender and of the hurdy-gurdy was heard in the land.

"Pish-posh!" reiterated Mr. McKinnon, who fancied himself a piscatorial expert because he owned a perfect rod and a forty-eight-dollar multiplying reel, with which, it must be confessed, he had never landed anything heavier than a five-ounce brook trout. "The science of fly fishing progresses like everything else. We get to know more and more about the trout's tastes every year. You're behind the times. This Green Vamp ——"

"Look here, McKinnon!" Mr. Tutt interrupted. "Didn't you like waffles and griddlecakes when you were a boy?"

"Sure," admitted his friend.

"Don't you like 'em now?"

"I reckon I do—when I can get 'em right."

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Why should a trout be any different?"

"But a trout doesn't eat griddlecakes!" expostulated McKinnon.

"Of course not! But if you keep on liking waffles after fifty years, don't you suppose a trout keeps on liking Brown Hackles? There's no reason why there should be spring styles in fish food like spring bonnets."

McKinnon regarded him disgustedly. "Rot!" he remarked, and turned away abruptly, nearly knocking over an elderly lady carrying a basket of vegetables. Mr. Tutt shook his fist after the retreating figure.

"Green Vamp!" he shouted scornfully. "Green Vamp!"

"Sir!" ejaculated the elderly lady with gentle indignation. "Why, it's Mr. Tutt!"

II

MR. TUTT lifted his stovepipe hat and made the lady a courtly bow.

"My dear Mrs. Jessel," he apologized, "of course I was not referring to you. I was engaged in demolishing a heresy and in branding a heretic. And to do him justice, my excitable friend undoubtedly supposed he was doing the same thing. I trust you will overlook any apparent rudeness and that you have lost nothing out of your basket."

The elderly lady, who was a very little lady, dressed in a threadbare black cloth jacket with old-fashioned puff sleeves, shook her head.

"Not even a turnip. . . . What were you and your friend quarreling about?"

"Brown Hackles and Green Vamps—artificial trout flies."

"When I was a girl up in Somerset County we used garden worms," she said. "The trout seemed to like them. Many's the time I've caught a string for dinner—big ones. But that was a long time ago—a long way back."

Mr. Tutt removed the basket from her arm. "Nonsense!" he said. "There's no such thing as time! Things happen, positions alter, we change a little, there is cold and heat, love and hate, cabbage and prohibition, Brown Hackles and Green Vamps—but it's all right here, so to speak. There isn't any 'way back,' my dear Mrs. Jessel. There's only 'now.'"

"And this is the nicest 'now' of the whole year!" she declared as she trotted along beside his tall lanky figure. "'For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'"

They reached the corner and turned down a dingy alley beside a Chinese laundry.

"How long since you have been to the country, Mrs. Jessel?" asked Mr. Tutt as they entered a dark hallway and started up a smelly flight of stairs.

"What year was the panic—the one Mr. Morgan stopped—when the Knickerbocker Trust Company failed?"

"1907."

"Well, that was the year we lost our money and my husband died. I haven't left New York since—eighteen years. . . . Won't you come in?"

She unlocked the door and threw it open. The room was just large enough for a rickety bureau, a cot bed with a shelf of books above it, a small gas stove and a diminutive rocking-chair; but it was spotless and the window seat bloomed with geraniums and crocuses, growing in a variety of receptacles, among which was stretched a tortoise-shell cat.

"Do sit down! I'm afraid you'll have to use the bed; the chair would be too short for you. Please smoke. Ezra always did and I got to like it. Sometimes I almost wish I could myself—for company."

"I hardly think I'd take it up now. But since you have no objection ——"

Mr. Tutt took out a long pigskin case and, selecting a stogy, held it to the light.

"A bit green," he ruminated. "Spring, I suppose."

It lit with a flare and crackle, filling the chamber with the pungent odor of tobacco.

Mrs. Jessel hung her hat on the hook behind the door, sat down in the rocking-chair and smiled at her guest. The cat sneezed and leaped to the floor.

"Enoch isn't used to smoke—are you, Enoch?" she said as he rubbed, purring, against the rocker.

She looked so like Mr. Tutt's idea of the perfect grandmother that his old heart warmed to her more than ever it had since that first blustery day the previous winter when he had called at the suggestion of his friend Nolan, the cop on the corner.

"God sends us the poor, Mr. Tutt," Nolan had said as he sipped a glass of Christmas toddy before the sea-coal fire in the lawyer's library. "But the divil gives us the fakers, and I'm afther knowin' thim all—the both. The bums and beggars come bawlin' at the top o' their lungs, but the

honest poor prefer to starve in silence. 'Tis the neediest ones yer don't hear of excipt by accident."

"You don't mean anybody is starving at present around here, do you?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

"It depinds on what you call starvin'. I'd say there was."

"Where are they?"

"Well, for one, there's old Mrs. Jessel, who lives over Wing Lee's laundry. She's been there eight years. Katy Grady, on the next landing—the wife of me friend Grady in the insurance—says she's quality if ever there was 'I know a lady,' says she, 'fur I've worked fur thim. An' a body can't live on turnips even if she is seventy-five and alone,' she says. God knows what she lives on, Mr. Tutt. She won't take help from the Gradys and nobody else ever goes near her. She's just too proud to let her friends know—or maybe they're all dead."

Mr. Tutt had shot up out of his horsehair-covered armchair like a benign jack-in-the-box.

"Miranda!" he had shouted over the banisters to his colored maid of all work. "Go round to Kuflestein's and order the biggest Christmas basket you can—right this minute—and have 'em put in plenty of sugar and butter and tea and candy and grapes and a turkey and—what was it you said she ate, Nolan?—turnips and"—he unlocked the lower part of the escritoire, disclosing a multitude of dusty bottles—"and a bottle of port —— no, I'll take that around myself."

That was how Mr. Tutt and Mrs. Jessel had made acquaintance. It was never known by what wiles he had induced her to accept the contents of the basket, but in the end she had done so on condition that he should share the meal with her, and they had become friends. After that he had called upon her regularly; and although she consistently refused the slightest financial aid, she could not bring herself to refuse the flowers which he brought and which reminded her of the country where she had been brought up as a girl and which she had never ceased to love passionately.

"My rooms"—she always used the plural, although she had but one—"are rather pretty, aren't they? I shall hate to leave them," she said.

"Leave them!" Mr. Tutt barely escaped swallowing his stogy

"I am going away. I didn't intend to let you know at first, but you've been so very kind to me it didn't seem fair not to."

"First of May—moving day, eh?"

The old lawyer masked his concern behind an air of jocularity. Obviously there was no place in the whole wide world for Mrs. Jessel to go to except the potter's field, the almshouse or an old ladies' home.

She smiled and nodded, but there was a quiver about the wrinkled mouth that tore at his heartstrings.

"Is it permissible to inquire where you expect to go?"

"I haven't decided exactly where—yet. Of course I'd like to go to live in the country, but—but I can't afford to, I'm afraid. It will be somewhere in the city, I suppose."

He cursed her pride behind the smoke screen from his stogy. Why the devil couldn't she confess the whole truth and let him help her? He could support her in the real country—where she could end her days among birds and flowers—for a few hundred a year. He had nobody else to spend his ill-got dollars on. But it was no use! Hers was a stiff-necked generation; her pride was a worthy match for his kindly guile. He leaned back against the wall and tilted the stogy toward the discolored ceiling.

"Speaking of fishing," he rambled on, "where was it you used to catch those enormous trout when you were a girl?"

"In a little stream named Chasm Brook."

Mr. Tutt's stogy wavered infinitesimally, but Mrs. Jessel did not observe that fact.

"The best fishing is usually at the inlet of some lake."

"We used to catch them there, too, where Chasm Brook flowed into Turtle Pond. It was such a pretty spot—a sort of cup in the hills called Turkey Hollow. Our place lay just this side of it on a beech knoll. We had such fun!" Mrs. Jessel had become animated. "Only it was quite a place for tramps. They used to sleep on the sawdust down to Sampson's Steam Mill." In the eagerness of her recollection she had suffered a familiar lapse in grammar. "It was nice and soft for them, I guess. We children were afraid of their rough ways and unshaven faces, but no doubt they were harmless enough. Anyhow they liked the country. Nobody can be really bad who likes the country, can they?"

"Or children," added Mr. Tutt.

Her face softened. "Yes, or children. I never had any brothers or sisters of my own. Mother died when I was tiny and father married again before I was sixteen. I didn't get on very well with my stepmother, and then I met Ezra and married him, and—well, he didn't like my stepmother either; and so we moved to the city and never went back to Pottsville after that. Ezra made money in Wall Street and we became very well off. We had a house on Nineteenth Street and kept our own carriage and pair. I went to the Vanderbilt ball in 1883—as the Dresden China Shepherdess."

"A very charming one, I wager!" affirmed Mr. Tutt gallantly. She affected not to hear him.

"Father came to see us once or twice, but he never brought his wife; and when he died in 1889 he left all his property to her for life. After she dies, it goes to me."

"Then I can't wish her good health," declared Mr. Tutt. His head nearly touched the ceiling as he stood up; his smile filled the room. "When do you expect to move?"

"Not for three or four weeks."

"Good-by, Mrs. Jessel. Take care of yourself. And let us hope that Enoch will belie his name."

"What do you mean?"

"Doesn't the Bible say that 'Enoch walked with God, and was not; for God took him'?"

"I'm more afraid of those cat catchers from the S. P. C. A.," she replied, holding out her hand. "I hope you have good luck, Mr. Tutt. Good-by."

"Holy mackerel, but it's a small world!" muttered the old lawyer as he ducked cautiously down the narrow stairs. "And it ain't only the radio that's made it so, either!"

■■■

EVER since Mr. Tutt had first visited Pottsville in the year 1921 for the purpose of defending James Hawkins, alias Skinny the Tramp, on the charge of murdering Wilbur Drake, otherwise known as the Hermit of Turkey Hollow, and to the everlasting chagrin of Squire Hezekiah Mason, the public prosecutor, had triumphantly acquitted him, he had yearly at the first call of spring turned his face northward toward the Mohawk Valley. His original invitation had come at the instance of Lodge No. 948 of the Brotherhood of Abyssinian Mysteries—of that degree known as the Sacred Camels of King Menelek—of which said Skinny had at one time been a member; and although Mr. Tutt's retainer had amounted to but two hundred and fifty dollars, and he had given of his body, blood and brain three weeks' yeoman service in legal battle, he had never for an instant begrudged so doing, but on the contrary had rejoiced exceedingly in the friendships he had formed in consequence with such locally distinguished citizens as Sheriff Moses Higgins; Toggery Bill Gookin, proprietor of the Pottsville Dry Goods Emporium; Cy Pennypacker, of the Art Foto Parlors; Silas Higbey, Grand Supreme Exalted Patriarch and Ruler of the local herd of Sacred Camels of King Menelek, and others equally distinguished

Camels are welcome in that part of the Mohawk Valley, and Mr. Tutt, who had once sported the title of Patriarch of the Purple Mountains of Abyssinia, was duly made so. That, however, was not

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He Swallowed. "What Do You Mean? Stop Kidding!" "I'm Not Kidding," Retorted Mr. Tutt Sternly

A GOOD PARTY MAN

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"BUT you said you were out of politics!" she protested, in the monotonous voice of a woman who cannot help nagging at the fact, although she knows that protest against it is futile. "You promised me that you were, Sam."

"So I was, my dear. Nothing was farther from my mind than going into this race. But you've no idea how strongly they put it up to me, Jenny. Mott himself did. Called me over to his office to talk about it. They're simply up against it with this man Quinn running on the ticket, using the party label. He's not an organization man at all. He's a political outlaw. They had to come to me," he finished, with no slight satisfaction.

"They've come to you before," she remarked, "and what did it ever get us? You gave me your word that you were done with all that. And now just as you are beginning to get hold of your practice again and make a little headway—this!"

He grew somewhat irritated, more than a little pompous, casting a casual glance into a mirror on the wall opposite him, which seemed to reflect his importance better than his wife's eyes did. Mirrors were always glad to encourage him. Over the thick fuzz of the asparagus fern in the middle of the table, he could see the reflection of his handsome face; the face which the smooth glossy photographs of 1895 made their ideal, a little more rotund than the type face had come to be, a little heavier in outline. It was smooth-shaven, and yet it somehow suggested the mustache it had once worn, and the mouth was stoutly built, for cigars, not cigarettes.

"My dear Jenny, can't you appreciate that it's an honor? Do you think that they go around asking every Tom, Dick and Harry to run for Congress? Why, they told me in so many words that they thought I was the only man in the district who could pull the party together! Mott says it's a crisis."

"Why doesn't he run himself then? He's got the money."

Samuel Vail rose, for it was a breakfast-table controversy and could be naturally and easily terminated after his second egg. But his wife checked him at the door with another question.

"What about Millicent?" she asked.

"Well, what about her?" he countered.

"She can't go back to the university on air, and next year is her last year. Where's the money going to come from if you sink a lot in this campaign?"

Her eyes pursued him with their washed-out prettiness, the question dragging in them.

"I shan't spend much. Don't you worry about that. I made that perfectly clear to the boys—that I couldn't be let in for a lot of expense."

"Oh, that's what's always clear in the beginning. But when it comes to the campaign, there are all the little trips here and there to make speeches, all the things that take cash—the new clothes you'll have to buy. It isn't as if you were on a salary, Sam. If you don't watch your practice, it just vanishes. I wanted to try to save something to take care of Millicent next year and let her have a little more leeway."

"We can take care of that when the time comes."

"When the time comes there may not be any money."

"I don't know why you say that, Jenny. Most women would be thinking of the advantages for their children. Won't a couple of years in Washington be more educational for Milly than a fresh-water university? And think of the boys being right where history is in the making."

"You seem to forget," she said slowly, "that we've all been there on the same terms—on a congressman's salary."

"The salary's been increased."

"So has the mortgage on this house, and your notes at the bank. And the children need more every day. Don't you see you're not in a position to run, Sam? Why don't you leave it to people who are?"

Jenny Saw Them Getting Out of Larry's Car, Lingering at the Porch Steps

"I've told you that they say I'm the only person who can knock Quinn out in the primaries."

"Then let him get in! Even if you are elected and we squeeze out enough for Millicent, what's there to it? A few years in Washington—two, or more if you're lucky—trying to put up a front there and get our old debts paid here, and then there'll be the same old struggle to pick up your practice again. And if you lose—if you lose"—she drew a long, frightened breath—"it's just more useless horrible debt."

He gathered up the last point.

"I can't possibly lose with the backing I've got, Jenny. And there will be a lot in it that doesn't appear on the surface—real opportunities, things that will help me professionally. It's only a fight from now until June twenty-eighth, for after the primaries I'm safe enough. The district's sure to go Republican."

Jenny's eyes gazed over the immediate scene of the bacon and eggs, over the percolator, into the past.

"It's like a bad dream," she said. "I've heard all this before. Have you forgotten how they knifed you?"

"That was Carson. He's out of it—on the ash heap, too, where he belongs. They came back to me, you notice. They learned their lesson. If they want to hold the party together, they've got to have a good party man to do it."

She could see that his mind was fixed proudly on that interview which had been his triumph, when they had come to ask him to carry again the banner which they had torn so gracelessly out of his hands four years before. It wasn't any use. She sat there, limply discouraged, with her neglected breakfast before her, until he came back from the hall with his overcoat on, his hat in his hand and in his voice a kind of generous good-tempered concern for her mood.

"Now don't worry, Jenny. This is the time things are going to break big for us, I tell you. I wouldn't go into the campaign if there were the slightest doubt of the outcome. Not me. You just sit back and fix your face pretty, ready for the pictures in the Sunday supplements."

He put his hand on the smooth unfashionable swirl of her brown hair and tipped her face up for his kiss. That was the way Sam was. A good family man, the neighbors called him, somehow aware of that perfectly regular and faithful good-by kiss and similar small devotions to his family.

"What time does Millicent get here?" he asked.

"I don't know. The Chaloners ought to make pretty good time in that big car of theirs, and she said that they were starting early. I wish Millicent didn't have to take so many favors. But she couldn't have come home for Easter at all if she'd had to pay the fare, I suppose."

"That's all right. I can be very useful to Chaloner, and he knows it. He doesn't lose anything by being pleasant to Millicent. He's got his own political irons in the fire."

Jenny Vail winced. After twenty-three years in which to get used to such little implications, she was still wincing under them just as after twenty-three years she was still reaching toward the orderly, substantial, paid-up-bill kind of life which had eluded her exactly that long. It had left the little weary, nagging note in her voice—that cheated reach. The long married life of uncertainty, of being a politician's wife, had taught Jenny so exactly, so pathetically, what she wanted. She wanted to have money in the bank; to have no intricate obligations, no need to conciliate or trail after people who swept past her mentally and socially; to know exactly where she stood and have decent assurance of meeting next year; to have life insurance laid by for the children; to have a position without a gamble in it, except the ordinary fluctuations of living; a position earned and not appointed or elected. Oh, most of all, not elected! It was unbearable to be again at the mercy of that unknown, cruel, unsteady, incalculable multitude which was always so dangerous even when it was kind, so tricky, so apt to turn on you—the multitude made up of people whom you didn't know and mustn't offend.

Thus Jenny. But not so Sam, also conscious of the multitude. The multitude became Sam's personal oyster when he was running for office.

"See you're in the race for Congress, Sam."

"That's about right. Hope you're with me."

"I sure am."

"Well, I didn't much want to get into this fight, but they wouldn't let me stay out. And after all, somebody has to do something before the party goes on the rocks."

"You bet. Somebody's got to do something. That's right. The old party's slipping in this neck of the woods. Who's this bird Quinn anyway? What's his following?"

Samuel Vail

That was the kind of thing There were dozens of such little conversations all day. People buttonholed Sam on the street, dropped into his office to talk about the announcement of his candidacy and gossip about his campaign. The old atmosphere of intrigue and speculation thickened around him with the cigar smoke of conferences. The wise talk, the confidential information about Quinn, the prediction that he wouldn't even carry his own precinct, the line-up here, the line-up there, the suggestion of people to be seen and drawn into activity—all these things were like coming home to Sam.

For four years he had been on the outside, without even the smell of battle. It was exhilarating to scent it again and to feel so thoroughly equipped to fight. Mott was back of him, that secret boss who never sat on platforms or gave addresses or took office or got his name in the paper, but who never let go the reins—or the whip. The party was back of him—Jennings and O'Brien and Swanson—the old guard who had always been able to pull more vote-getting wires than any three men in the district. Sam Vail knew the backing he had, no one better. He'd been in politics for twenty-three years and he knew a steam roller when he saw one.

Of course, there were conversations which he didn't hear. Like the one in Suite 23 of the Minnehaha Sawmill Company, where a couple of men faced each other across a very handsome table.

"What did you think of the news in the morning paper, Quinn?"

Quinn's rather handsome slanting face grinned.

"Trying to overhaul old Vail and get him off the junk pile, you mean?"

"It's not so funny."

"Vail's a has-been, a horse-and-buggy politician."

"I don't know about that. Don't you think that his getting into this race doesn't complicate things for you. He has what's left of the old organization back of him and Mott to swing the whip where it's needed. That whole gang's pretty sore at you, you know. They're out to get you, my boy. You've cramped their style pretty badly."

"Well, I'm not afraid of old Vail."

"It's not old Vail. They're simply threatening you with him, Quinn, that's all. You've been pretty flip with the Mott crowd."

"They tried to run me out of town up on the copper range."

"Well, they didn't run you out, did they? And since then you've been acting nasty to them and gumming the game for them whenever you could. I think the time has come when you could make a few advances, feel them out a little, let them see you can play ball if you're handled right. You took an awful lot of money away from them fighting those claims against the copper mines, you know. They've got a right to have tender feelings."

Quinn's furtive eyes, so shallow and yet so unrevealing, caught those of the other man for just a minute, then strayed away again.

"I'm not cherishing any grudges," he said at length.

"You'll have to go farther than that," the other man answered.

"What do they want anyhow?"

"Oh, some assurance, I suppose—some assurance of a friendly attitude. Mott's used to owning the congressman from this district. It's a little habit of his."

"I suppose he owns old Vail, body and soul."

"Funny about Vail. I don't believe he knows he's owned. He's an old-fashioned party man, you know. I don't believe he even realizes the party's gone to pot in this district, that the votes are controlled and it's anybody's fight."

"What's the old rooster think they're backing him for?"

"Oh, Vail's a good politician. He doesn't think it's community-chest stuff, don't fool yourself. He can give and take with the best of them. But he thinks he's pretty independent too. He goes around bowing and smiling and talking about loyalty to the party, and, Lord, it does go down with an awful lot of people!"

"Well," said Quinn, "I'm not afraid of him I'll have the copper-range towns, even if I don't get the city. I'm not coddling Mott."

"That's final?"

"No," grinned Quinn, "it's temporary. I think I can get by without him. If I can't, we'll see."

The other man shook his head. "There's a lot of stuff they can pull on you, Quinn, if they start it, especially with the women. That's where they'll play up Vail. He's a good family man—all that, you know."

Millicent

It was four in the afternoon when Millicent arrived. For an hour passing cars had been deceiving and cheating her mother, who watched even as she worked. The boys came home from high school, the cheerful overgrown twins, and rushed away again, leaving the usual trail of things to be mended. Jenny loved Charles and Tom. She sat now with Tom's leather coat in her hands, pushing a heavy needle through a rip in the collar so it would be ready for wear tomorrow. Charles and Tom kept her hands busy, and her mind, too, devising ways to get them the clothes and books and fees that so relentlessly chased her. They had her hands and her mind.

But it was Millicent who filled her imagination, Millicent who was the gracious thing that happens now and then to some few mothers—a kind of realization in the flesh of all the things that the mothers would have liked to be. It was not just Millicent's loveliness, though as she stepped from the Chaloners' car, Jenny saw, with a jump in her heart, that Millicent was prettier than ever. That was the same old coat with the beaver collar, but Millicent wore it somehow as if she had selected it from a wealth of motor coats, dashingly open at the front, the collar lifted luxuriously around her neck in the back. The hat was new, a common little hat which would have been surely lost in the great limbo of hats if Millicent hadn't chosen it and somehow made it charming, and the tan dress under the coat must be new.

Still, it wasn't the clothes that made them lean out of the car with those last laughing farewells, even the chauffeur turning around with a respectful grin. It wasn't the way she wore them that kept young Larry Chaloner loitering on the porch with her suitcase while those preposterous

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Millicent Stood Looking at Her Father, Slouched There in His Chair So Hopelessly. "I'll Help Him," She Declared, "and I'll Bet He'd Get Lots of Votes"

THE INFERNAL GRIND

By Alfred T. Goullet and Charles J. McGuirk

THREE teams were a lap ahead of the field on the night of the second day of the Fortieth International Six-Day Race in the new Madison Square Garden last March. The team composed of Reggie McNamara, the Iron Man, and Francesco Georgetti, the tiny Italian, which won the race by two laps in a spectacular finish, had stolen a lap a few hours after the beginning of the contest Sunday night. Richard Golle and Werner Miethe had caught up with them shortly after noon that day, to be joined an hour or so later by Coburn and Petri.

On the track sixteen sweatered riders strung out in a thin, many-colored line, with little Georgetti in front, making the pace at an easy clip of about fifteen miles an hour. The rubber-tired wheels droned on the board track. In the sixteen camps at the track side, little sheds about the size and general shape of piano boxes, the team mates of the men on the track lay on blankets, snatching what little rest they could. A green curtain hung over the camp of Golle and Miethe, hiding the occupants from the view of the stands. Golle was trying to get a little sleep.

The chances were against him. A carpenter was sawing and hammering in the press stand, cutting an aisle along the eastern railing so that the reporters could get to the telephones. Over the center of the inclosure a cluster of radio loud speakers was braying out Remember. The night crowd was pouring in, because the sprints were on and fans were yelling encouragement to their favorites. The track reverberated under the wheels. The whole Garden glared under a light brighter than day. Besides, it was the second day of the race, and the excitement that hits a rider and stays with him during the first thirty-six hours probably was keeping Golle tense. The best he could expect was a rest, if he could remember to slacken his muscles.

The field held the same even pace. Georgetti swung wide and Coburn took his place at pace. Pierre Sergeant, of France, succeeded Coburn. They were riding easily, Coburn, suffering from saddle soreness, pressing his hand against the cross bar, riding high. It was a peaceful moment, so peaceful that, sitting in the press stand to write instead of ride a six-day race, I knew there was going to be a jam.

Jams to Stop Lap Thieves

JAMS are what make six-day races the thrilling spectacles they are. A jam is the chase after a rider who is attempting to lap the field. It may result in anything. The pursuing riders may or may not overtake the thief. If they do, another rider is liable to start another jam on the heels of the first one, and still another rider may start a third on top of that.

Fifteen years of six-day riding told me this was the ideal spot for a jam and that you could no more prevent one from happening than you could keep rain from falling. I knew that if I were riding in that race I would be sneaking up toward the head of the line, and when I got ready I'd shoot out on a sprint in the hope that my jump would take me half around the track before the others woke up.

A tenseness under the calm of the riders spread over the whole field and sped up the pace. It reached the trainers, sitting in front of their respective camps, and they got up from their stools to watch the riding men. It pushed into the little boxes and brought up sitting the veterans, McNamara, McBeath, of Australia, Oscar Egg and Harry Stockelynch, of the Belgian team.

On the track the riders were watching every move of Georgetti, Miethe and Petri, the leaders. They watched one another, especially Goosens, the Belgian, and Bobby Walthour and Freddie Spencer, the two formidable young sprinters. Nobody was watching Willie Fenn, Jr., because four times since the beginning of the grind Fenn had refused to continue jams started by Eddie Madden, his partner. So it was Willie Fenn who started it.

He shot from the top of the saucer track and flashed away, gaining a quarter of a lap before the pursuit began. The bicycles thundered after him and the crowd was on its feet, roaring. Madden, tipped off by his trainer, was already mounting his bicycle to pick up Fenn. The curtain over Golle's camp shot up and the German rider sprawled out. McNamara, Stockelynch and Cecil Walker, of Australia, were already on the track. Within a minute the thirty-two competitors were riding at top speed. Madden rode far ahead of the field, gathering his leg muscles for the jump, and Fenn, reaching him, shoved his hand against his partner's back, giving him the impetus of his own speed, and Madden was away.

The field caught them after a twenty-minute chase, and as the riders eased up Goosens flashed out in a seemingly tireless sprint. He and Stockelynch, alternating, lapped their competitors, toppling McNamara and Georgetti and Golle and Miethe from their lead. Petri and Coburn hung doggedly on. Satisfied, the Belgians eased up, and it was then that William Grimm and Charley Winter made their successful bid for a lap against the exhausted field. When the smoke cleared away, the two teams, Coburn and Petri and Grimm and Winter, were a lap ahead, being tied for a distance of 481 miles and 7 laps.

When that jam ended I was as tired as if I'd ridden through it. As a matter of fact, I had ridden through it mentally, and when I finally realized I was nothing but a mere spectator I was glad of it. Though I like six-day racing as much as ever, I'd rather watch than ride another.

The six-day race, I think, is the most grueling contest in athletics because of its sheer monotony. If we weren't—mercifully—so built that we quickly forget our sufferings, I don't believe there is a man in the world who would ride in more than one. It takes toll of every muscle in the body, of the stomach, of the heart and, while it is being ridden, of the mind. In the past fifteen years I have ridden in twenty-four, and the only way I can think of describing the riding of a six-day race is as one infernal grind.

The compensations, however, are great. They have to be. A crack six-day rider gathers a certain amount of fame, the excitement of competition, the satisfaction of winning, the friendship or enmity of the crowds, a chance to see the world and to ride before it, and a large amount of money.

I am thankful to the six-day race. Most of the money I have was made in the infernal grind. As a six-day rider I visited Australia, my birthplace, France and Belgium, and my record shows that I earned the $100,000 or so I made in the game.

I rode in twenty-four six-day races—twenty-one official, and three ten-hour affairs in which the riders rode for six days from four o'clock in the afternoon till two o'clock in the morning. The official races gave me twelve victories, three seconds and one fourth. I was on the winning team in two of the ten-hour races, with Freddie Hill in the Newark Armory in 1914 and with Alfred Grenda in Boston in November, 1916. The other one was the first six-day race in which I ever rode. Paddy Hehir, my partner, and I got third in it.

Reggie McNamara, the Iron Man of Cycling and One of the Greatest Six-Day Riders Competing Today

The Iron Man

THE record gives me the highest number of victories ever won by a six-day rider. This may hold for years. Again, it may not hold longer than another season, because at present it is in grave danger of being equaled or beaten.

Reggie McNamara, known as the Iron Man of the cycling game, also an Australian by birth, is crowding me closely, with ten victories, seven seconds, eight thirds and three fourths. He is one of the best six-day riders that ever rode, and, I have no doubt, will prove one of the greatest of all time. He is strong, indomitable, speedy and game. In the Garden last March he fought off for an hour a field of nine teams that sought to regain the lap he and Georgetti had stolen on them. Then, when the other riders were exhausted from the effort, McNamara and Georgetti lapped the field again. And to leave no doubt of his metal in the minds of the thousands of fans who were booing him—as six-day crowds always boo a winning team—he went out in front in the last circuit of the race and was the first man to cross the finish line.

Last February, in the Chicago six-day race, McNamara and young Bobby Walthour were leading the field when Walthour crashed and was carried from the track to have eight stitches taken in his chin and lower lip. All the time the doctor worked on him, Walthour was worrying, and he finally sent out an attendant to tell McNamara he thought he would be out of the race for an hour, but he would get back as quickly as he could.

"Tell him to take six hours if he likes," McNamara replied. "I can hold off this crowd."

And for two hours he fought the field which started one jam after another in an attempt to wrest the lead from him.

McNamara and Walthour won the race. No record is safe against a man like that.

Alfred Grenda, of Tasmania, and I hold the six-day distance record, 2759 miles and 2 laps, made in Madison Square Garden in 1914. In this race we also hung up thirty-seven distance records for various hours.

My first race was ridden on a quarter-mile circular dirt track in Victoria, Australia, my home state, in 1908, when I was seventeen, and my start was not auspicious. It was a mile handicap, open to all unregistered professionals, or what we would call minor-league riders over here. My handicap was 300 yards, but my volunteer trainer and starter, a pal who weighed 220 pounds, became so excited in pushing me off that he threw me from my wheel and fell on top of me. I succeeded in climbing back on again as the scratch men reached me, and I got third, qualifying for the final, which I won. The prize was six pounds, and it looked so big to me I decided to take up bicycle riding as a career.

That season I won all the local races, and at its end became one of the 1200 registered professionals in Australia and went to Melbourne, Victoria's capital, to ride against topnotchers like Floyd McFarland, the giant Californian; Jackie Clarke, the great sprinter, and other big leaguers.

My first day in Melbourne was spent hanging around the track waiting for a chance to talk to McFarland. He was then one of the most colorful figures in the bicycle world and an idol in Australia. Mustering up courage, I asked the head trainer if I could speak to him, and he showed me into the training quarters. McFarland lay on a slab while his trainer rubbed him.

"Hello, kid," he greeted me. "So you're going to ride against us, eh? Bob, you put some weight into that rub from now on. I'm not taking any chances."

I grinned and denied I had any hope of ever beating him in a race.

"Why not?" he asked. "You're just a boy, and we aren't getting any younger. You just go ahead and live clean and plug hard and you'll get there. And make up your mind that that's the only way you will get there. This game is as hard as any other, and it's the boys who take care of themselves that reach the top in the end."

From Bushes to Big League on Wheels

I NEVER forgot that advice and I have done my best all my life to follow it. Regular habits and hard work were always the two things on which I based my hopes of success

The Melbourne track was an eight-lap board saucer, the first one on which I ever rode. I qualified for the mile race, but fell in the final when I had covered half the distance. Jackie Clarke won it.

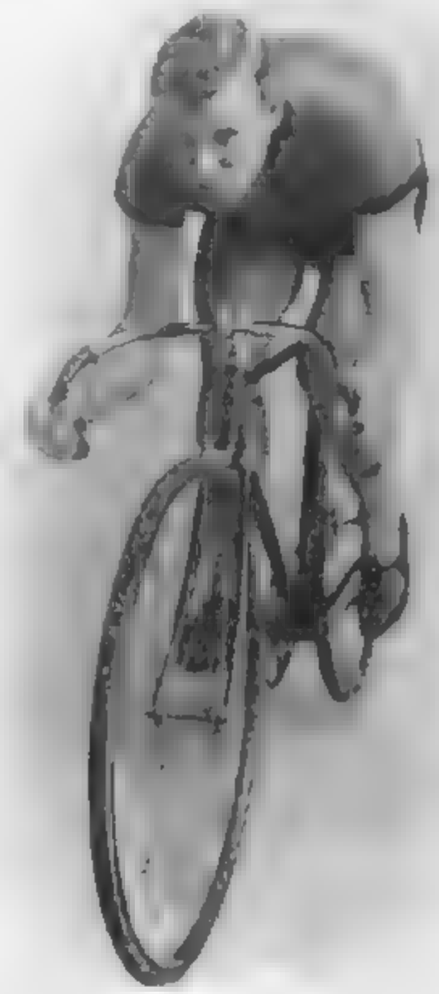
I returned to my home for a three months' rest and then entered the bicycle races at the meeting of the Government Railroads at Ballarat. In Australia the bicycle races were held as part of the program of sports at the outings of societies like the Sons of Erin, the Highlanders and others, and on national holidays. Ballarat began its career as a mining town, where in the old days it was said you could kick out golden nuggets with your feet. The track was a third of a mile of cement, like the old Manhattan track. I entered all four events; didn't show in the first two, won the third, a mile handicap, starting with a handicap of 100 yards, and for the first time got the idea I could ride.

Returning to Melbourne, I rode for the rest of the season, learning more of the inside of racing every time I rode. I remained there for another season and developed into what was considered a fair rider, and then I received what every tyro bicycle rider in Australia considered the greatest thing that could happen to him—an offer from John M. Chapman of a contract to ride for him in America.

Chapman, who is to bicycle racing what Tex Rickard is to boxing, is a rider turned promoter. He has promoted fifty six-day races in New York, Chicago and Boston. A Southerner, born in Georgia, he entered the amateur ranks in 1896. Three years later he turned professional in Salt Lake City and, as such, rode in America, Australia and Europe.

Riding with Iver Lawson at Salt Lake City, July 3, 1901, he made the world's record for five miles on a tandem, which still stands. He went into the promotion end in 1906 and for two years ran the races at the old Salt Palace in Salt Lake City.

On August 25, 1908, he came East to take charge of the Newark Velodrome, and handled it for two years with such success that he went to Frank Myhlon, a moneyed man, to ask him for help in making a dream come true. The dream was the establishing of a racing circuit with tracks at New Haven, Providence, Boston and Newark. Myhlon, skeptical at first, was converted by Chapman's enthusiasm. The circuit was a huge financial success, and Chapman became the czar of bicycle racing in America.



Alfred T. Goullet

I arrived in Newark from Australia early in May, 1910, and I rode my first American race the following Sunday. It was a mile handicap, and starting with a 20-yard allowance, I finished third from last. The same thing happened in the five-mile race. I suffered from a reversal of form.

There were several good reasons for this. Coming here from Australia to ride was like entering the Big League from the bushes. The riders in America were smarter and the racing was faster and harder. Then the change of climate worked against me. Victoria is on the coast and I had lived near the sea all my life. All my riding had been done within sound of the ocean. Newark was inland. I rode better in Boston and Providence, seacoast towns, than I did in Newark, and though I won several races in the two former places, I got only one first in Newark in my whole first season. Chapman thought he had picked a bloomer, and, in desperation, decided to try me out at pursuit riding.

In a pursuit race two riders start from opposite sides of the track and ride until one overtakes the other. It is a miniature six-day race, calling for the same qualities, endurance and an ability to sprint early and often.

Pursuing Fame

MY FIRST opponent was Percy Lawrence, one of the best pursuit riders on the American tracks. I caught him after a ride of eighteen miles. The following Sunday, Frank Kramer, then American champion and now chairman of the Board of Control of the National Cycling Association and referee of the six-day races, started opposite me. He proved a stronger opponent than had Lawrence, but I won the race in a little more than fourteen miles.

I continued riding in the other events, entering every distance, winning once in a while at seaboard tracks and losing steadily at Newark. But I was beginning to shine at pursuit riding, and though I did not realize it at the time, I was getting a wonderful training for the six-day grind.

The outdoor season of 1910 closed in September and I began looking forward to the six-day race. I knew it was a hard grind, but I had all the cocksureness of youth. I never doubted my ability to stand up under it. Paddy Hehir had been watching me in the pursuit races, and now he came with the proposition that I become his partner in the Boston six-day race in November. I joined up with him.

In 1910 the six-day race was twenty-one years old as a sporting event, and for nineteen years had been an American

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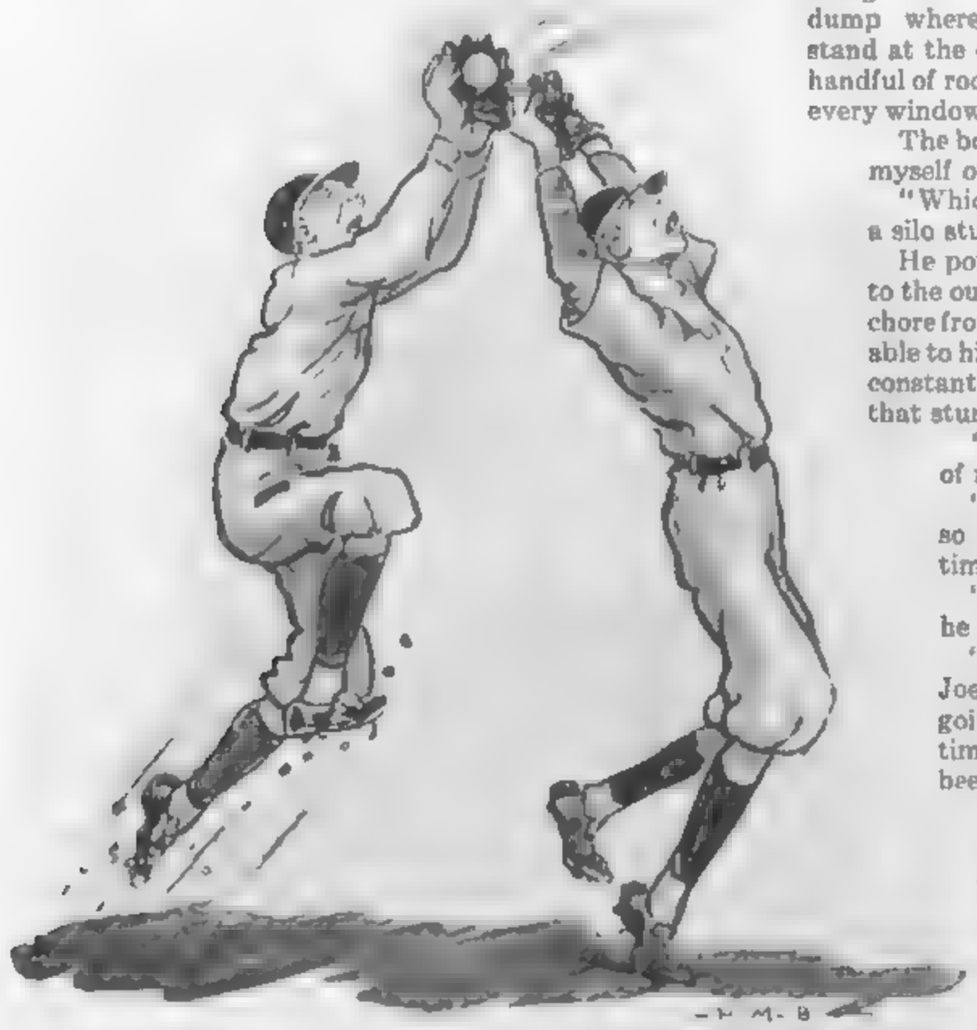
Alf Grenda, Goullet's Hard-Plugging Partner in the Two Greatest Races of His Career. At Left—Maurice Brocco, a Favorite of the Six-Day Crowds. At Right—Fred Spencer, the Bicycle Champion of America

THE MAN WHO HIT 1.000

By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. BRINKERHOFF



In Bud Harley We Have a Center Fielder With Hot Hoofs and Often He's Able to Snatch High Ones Off the Rim of Bland's Glove

IF BULL GROGAN hadn't razzed me for failing to turn up a good slugger or two on my last scouting trip for the Blue Sox, the chances are I'd have paid little attention to the clipping about Joe Bland. Hick papers are always full of wonderful stuff strutted by local yokels which usually assays zero to the ton with a trace of nix.

Just the same, talent is like a dropped collar button; the place to find it is where it is, and it is where you find it, so I made it part of my business to read the sport hop in the country rags.

The piece about Bland wasn't really a piece about him at all. His name merely led off the previous season's averages in the Interlake League, a bevy of ball tossers I'd never even heard of. The figures for Joe were: Games played, 15; times at bat, 51; one-base hits, 23; two-base hits, 12; three-base hits, 9; home runs, 7; batting average, 1.000; fielding average, .187; stolen bases, none.

I glances at the clipping several times during the day, kind of hypnotized with that 1.000 batting average, even though I've got it doped out in the back of my dome that some soused printer probably mixed up Joe's mark with the circulation of the paper or the vote at the last election. The darn thing's still in my mind when I meets up that evening with Red Harlan, a Three-Eye manager I'd come West to talk trade with.

"Ever hear of the Interlake League?" I asks him.

"Yes," comes back Red. "It's a four-team side show in the other end of the state."

"How does it class?" I inquires.

"It doesn't," returns Harlan. "It's one of those layouts where the players on both sides use the same bat and the game's called if the ball's lost. The Interlake hasn't anything you want."

"Nothing much," I grins, "excepting a baby who hits 1.000." And I passes over the clipping.

"Must be a mistake for .100," shrugs Red, after a quick look.

"It isn't that," I tells him. "You'll notice that the base hits and times at bat add up all right."

"What's the difference?" grunts Harlan. "Maybe it's just a kid. Nobody hits 1.000 in fifteen games even against the kind of pitching they have in the Interlake."

That's my low-down belief, too, but Joe Bland keeps buzzing in my bean all night. The next morning I gets me a map and hunts up Tetona, the home burg of the slugger, according to the dope in the averages. It's about three hundred miles to the west, which is K. O. with me, seeing that Denver is my next hop anyways. A couple of hours later I'm on a rattler.

The breaks are with me. I gets to Tetona early in the afternoon and finds out that Bland's outfit is having a game that day on the home lot. I walks right from the station to the ball yard, Tetona being the kind of sized dump where you could stand at the depot with a handful of rocks and break every window in the town.

The boys are warming up when I arrives and drapes myself over a seat in the joke bleachers.

"Which one of those lads is Joe Bland?" I asks a silo stuffer near me.

He points to a slim, rangy bird who's batting flies to the outfield. He doesn't look any different at that chore from any other busher, except that I notices he's able to hit from either side, swinging from right to left constantly. However, there's nothing unique about that stunt. Lots of players can bat ambidextrous.

"How's he been doing this season?" I inquires of my neighbor.

"We only started a week ago," says he, "and so far Joe's made fifteen hits. All the other times up they walked him."

"You mean to tell me," I comes back, "that he hasn't even pop-fouled out?"

"Stranger," returns the apple knocker, "when Joe Bland hits 'em he hits 'em so they are going to stay hit. He's been at bat sixty-six times since we got him last year and he hasn't been set down yet."

The game starts and I turns my lamps to the pasture they call a diamond in the Interlake country. Tetona takes the field and I focus on Joe out in right, which is close to where I'm squatting. Bland doesn't appear to take any more interest in the proceedings than a poor farm does in the surtax, walking around carelesslike, his arms folded and with his face, half the time, turned away from the plate.

The first of the visitors is retired on a shot to short. The next baby raises a high fly in the direction of Joe, a soft one that a Scotchman could have caught in his spending-money pocket. Instead of taking a step or two forward and letting the ball drop in his mitt, Bland stays where he is. When the pill is about to light Joe lazily sticks out his paw. The old onion clumps into the sod about a foot away, and by the time Bland gets up enough energy to pick it up the runner's rounding second. On a heave from Joe to third, that catches the pitcher in the small of the back, he scores. An easy out fat-headed into a home run!

"Well," I snorts, disgusted, to the lad near me, "your swatting fool may be able to hit 'em where they ain't, but it's a cinch he doesn't catch 'em where they are."

"Hitting's all he can do," he returns. "The Doc doesn't want him to do anything else."

"The Doc?" I asks.

"Doc Tolliver," explains the hick. "He's the manager of the team. Watch Joe at the plate."

The first two of the Tetona gang get on, and then Bland, picking up the bat the last swinger had dropped, walks to the rubber. He's a changed man, full of pep and fight, with the stance of a real big-time slugger. Three wide ones are pitched at him in succession. The fourth is also wide and high, but Joe has no intention of accepting presents from perfect strangers. He pokes out his long arms and pushes a peach of a drive just inside the right field foul line, good for three bases in any man's league. Two runs are scored, but Bland just barely manages to lumber-wagon to second, where he sticks while two men are put out and then gets caught napping and tagged for the third out.

"Can he hit?" crows my bench mate.

"He hit that one," I admits, "but a guy that can't sing or dance or play poker ought to be able to beat carpets. Does he always shoot 'em to the right?"

"He puts 'em any place he wants to."

"He does, does he?" I yelps. "Let's see him show my Aunt Emma's nephew."

As I told you before, I'm sitting only a few yards away from where Bland's loafing at his work. I shouts over to get his attention.

"Ten dollars," says I, "if you smack the next one safe down the left field foul line."

"For how many bases?" he asks with a broad grin.

"Ten for every one you make," I answers.

Joe nods and turns away. As far as that goes, he might just as well have kept on chattering to me for all the service he renders at right in the next two innings. "Terrible" doesn't describe his fly chasing and throwing; it just hints at it. A blindfolded guy in an invalid chair with his hands tied behind his back could have done no worse. However, I'm not much interested in the kid's defensive doings.

It's the third inning before he comes to bat again. There are two out and none on. Outside of the wallop that Bland nicked him for, the visiting pitcher's been showing a nice brand of ball, with a quick-breaking spitter and a fast one that would have done credit to a much larger league. In fact, he's going so good that I'm willing to make a sweet wager that Joe doesn't hit him safe in any direction, but the deed's done before I can make a proposition to my neighbor.

Bland steps into a roundhouse curve and slams the ball flush across the third-base bag. The drive gets away from the left fielder, takes a foolish bounce off the fence and the next thing I knows Joe's dusting the home-plate dust off his pants and slipping me a jeery wave across the diamond.

"Any more offers?" he asks, when I hands over the forty at the end of the inning.

"Not just now," I growls, "but I may have something to say to you later."

Before the game's over, Bland's up five times. Once he's walked on four-pitch-outs that couldn't have been reached with an extradition treaty. Two singles, a double and a home run tot up the rest of the day's loot, not to mention three outfield errors and an attempt to steal second with the bases full.

Harley Halfway Between the Bags Is Struck in the Leg by the Ball With Such Force as Almost to Knock Him Off His Dogs

That evening I hunts up Doc Tolliver, the bird that runs the Tetonas, and introduces myself. He looks about as much like a baseball manager as I look like a violin solo in B flat. From his rusty black clothes, stooped shoulders and thin gray hair, you'd be more apt to ticket him as a church deacon or the advance man for an undertaker.

"Great hitter you got in that boy Bland," I remarks to start the conversation where I want it to go. "Where'd you get him?"

"I didn't get him," answers the Doc. "I made him."

"Not a bad job of work," I applauds; "but while you were putting him together, why didn't

you rub the butter off his fingers so he could clamp them around a fly ball occasionally?"

"It's because he's poor at every other department of the game," says Tolliver, "that he's the most wonderful batter that's ever been produced "

"I don't get you," I returns, puzzled.

"The trouble with baseball," goes on the Doc, like he was monologuing to himself, "is that it doesn't specialize. It takes one individual and tries to make a great runner, a great hitter, a great catcher, a great thrower and a great thinker out of him. Did you ever hear of a fine violinist who was also expected to excel on the flute and the piano and the drums and the bass horn in order to get a job in an orchestra?"

"Maybe not," I admits; "but in baseball each man has two jobs—one of 'em to make runs and the other to stop the opposish from making 'em—and a lad's got to be good at both stunts to be valuable to a team."

"Not at all," disagrees Tolliver. "When my system is worked out there will be at least three players on each nine who can only do one thing, but they will do that perfectly."

"Where," I inquires, "did you get your baseball experience? Who'd you play with?"

"I never played a game in my life," answers the Doc. "I'm an oculist by profession."

"Oculist?" I laughs. "You're sure doubling in brass—straightening out crossed eyes with one hand and running a ball team with the other? I thought you were — - "

"—— a specialist," finishes Tolliver. "I am. It's the oculist in me that's developed the most marvelous batting eye in the universe."

"Batting eye?" I scoffs. "That's just an expression."

"I know you'd think so," sighs the Doc. "Let me tell you about Joe Bland."

"Shoot," I urges, courteous.

"I came to this part of the country two years ago for my health," spiels Tolliver. "To pass the time away I used to watch the boys playing baseball. There was no Interlake League then. The phrase 'batting eye' was always coming up in the talk on the lots and it aroused my curiosity. What was this batting eye and how important was it in accurate hitting? The best of the batters among the boys was Joe, though he was very poor in the other departments of the game. I became friendly with him and began to study his batting eye. By tests I found that his focus was perfect and the communication between his sight and his brain uncannily rapid, especially as to objects moving on the horizontal."

"Go easy, Doc, school quit me in the fifth grade,"

"I mean," he explains, "that he could gauge the speed and direction of a missile coming straight toward him on the level much more readily than — "

"I see," I cuts in. "He could size up a pitched ball better than a high fly."

"That's it," nods Tolliver. "I persuaded Bland to ignore every branch of baseball except batting—first, because perfection lies in concentrating on a natural gift; and second, because I didn't want him to chance impairing his vision by looking into the sun or sliding through dust. Then I gave him special treatment and exercises further to improve his sight. For example, I built a sort of catapult affair that would throw baseballs twice as rapidly as the best rate of the human arm."

"He might be able to hit the big leaguers," says I, doubtful, "on straight ones, but could he place his shots against their curves and breaks?"

"A fast ball," smiles the Doc, "would come to Joe with only half as much speed as it would to an ordinary player. The velocity, of course, would be the same, but Bland's ultra-rapid batting eye would cut the rate for him by at least 50 per cent. You've seen these slow-motion pictures? Well, it's the same principle. For one picture your retina would take of the ball, his would take two or three."

"Yes," I stutters, "but ——"

"Placing a hit," goes on Tolliver, "is just a question of having time to get yourself set properly to meet the kind of throw that's coming. You'll admit that a Cobb or a Hornsby could place any ball pitched by a schoolboy, let's say. In Bland's case the best pitching would be reduced to the schoolboy rate. A curve being much slower than a straight one would merely simplify matters for Joe."

Although I don't get all the stuff the Doc spills, he has a way of making what he does put over sound reasonable. Besides, there's that 1.000 batting average and what I'd seen myself in the afternoon to back him up. Being as I am on the hunt for sluggers, my curiosity's all aroused and I asks a lot more questions. I finds out that Tolliver trained the kid for nearly a year before he had a chance to buy the Tetons team and try out the camera eye on a large scale.

"Could you take any good hitter and turn him into a crack?" I asks.

"No," returns the Doc. "It's probable that Bland is the only man in the country with an ultra-rapid reflex."

"Maybe," I grunts; "but how many games have you lost on account of his ultra-rotten fielding and base running?"

"Many," admits Tolliver; "but I'm now developing two boys for the outfield. They'll neither be able to hit nor run bases, but they'll have speed enough to cover the entire territory that now requires three men. That's what I meant by specialization."

That wakes me out of my trance, and I'm more than half convinced that I'm dealing with a nut. Imagine having a team where each of the nine men could do only one thing! No wonder the Tetona layout was in the basement. In a few moments I ducks away and wires Grogan that I'm leaving for Denver that night. Perfect batting average or not, I'm sore at myself for having even hesitated at this tank. It's funny how a guy can have you practically sold and then sour the whole dish of cream with an added remark. A half hour before train time I gets a telegram from Bull, reeking with this:

"Bring me back a hitter or leave yourself in Denver and never darken my pay roll again."

"I'll get him a hitter!" I grits, and stays over in Tetona.

For three afternoons I watches Joe Bland perform. At the end of that period there still isn't a spot on his lily-white average; but for a final test I takes him on myself, private. In my playing days I wasn't the worst sidewheeler in Siam, and though the old soup bone's long since been waived out of the main tent, I figures I still got a few flutters in the wing cute enough to outwit a Class Z busher. The less said about the tryout the fewer. If I had anchored a dime in deep left Joe'd have dropped flies on it all week off my delivery. I again seeks out Tolliver.

The Old Onion Clumps Into the Sod About a Foot Away

"How about giving Bland a chance on the big time?" I asks.

"All right," says the Doc, prompt. "They were bound to come after him sooner or later and he might as well go now. I wouldn't stand in the way of his advancement."

I sends this wire to Grogan:

"Have a great hitter, but he positively can't do anything else."

To which he comes back

"Send him by air mail. If he can positively hit, he's one up on the rest of the Blue Sox."

Joe's delighted to come with me, and Tolliver agrees to gamble on the boy's base hits for his dough.

"One piece of advice," says he, when we're about to leave. "Don't try to teach Bland throwing, fielding or base running. You can't improve the voice of a tenor any by having him also learn to walk a tight rope. Just let Joe hit."

"I will," I assures him, "but will the pitchers on the other teams?"

"Don't worry," returns the Doc. "You've heard of that well pitchers go to too often, haven't you?"

"What about it?" I bites, to be sociable.

"Bland," smiles Tolliver, "is that well."

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I GIVES Denver the detour and returns straight home with my ultra baby. The kid is got to be introduced and explained proper. I'm taking no chances of having Bull sneak one peek at him fielding a fly and slipping the rook a one-way ticket to Tetona.

"Well," says Grogan, after I've sent Joe away to throw a fit with a uniform, "where'd you get it and what's it good for? He doesn't look like a life line to me "

"What," I comes back, "is the best hitting mark you ever heard of for about twenty-five games"'

"Joe Degnan," returns the boss, "once batted .610 in thirty games for the Tarantulas."

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"Radio Set He Won," I Repeats Dully. "What Radio Set"'

THE HOROSCOPE

By Richard Matthews Hallet

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

SYLVIA BAGLEY looked through the half-open door into her father's office, where they were insuring the Molly Bagley. There at least, in the midst of her unhappy estrangement from Captain Gates, was something to be thankful for. The Bagley was chartered. She had been a rogue from the tipping of her keel. Jim Bagley's zeal had brought her into being at a time when the bottom was already knocked out of shipping; and he had tied up everybody's money in her. Those who could not take a sixty-fourth had taken a hundred and twenty-eighth, and sometimes five or six had clubbed together to do that. Jim Bagley's conviction that the American merchant marine would revive as soon as Europe could get up on one knee had touched their imaginations with its contagion.

Young Captain Gates, who usually went in steam, had seconded Jim Bagley's efforts. Going about with that big apricot colored brute of an English mastiff lazing at his heels, he had said that white wings were going to be thicker than ever on the seas. Fortunes were going to be amassed overnight. Before his interest in Syl was kindled, he had said that to Mrs. Hackleton, and now her holdings were perhaps larger than anybody's.

Nothing Made of Wood Could Stand Up to the Slavering Steel

This was awkward, because the new ship had been ill-starred. There had been delays, strikes, accidents. The Molly Bagley had been a rogue ship even lying in her cradle. Before ever she left the ways she had dropped her port anchor on old Hake Miller and killed him. When she did leave the ways, she had cut clean through the baled hay chained to the harbor floor to break the force of the blow, and this had made repairs necessary. To cap all, Europe had been too long in getting up on one knee.

Sylvia had wheedled Captain Gates into shifting out of steam, and going, himself, skipper of the Bagley for a trip or two, just to take the curse off.

"I'm a bad man for that," he had laughed, but she hadn't asked him why. He might not have meant anything. He often said just such sarcastic things. Certainly it was a big comedown for a man who went captain of passenger liners. He got no thanks for it either. His popularity fled. Black looks followed him wherever he went. His dog, the Warbler, shared his ostracism. Half the women in town were frightened out of their wits at the mere sight of it, with its red eyes, its hanging tongue and its paws as big as a horse's hoof. It weighed close to one hundred and seventy-five pounds and stood three feet high.

Was it his persistent fondness for the Warbler, Syl wondered, that was at the bottom of their trouble, rather than his friendship for the dubious Mrs. Hackleton? Haunted by black uncertainty, she looked through the half-opened door into her father's office.

Red October sunshine, striking past the funereal cedar just outside the office window, glinted on her father's rotund person, on the cuff links which looked like golden dumb-bells slightly distorted and on an assortment of gold junk wreathing his paunch—divers charms, lodge symbols, the chain cable shackled to his famous watch, a turnip bought in Edinburgh on the advice of a man who had assured him that a good watch, like a diamond, was an investment, and in a pinch could always be sold for more than a man paid for it.

His daughter could see that he was examining its serene and moonlike countenance now, eager to be done with this conference. Possibly the inner man was calling to him. The inner man was referred to jocularly in that house as a sort of gourmand, a gastric demon, but there was another inner man, more tormenting than this low devourer of food—an inner man who cringed and crouched, whispered gloomy forebodings, made dismal predictions. . . . And there was an inner woman. . . .

Abner Sanderson, the incarnation of the money power, his fists full of papers, was saying methodically, "In a single-vessel risk the big hazard is the moral hazard. . . . Important in all branches of marine insurance, but vital, gentlemen, in hull insurance."

He tapped the warped temples of his horn-rimmed spectacles on Jim Bagley's heavy-set Italian table. Bagley grunted.

"I say," Sanderson went on, "the character of the owner and the experience and probity of the captain are prime elements in a case of this kind. A good record will insure a middling poor ship, I don't say a bad ship; and on the other hand a bad captain——"

"I back Captain Gates' reputation as a seaman against the field," Jim Bagley said wearily. Captain Gates looked at Mr. Sanderson with that look he had for all men who took no risks but money risks.

"Captain Gates is satisfactory to my company," Sanderson mumbled. "And now to come to the perils—the perils—the perils of the sea."

The Warbler, crouched in back of him, snapped at a languid October fly with the sound of suction in the liquid chop of its jaws. It was like the springing of a trap. Sanderson flinched visibly.

Captain Gates, yawning and stretching his arms, said pityingly, "The dog won't hurt you."

Perils. What was the good of a man talking about perils—a man who was afraid of a dog? The Warbler had a habit of pitching into all these shore-going dogs, and it was Captain Ezra Gates' delight to leap in between, tearing them apart with those irresistible arms of his. It gave him something to do, something to take up his time. It was simpler than rushing into the drug store after a sponge and a bottle of ammonia.

"Won't hurt me? I might as well be made a meal of as frightened to death," Abner said acidly

"I'll risk that dog. I know his tastes," Captain Gates laughed.

Mr. Sanderson returned to perils.

"Perils of the sea, perils on the sea. Of and on. There might be a peril on the sea, and not of the sea, you understand that? Wind, for example. We don't insure against ordinary wear and tear caused by the impulsion of wind particles against the sails of a ship. A suit of sails doesn't last forever. What's meant by the wind clause is tempestuous action, cyclones and the like of that, hurricanes, typhoons, black squalls, pamperos, williwaws and equinoctials."

"Ring-tailed snorters," Captain Gates contributed abruptly.

"I don't mean to say," Abner droned, "that the loss has got to be an immediate effect of the wind, such as the loss of sails or the snapping of a mast. It may be a consequential loss. That's a term of art. Excessive wind pressure may cause the seams to give."

"I warrant her seams," Jim Bagley roared. His builder's pride was touched. "If she's weak enough to spew her oakum in the second year, she deserves to founder."

"My company has no mind to founder with her. Next, buffets and batterings of the sea come under perils; lightning is a peril; collision is a peril when it comes in the fog or dark."

"Rats," Bagley sniffed.

"Rats. Damage by rats. No; that, I take it, is a peril on the sea and not of it. You will have to be specifically insured against rats. . . . Thieves and rovers. . . . Hum. . . . Barratry"

"What's that?"

"If the master runs away with the ship, that's barratry. If he sinks her or strands her, that's barratry. If he embezzles the cargo or puts it to the torch, that's barratry."

He stopped, immersed in papers. Captain Gates, looking through the door, was attracted by a twinkle from that

cruel little arrowhead of obsidian on Syl's breast, slung there as a pendant to a gold chain. She had drawn a deep, slow breath. She moved several swift steps to the parlor door. Ellen was in there, reading.

"You'll ruin your eyes," the younger sister said.

"Last night at this time it was dark here," Ellen conceded. "But the leaves have all fallen off the ash tree today."

"I'll tell you why," Captain Gates said, appearing in the doorway. "Scholars, attention. You take a day like today starting with a good frost; the frost freezes the juice in the stems of the leaves and draws them out of their sockets, and then as soon as the sun melts the frost, down they drop. It's the leaves with sap in them that go first, you'll find," he added, managing to give a cynical twist even to this honest account of Nature's processes.

Syl drifted past him with a faint nod of her head, and fled upstairs. She never knew when she could take him seriously, and this infuriated her. When she had asked him yesterday what had become of the mittens she had knit for him the winter before, he had replied solemnly that a blackfish—a giant blackfish—had attacked him rashly while he was in an open boat without a weapon, and he had been forced to leap out on the creature's back and strangle it by stuffing those mittens down its blowhole. Today she had learned from others that he had told her the precise truth about this celebrated encounter. Yet he had been perfectly satisfied to have her receive his account of it in a spirit of levity.

Now, hearing over the banisters that Captain Gates was promising to stay to supper—Ellen's hospitality was free enough, for one who loathed men—Syl went supperless away to practice on the church organ.

But even church offered no sanctuary from the man. Next day was Sunday, and the bell rope had not stopped thumping on the rope mat in the entry when Captain Gates entered and took his place beside Ellen in the Bagley pew. He had with him Mrs. Hackleton.

Syl, sitting back of the choir rail, felt a wind of desolation through her heart. Mrs. Hackleton, in black, with her feathery black brows, her wide, black eyes, looked at that distance like a charcoal sketch. She had lovely hair. It grew well, and fell naturally into a dashing arrangement. But everybody knew what an empty-headed thing Judith Hackleton had always been.

People began coming in, the women smiling faintly, throwing off different kinds and degrees of perfumes, the men with grim and defeated countenances and vague suspirations, turning stiffly, putting down their hats with ponderous and equal motions, as if these hats were leaden

Syl told herself now that it was Mrs. Hackleton and not her lover's explanation of the loss of the mittens which had brought things to such a desperate pass. . . . Captain Gates sat like a graven image, looking straight ahead of him, the mahogany color of his cheeks and ears strangely in contrast with the porcelain effect of Mrs. Hackleton's beautifully and pathetically hollowed cheek. She did have an air, but the earrings were not a happy touch; and her wearing of black so long after Hackleton's decease was simply affectation. She had cling in her fingers.

It was wonderful if Captain Gates hadn't brought the Warbler actually into the pew with him. No doubt the creature was lying in the entry on the rope mat with its black muzzle between its black paws. These seafarers hadn't the least consideration for people ashore. No doubt Captain Marsh, Captain Richard Houle had been just such enigmas in their youth. Now they had retired and were sitting about waiting for the ferry. Stertorous breathers, they listened with their cod's mouths pursed up, their bleak eyes glimmering through sleepy lashes, their fists doubled on their knees showing sunken knuckles from knocking Barbados niggers galleywest.

Syl tried to console herself with the thought that Captain Gates would grow old to be like those men. She would be better off a single woman. After the benediction, she slipped out through the vestry to make sure Captain Gates did not catch her eye while he was in Mrs. Hackleton's company.

But, from a distance, she saw that he had joined Ellen Evidently then he had not come to church with Mrs. Hackleton, but had merely met her on the steps and gone in with her. Yet, if Syl had taxed him with the more sinister act, he very likely wouldn't have defended himself The leopard couldn't change his spots, he might aver.

Much dispirited, Syl went into the barn and saddled her horse, Menelik. Ellen had named him, but only Syl dared ride him. Ellen was afraid of horses, and she was likewise mistrustful of men and ships. She was aloof with possible lovers. She perfectly abominated Syl's act in running a three-legged race at the Fourth of July exercises. Syl, in knickers—plum-colored knickers—with a sporty silk handkerchief wound about her bobbed hair, gray silk stockings, and black pumps, had let herself be bound to Eddie Geary with a rawhide thong. The two of them had come tearing down the dusty little street in a gale of laughter, winners; the sidewalks lined with people craning their necks, Captain Gates standing over against the bank building, imperturbable even when it was certain he must be in a rage with her. He didn't like that rig, he had told Syl later. She looked too well articulated in it; but then, he didn't like her any better in her bell-mouthed white-duck trousers, and these didn't articulate her in the least.

Riding furiously across plowed land in the face of a heavy rain cloud, Syl found herself in a flash sprawling on the ground. Menelik had shied at the rush of that apricot-colored dog jumping up out of nowhere, out of a lot of corn trash. The girl, pitching sideways into a patch of land which had been turned over for the winter, knocked her head against one of those bowlders hauled on here by the elder Fisher to warm and dress the soil.

In the next second, it seemed, Captain Gates' arm was about her shoulders. He was frightened for her, feeling her threaten to slip away out of his hands in a dead faint So much she knew by the involuntary grip of his fisherman's fingers on her arms. The pain of that grip did in fact keep her from keeling over altogether.

"Beetle-goose," he whispered, panic-stricken. He had named her by the seafaring name of the star Betelgeuse, which had helped him so many times to find his way home

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Nobody Knew Better Than Captain Gates the Danger of a Ship's Crew Running Before that Broken Sea in a Small Boat

THE CRIMINAL'S LAWYER

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

IF THIS year—or any other year, for that matter—runs true to form, it will provide the American public with vast entertainment in the form of a sensational murder trial. In the rôle of defendant, there will appear someone who represents wealth being wasted in loose living. Beautiful but erring young women are also a necessary ingredient. A few drug peddlers, bootleggers, cabarets and exotic types of automobiles may be added for seasoning. The concoction should then be stirred hysterically until it explodes and splatters over a background lurid enough to make the more feverish motion-picture scenario writers wonder if they had not better resign and enter the foreign-missionary service.

While they wallow in depression, a corps of famous criminal lawyers will enter the plot, trailed by a ballet of sob sisters, a quartet of alienists and a mob scene of photographers. This part of the entertainment is known as the ballyhoo. Next comes the tremendous, soul-stirring, heart-gripping, extra-special, five-star, tear-distilling scene in the court room. If it is correctly staged, somebody "bares her soul." Excellent phrase, that. All short words and they fit well in the headlines. Eventually the defendant dodges the noose or electric chair, after which there will be much futile talk about contempt for law and the outrageous power of wealth.

As a rule, such an entertainment is accepted by the public as Exhibit A among the proofs that something is the matter with the administration of our criminal law. Well, something is wrong, quite a lot of somethings, but these cases constitute nothing more than incidents.

To our appalling national total of homicide, robbery with arms and other very serious crimes of violence, these cases contribute less than one-half of one per cent. As a rule, the defendant's lawyers have done nothing, or very little, to offend the ethics of the legal profession. They were exceptionally able men who took advantage of the vast library of safeguards available to any defendant. If these were not sufficient, they introduced the defense of insanity. And why shouldn't they? It is offered to them by the sovereign state. They don't have to invent it for that particular trial. From their point of view, to overlook it would be gross neglect of the legal rights of their client, since the line between sanity and insanity is hazy at best.

Justice Tied Up in Red Tape

HOWEVER, the general effect of these trials may be bad; many people think so, and probably they are right. But the point I wish to make is that these cases are tried by criminal lawyers under the criminal law, in compliance with accepted rules of procedure that can be changed whenever the people so will. If the outcome is unwholesome, the public is morally at fault in equal degree with the lawyers.

Call to mind any murder case of the florid, sensational type that you can remember and ask yourself if it was not brought to trial fairly promptly. I venture to say that it was. The able criminal lawyer is not afraid to try his case. He goes to bat, as the district attorneys say. His client comes up to the halter. The criminal lawyer does the best he can, win or lose; and because the odds are all in his favor, he generally wins.

But the professional criminal's lawyer doesn't do that at all. He is an entirely different breed. Not once in a hundred times does respectable wealth employ him to defend an erring member of the family. He isn't famous, except in criminal circles. He is a weasel and a rat. When his man goes to trial, there is at least a fair probability of conviction. Therefore the technicalities, red tape and loopholes this lawyer takes advantage of relate for the most part to delay. He frequently uses tactics that ought to disbar him. Nearly every case he takes requires a straining of legal ethics. In countries where the Code Napoleon prevails, he would either adopt a prompt and drastic change of methods or soon find himself in a cell. Much could be done under our own existing laws and rules of procedure to put the brakes on his operations, but very little is done, to the shame of the legal profession.

Any sane discussion of crime in this country, looking toward practical means for improving conditions, must take into consideration the criminal's lawyer, who, as I have said, and wish to say again, is an entirely different person from the learned, skillful criminal lawyer. Let's forget the latter; we know that he is often a master of cheap melodrama who toys with our messy sentimentalism, but his faults are a reflection of our own. But the criminal's lawyer is a scoundrel, willfully and knowingly using the high privileges granted him as a sworn officer of the court against the state's interests, and to his own private profit.

Let's have a close-up of this virtuoso in action. Primarily his game is delay, not acquittal. Delay is more than 90 per cent of his strategy. But think this matter over and you will see that delay in sufficient quantity utterly defeats the ends of justice. Even an ordinary civil debt such as your grocery bill has been canceled, so far as you are concerned, if it doesn't have to be paid for 100 years. And what a marvelous variety of opportunities for delay the law affords!

Let's take the case of Bill Burglar, whose profession is indicated by his name. He has just suffered the misfortune of being arrested, due to a bit of carelessness. While going through an apartment and gathering up $12,000 worth of jewelry, he also found some alleged Scotch and sampled it, with the result that his usual vigilance was relaxed and he left numerous finger prints. Having been in the toils of the law, off and on, since the age of fifteen, when he took his bachelor's degree in a reformatory, his finger prints are well known to the police.

Three days after the burglary they nabbed him in his favorite hangout, which was also well known. Although he was taken quietly and immediately to the police station, news of his arrest traveled even more rapidly. His lawyer and a professional bondsman arrived while he was being booked—that is to say, while the sergeant was writing his alleged name, alleged address, alleged age and alleged occupation. Bond is furnished immediately, in cash, if necessary.

Bill Burglar Out on Bail

CONSIDERING Bill's record, this is really remarkable and should require an explanation. In due time, probably, explanations will be required—some bills to that effect are pending, but at present no questions are asked. If they were, and no evasion were possible, a very ugly truth would be disclosed. Briefly, the defendant—sometimes through his lawyer, if he has the kind of lawyer I am talking about—has deposited the stolen jewels, or part of them, with the bondsman as collateral to secure the bond. Most assuredly something has been deposited, because the honor of the man under arrest simply doesn't exist. It isn't even a scrap of paper; it is zero with the rim knocked off. Yet there stands a bondsman eager to supply $2000, $5000, $10,000, or even $20,000 in cash to prevent the steel bars from temporarily restraining Bill Burglar's liberty.

This is the first act in the game of delay. To understand its importance you must glance at the statistics showing the state of affairs in the office of the district attorney. For this purpose let's take some real figures. A few years ago there were pending before the courts of just one of the large counties which make up Greater New York 2422 criminal indictments, while 2000 additional cases were awaiting investigation by grand juries. That condition no longer exists in that particular county; it has been changed radically for the better; but those were the figures when Bill Burglar was arrested. They are still of interest, because the present crime wave got its running start under those conditions. The courts had bogged down. In a great many cities they are still wallowing through such bogs, while the police catch most of the blame.

But let's get back to Bill Burglar. Fortunately for him, there were some hundreds of prisoners in jail awaiting trial. Now it is the traditional practice everywhere in this country to try jail cases first. We deal very tenderly with criminal defendants. The poor fellow in jail awaiting trial receives first consideration; not that he is always eager for it, but tradition assumes that he is, and the Constitution guarantees every man a speedy trial. If the courts are swamped, as they usually are almost everywhere, then the man out on bail must wait, much to his delight and profit, although theoretically he is surrendering his rightful place in the line to a more unfortunate person.

But the case of Bill Burglar was what the district attorney considered an open-and-shut case. There were the finger prints; one or two pieces of jewelry were found on his person, and he had just given another piece to his sweetheart. The evidence appeared sufficient; moreover, he was a known criminal, an old offender. Therefore his case was not allowed to drag unduly. The indictment was returned promptly and about six weeks later the case was set for trial.

Bill's lawyer sent his assistant, a clerk, who stepped up to the railing when the case was called and said, "Your Honor, we have a case today in Judge McGuire's court. It was set for trial a month before this one. We must ask for postponement."

The court realized that the defendant facing Judge McGuire also had a right to be defended by counsel, so there appeared to be no alternative but to grant delay, and it was granted.

This game is played over and over again. Courtesy to counsel takes precedence over speedy punishment of crime. This tradition arose in the sleepy old days when there was not much crime, and the criminal's lawyer either did not exist or was a very rare species. Oddly enough, this means of obtaining delay flourishes, probably at its very worst, in New York City. There, courts of high jurisdiction dealing with crimes of the first magnitude grant delay because the lawyer in the case has a previous engagement before some court of very inferior jurisdiction. A defendant charged with robbery with arms wins delay because his lawyer must try a civil suit involving an express shipment valued at $1000 or even less.

Civil cases especially win consideration from the courts, because judgment could be taken by default if counsel failed to appear, which is not true, of course, in criminal cases. This situation would be bad enough if all the representations were bona fide, but they are not. The criminal's lawyer uses his utmost means to bring about these conflicting trial dates. It is not at all unusual for him to obtain five or six postponements by no cleverer means than this. Meanwhile the defendant is at large and presumably busy. Usually he has only one profession, so it is fair to assume that that is what engages him. Some months ago a judge in New York City, who knew very well the type of lawyer with whom he was dealing, grew tired of this maneuver after it had been worked five times and said so very sternly. When the case was called next time the defendant stood before the bar of justice alone.

"Where is your lawyer?" asked the judge.

"I don't know," was the answer, in tones that fairly dripped briny tears. And then he repeated: "I don't know. He said he'd be here. He must be sick. Maybe he's been in an accident. I don't know where he is, and I don't see any of my witnesses." A very pathetic situation for an unfortunate citizen facing the possibility of five years in the penitentiary. But this particular judge had grown wary.

"That's too bad," he said. "Well, I'll cancel the bond and commit you to jail until we hear from your lawyer."

In less than one minute the lawyer and the defendant's witnesses arrived in the court room. It is the theory of court officials well acquainted with this maneuver that the lawyer was in hiding not farther away than across the street, and possibly in one of the toilets in the courthouse. He was playing his last card for one more delay—playing cynically and crookedly with the innate kindness and humanity of a decent man sitting on the bench. He was playing the game not of the criminal lawyer but of the criminal's lawyer.

The More Accomplices, the Better

THE case—and we may as well assume that it was the case of Bill Burglar—then went to trial. His lawyer watched like a poker player as point after point was scored by the prosecutor. Seeing, at last, that conviction was inevitable, he went to the assistant district attorney conducting the prosecution and tried to bargain for a light sentence on a belated plea of guilty.

Bill Burglar's Finger Prints are Well Known to the Police

It is astounding to the man unfamiliar with proceedings in the courthouse that such proposals should ever be considered, but they are. District attorneys, and especially young assistants, are jealous of their batting averages. They want to make the very best showing possible, and a jury is always an uncertain element. Not infrequently prosecutors compromise on a light sentence if a plea of guilty is entered even after all the state's evidence is before the jury and the defendant has obviously admitted utter defeat. In Bill Burglar's case, however, the assistant district attorney refused to compromise. The jury returned a verdict of guilty and the defendant was led off to jail

Studying the record carefully, the criminal's lawyer saw a possibility and seized it. Decisions of the higher courts defining the term "accomplice" offer succulent material for appeal in cases involving professional crooks. Being criminals, they deal largely with criminals; and so it often happens that almost every witness except the injured complainant and the arresting officer might possibly, by legal construction, be regarded as an accomplice. If so, his unsupported testimony against the defendant would be insufficient. He must be corroborated. The fact that the jury believed him is not enough.

So Bill Burglar's lawyer raised a question as to whether one of the important witnesses was not, in the light of certain decisions, an accomplice. This appeal, however, was not filed promptly. In New York State the defendant's lawyer has one year in which to give notice of appeal; and even after that, he may come forward with excuses for not filing his brief. So the criminal's lawyer waited 362 days before giving notice. Some weeks later, he filed his brief. The question he raised was one that troubles the lower courts continually. They are inclined to treat it gingerly, so a certificate of reasonable doubt was issued and, presto, the defendant was again out on bond.

Boosting the Batting Average

THE higher courts being swamped at the time, Bill Burglar resumed operations with at least a gambling chance for a profitable year, knowing that even if the verdict should eventually be affirmed, he would receive consideration for the year spent in jail before he had even given notice of appeal. This is not true in all states. Some of them do not take into consideration time spent in jail before notice of appeal is given. But New York State does, and we are dealing with a New York State case.

After long delay, the verdict in this case was overthrown and a new trial ordered. Three years had elapsed since the commission of the crime. The first year had been frittered away in delays, most of which were granted as a courtesy to counsel. The second year was deliberately wasted before notice of appeal was given. The third year covers the period of the appeal. The district attorney then faced the problem of again finding his witnesses. Some of them had left the state. All of them were sick of the case, because every time a delay was granted they had all been in the court room. Five times they were summoned and dismissed; no consideration whatever was shown for them. They were just citizens and not nearly so important as a member of the bar. So that case, after three years, was cold. Moreover the district attorney felt very uncertain about being able to produce the additional testimony required under the opinion reversing the former conviction. In addition to that, he had many other cases to try. Some ten or twelve then ready for trial appeared to be open-and-shut cases.

He considered his batting average. Why tackle this case again? Especially, why do it when one considers how easily and quietly such a case can be dropped? Is it formally dismissed? Not at all. The defendant's bail is discharged and he is released on his own recognizance. He is still under indictment and theoretically subject to trial. But he knows that the storm has blown over. His lawyer,

(Continued on Page 182)

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 29, 1926

Installment Buying

THE press of the country is replete with discussions of installment buying. As is commonly the case with a subject that has suddenly become prominent, opinions vary widely; also, these are often advanced with more heat than argument, more assumptions than figures. On the one hand, installment buying is depicted as the balance wheel that maintains the even operations of production and distribution. On the other hand, it is contumaciously denounced as a species of speculation, the perversion of cheap money, like plunging on the stock exchange.

Installment buying is, of course, a long-established practice. Houses, furnishings and musical instruments, to mention a few items, have always been purchased largely on installments. Installment buying has long been regarded as a commitment of savings. The volume of prewar installment buying is not a matter of record or appraisal. Purchases on installment within recent years are commonly regarded as greatly in excess of those of the prewar period. This idea contains a large element of assumption. To make a comparison one must reduce the current volume of installment buying to correspond to the difference in price level and in the purchasing power of money; this would reduce the current figure one-third. The chief extensions in the installment buying of the present time are in the directions of the automobile, the radio and electrical labor-saving machinery, particularly for the home. These are all new additions to the standard of living, and it is natural to expect that acquisitions would be made to considerable extent through purchases on the installment plan.

The actual volume of such installment buying is not a matter of record, nor are we able to find comprehensive tabulations, by geographical cross sections of industries or otherwise, that might safely be accepted as an indication or measurement of expansion in this direction. The past five years have witnessed widespread house building, which naturally must have been done on installments to a considerable extent.

Surveying the field of retail merchandising, it is difficult to give much credence to apprehensive views concerning the extent of installment buying. The cash sales of mail-order houses have been huge; it is difficult to believe that they represent a volume of buying that has been seriously retrenched by installment purchases. There has been wide extension in the use and sale of cosmetics and toilet articles, using these terms in the broadest sense; this is a cash business that seems not to have suffered in competition with installment buying of other kinds of goods. In short, it is hard to find evidence that cash buying has been seriously curtailed by increase of installment buying. Also, it is easy to say, but hard to prove, that expenditures—cash, credit and installment—are excessive in relation to income.

This skepticism is supported by the reports of savings banks and life-insurance companies. Savings-bank deposits, judged by the number of depositors and size of accounts, have not only held up well; they have exhibited a notable expansion. The issues of new life-insurance policies and the total volume of life insurance have displayed a substantial augmentation. The records of these two specific forms of saving certainly do not reveal signs of inroads that would be expected if installment buying had seriously altered the family budget.

Installment buying may be defined as a method of budgeting; it may also be designated as the advance outlay of savings. Psychologies differ. Some people prefer to have savings deposits accumulate at four per cent until a sum of money is available to complete the purchase of a desired article; others, assured of the regularity of monthly savings, prefer to buy the article on installments. The savings account pays a lower rate of interest, the installment-purchase plan requires a higher rate of interest; but as against this, the buyer has the use of the article in the interval. If the installment prices are proper and do not include a usurious rate of interest, it must be regarded as a proper subject of choice for a family to determine which type of purchase it will employ.

It is urged that installment buying is mortgaging the future inordinately. That depends upon the volume of installment buying, for which we have no comprehensive and trustworthy figure, but only guesses. Such an indictment cannot be drawn in general terms, but must be made specifically for families with denominated incomes, against which stand specific commitments, in terms of installments, over stated periods. Any scheme of buying on the installment plan is to some extent based upon assumption of maintenance of the present level of income. This means that the budget is contingent upon prosperity.

Obviously, if such a highly improbable thing should develop as a recurrence of the nonemployment of five years ago, when millions were out of work, many contracts for installment purchases would lapse. But commerce in goods and services is based on a normal outlook, and no scheme of trade can be conducted, based on continuous fear of imminent and profound economic depression. There must be confidence or there will be hoarding.

It is urged, furthermore, that installment buying leads to distortion of the normal relationship between different goods and services in the standard of living; that, since installment buying is easy, people are tempted to invest in the goods thus procurable an amount of money out of due proportion to the family income. It is suggested that people keep up their installments on automobiles and deny the children clothing, that gasoline takes priority over food, that radio installments are paid and contributions to the church neglected, and the like.

Now these are all specific matters that ought not to be handled in a general manner. It is not likely, in a widespread fashion, that a relatively elastic demand for certain articles will take precedence over a naturally quite inelastic demand for other goods. It is easy in a somewhat frivolous world, where money is cheap and prosperity ubiquitous, in a period of social transition to charge that families concentrate on luxuries and dispense with necessaries; but it is doubtful if this occurs to any serious extent.

The real questions concerning installment buying are two: First, does it represent a reasonable program of expenditures, judiciously interpreted in the light of probable prospect of maintenance of prosperity? This is a question concerning which one can hardly formulate a positive or a negative opinion. The presumption is in favor of program of expenditures rather than purposeless dissipation of family income. We have amazingly little information or statistics on consumption. After a few years we ought to be able, out of the results of the censuses of manufactures and other trade data, to formulate some idea as to the extent to which installment buying has represented a changed budgeting of the family income and whether or not this has been disadvantageous.

Secondly, the meat in the coconut of the question lies in the utility of the articles purchased on installments. It is the purpose of purchase and the quality of the article, not the form of payment, that is decisive. Installment buying should be used for the purchase of articles that have a durable use in time, not those of short life. Obviously one should not purchase on the installment plan an article that will be discarded before payment is completed. This may be regarded as almost axiomatic, despite the fact that before the war a great deal of clothing was purchased on the installment plan, and some is still so purchased.

But the extension of installment buying to which public attention is at present directed and that we are here considering deals largely with the procurement of articles in themselves naturally durable, such as automobiles and electric appliances. So long as the down payment is large and the period of installment payments short compared with the period of use of the article, it will be difficult to lodge valid criticism against the installment purchase, as such. In short, the utility of the commodity purchased, the quality of the article from the standpoint of durability, the time element of use as against the time element of payment, whether, broadly considered, the purchase in itself was proper—these are the real considerations.

It is just on this point that the public is being flooded with special pleading. If the purchase is proper as a cash purchase, the burden of proof lies on the objector who criticizes the transaction when it is made on the installment plan to prove that the form of payment converts a benefit into an injury.

It is easy to criticize the purchase of automobiles and to make assumptions as to the nature and utility of their use. The car of nearly every family has both a business use and a pleasure use. Each case stands upon its own footing. There has been considerable gratuitous criticism of farmers' purchases of automobiles; but, in fact, few classes employ automobiles so usefully, vocationally and culturally as farmers. And few goods are so cheap, in terms of units of farm crops, as the postwar automobile.

Before the war, much of the electrical labor-saving machinery was inefficient and expensive. It has now become relatively efficient and is constantly becoming less expensive. The meaning of inexpensive and effective electrical machinery for the reduction of household drudgery is not to be dismissed in trivial terms. Certainly no one can begrudge it to a housewife if she prefers to buy a piece of labor-saving machinery on the installment plan, with the saving of work in the interval, rather than keep up the work and defer the purchase until the money has accumulated.

The sound sense of the public must be trusted to determine through experience the disposition of the family income. The standard of living is a development that cannot be treated straight out from the standpoint of economics. There is a considerable body of public opinion inclining to the view that continuity between production and consumption and a certain balance between consumption and saving represent the course of business to be achieved if cycles of alternate booms and depressions are to be avoided.

Installment buying has some effect in smoothing out the curve of production. Not only are money and credit cheap but under our present systems of banking and transportation the relations between production, distribution and consumption are fluid and adaptable. Critics of modern trends of consumption must consider the current standard of living from the standpoint of production, finance and distribution as they are, not as they were before the war.

Under these circumstances, while conceding freely that there is foolish installment buying—just as there is foolish cash buying, foolish dissipation of family income and foolish exaggeration of trivial luxuries—it seems to us that the wise appraiser of business will make the inference that installment buying, by and large, is a development and not a perversion of modern business, and be content to await further developments on the basis of faith in the common sense of the American family.

FOUR YEARS IN EUROPE MADE ME AN AMERICAN

By Samuel Spewack

CARTOON BY HERBERT JOHNSON

I RETURNED to America eight weeks ago, and most of my time has been spent in demonstrating to those sufficiently interested that Europe, like money, isn't everything. It has been a hard task. Apparently there are two beliefs held adamant in an otherwise intelligent circle in New York: Good wines can be made in six days in the sunless slums of Mulberry Street, and Europe is the place to live—really live.

Upon all other matters there is flexibility, even skepticism. There is manifest readiness, in a pinch, to throw overboard the Constitution of the United States, the Einstein theory, a favorite columnist, or even the sacred axiom that living beyond your means is the attribute of genius. But I could cast no slur upon the vintage vinegar of Mulberry Street, and I could not shake the credo that only Europe knows how to live.

"Just why," I asked humbly, for I am young and innocent in the ways of the world and six-day wine races, "is Europe the place to live—really live?"

"Europe offers culture," snapped my informant, with obvious impatience. "It has everything America has not."

"Please specify," I implored.

"You ought to know. You just came back."

With due modesty, this is exactly what I maintain. I should know. I have spent four years in Europe. If Europe is the place to live—really live, if Europe alone offers culture, then I have made a grievous mistake. For I had the opportunity of spending the rest of my life in Europe, in a job commonly listed in the textbooks as one of the few rewards of journalism.

There was an income attached, the equivalent of ten thousand a year—and more—in New York. There was complete independence. I was my own master seven thousand miles away from supervision. There was prestige at home and abroad for the foreign correspondent of an influential New York newspaper. There was—if you attach importance to it—that peculiar social status which enabled you to meet anyone up to premiers and kings upon more or less even terms. There was a soft, comfortable job for the observation of history in the making. And there was leisure. Often you could not work more than three hours a day.

I had thrown all this away, because I was convinced that Europe was not the place to live—really live; had thrown it away at the age of twenty-six, although it was the realization of a long-cherished dream, and I had not believed it attainable for many years to come. I had had my choice. I could live in Europe for the rest of my life, financially secure; or I could return to America and start all over again, which is not easy.

I made my decision and abandoned a sure thing for the unknown. In Europe I had a niche. In America I must find one. Now you do not throw away desirable posts at a moment's caprice. I did it because I was convinced that Europe is not the place to live; that the Europe of 1926 offers no culture not obtainable in America, while it deprives you of the new culture which America is producing.

After four years in Europe I am convinced that not only is America the place to live in—really live, but America alone offers culture. An unfashionable if not uncouth statement, but let me explain:

The late war—recently discovered as a terrible catastrophe in intellectual circles in New York—has made Europe a League of Nations of tired business men. Hard economic pressure has transformed beyond recognition the Europe that read, that thought, dreamed and created. Europe in 1926 is and must be composed of money grubbers. When the franc falls, when unemployment increases in England, when taxes scrape the sky in Germany, when one out of every seven living beings in Austria depends upon a meager dole for bread, the mentality of Europe is absorbed in the problem of food and a patched roof. Culture becomes a word of distant and historic significance. The rate of exchange is the best seller; the bankruptcy court provides the drama of the day, and the whining of the discontented the song of the

(Continued on Page 91)

TEN NIGHTS IN A BLAH ROOM

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

We'll All be Martyrs

BEWARE the banefulle lovelighte, son;
Beware the Kissing Bugge,
The microbe, eke, that dwelleth inne
Ye surreptitioushugge.

For earnest scientists declare
Thatte, though itte be no sinne
To kiss, it shorteneth our yeare,
For there be bugges therein.

Bugges with strange fearsomeness of name,
And hunger deepe and stronge;
And when they bite the kisser, he
Surviveth not o'erlonge.

Death waits behind ye blissful smack
Of dewy lips. Yet I
Confess with thee that I will dare,
Though horribly I die.

For what is life withoute a kiss?
What coward would notte dare
Ye puckered lippe, e'en though he knew
Sure death awaited there?

No true son of our race! Then uppe
Your voices raise with me:
We who are due to take the trippe
Upon old Charon's leaky shippe
Salute thee. Men,
One kiss, and then—
Ho, for eternitie! —*Lowell Otus Reese.*

The Fillum That Never Flickered

HOZAY BELLOZERO, a gay caballero,
Made love to fair Inez Tworeel;
Her padre, a cruel old dealer in fuel,
Didn't like it not by a good deal.
"Vamoose," he said. "Senyor,
I'm peeved at you when you're
Addressing soft speech to my gal,
And I'm tempted to spear you
Whenever I hear you
Croak hoarsely:
'Fal, lal, de, lal, lal.'"

The gay caballero, Hozay Bellozero,
Said, "Gosh, how insultin' you speak!
But don't you be frettin'; some day I'll be gettin'
Big pay to be screened as a sheik.
I dance the fandango,
And also the tango,
So don't you be peevish, old pal;
Put your hat on and hurry
To work, and don't worry;
Do you get me, fal, lal, de, lal, lal?"

The foolish old fellow grew suddenly mellow,
His thoughts on the fillums and jack;
So he left his fair daughter with Hozay, who caught 'er
And gave her two kisses—smack, smack!
In tones that were tender
He said, "I'll heap splendor
Upon you, believe me, I shall!"
But the fillum kings couldn't
Quite see him, or wouldn't,
And they gave him the fal, de, lal, lal.

Having married her hero—Hozay Bellozero—
The girl who was Inez Tworeel
Now waits on a table in what was a stable,
Where they serve you an eighty-cent meal.
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Science for the Nursery

(Dietetic Nursery Rimes)

WHEN nursie recites the sweet old nursery rimes to you, you must always be polite and strive not to hurt her feelings. But you should realize that these rimes are not to be taken too literally, for they are often regrettably unhygienic. For instance, the diet of both Jack Sprat and his wife was entirely lacking in vitamins, unless they corrected this lack by eating a number of cakes of yeast for dessert. When, again, good King Arthur stole three pecks of barley meal to make a bag pudding, we can only feel that the queen served him just right for this unethical proceeding by putting in it two great lumps of fat and by frying the unconsumed portion for the next day's meal. Thus she gave the king an unbalanced diet of the most indigestible sort, far too rich in fats and carbohydrates.

You might arrange for nursie to revise some of her very unhygienic nursery rimes. For example, this seems to me a very suitable version of Curly Locks:

Curly Locks! Curly Locks!
Wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes
Nor yet feed the swine;
But eat pasteurized milk
From a sterilized can,
And feed upon spinach
And prune juice and bran!
—Morris Bishop.

The Third Degree

The Truth

The Whole Truth

And Everything But the Truth

The beans your appetite cannot resist!

12 cents a can

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

Splendid, meaty, nourishing beans! Tomato sauce that's famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific! A flavor which is blended through and through—every forkful a delight to your taste!

When your appetite is all set for beans, you want the delicious kind that satisfy your hunger and have the real flavor—Campbell's!

Be sure to have a plentiful supply in your pantry. Take Campbell's Beans along with you on your outing. This sturdy, appetizing food is already cooked, and it's so convenient!

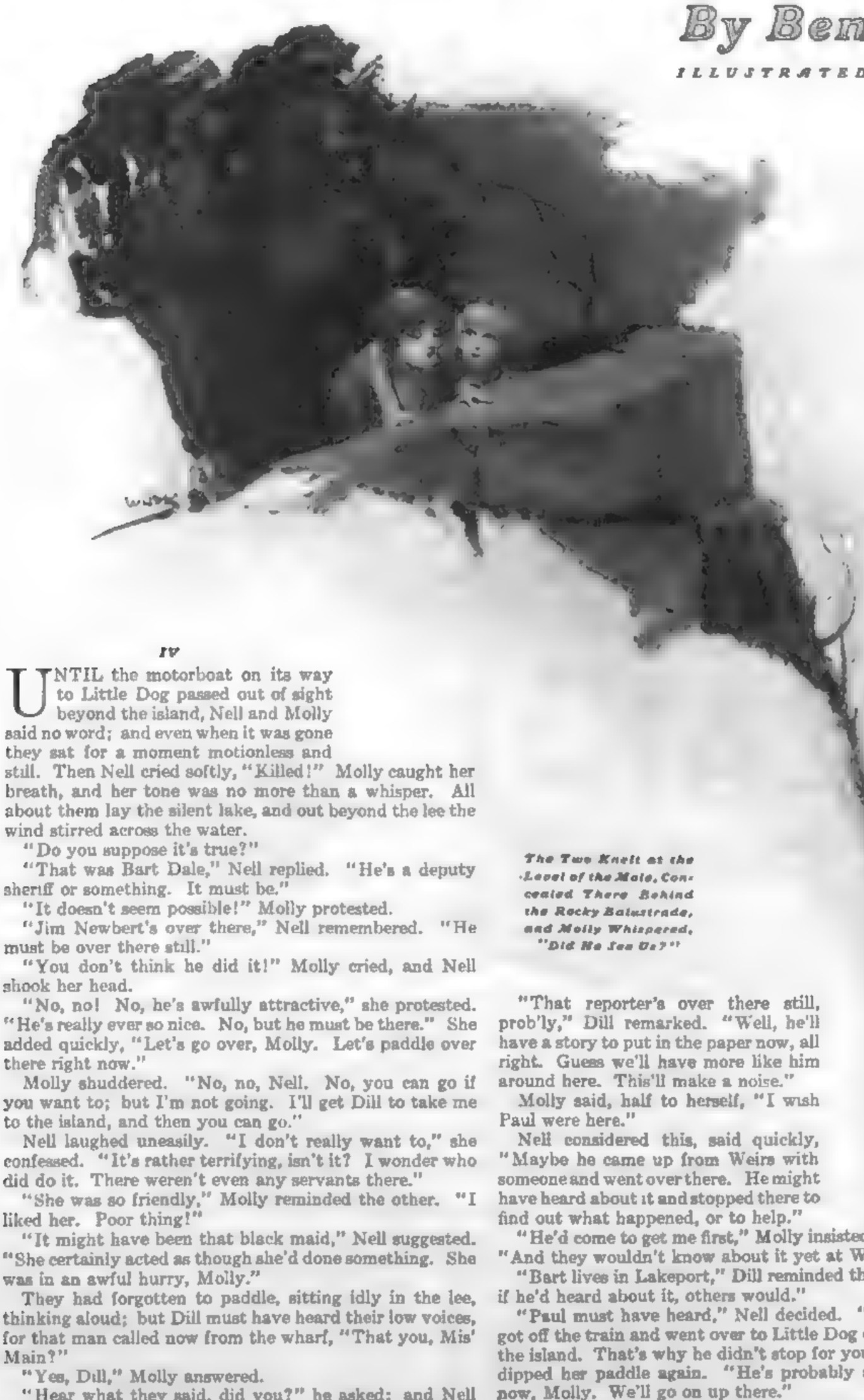
Campbell's BEANS

SLOW-COOKED DIGESTIBLE

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER



The Two Knelt at the Level of the Mole, Concealed There Behind the Rocky Balustrade, and Molly Whispered, "Did He See Us?"

IV

UNTIL the motorboat on its way to Little Dog passed out of sight beyond the island, Nell and Molly said no word; and even when it was gone they sat for a moment motionless and still. Then Nell cried softly, "Killed!" Molly caught her breath, and her tone was no more than a whisper. All about them lay the silent lake, and out beyond the lee the wind stirred across the water.

"Do you suppose it's true?"

"That was Bart Dale," Nell replied. "He's a deputy sheriff or something. It must be."

"It doesn't seem possible!" Molly protested.

"Jim Newbert's over there," Nell remembered. "He must be over there still."

"You don't think he did it!" Molly cried, and Nell shook her head.

"No, no! No, he's awfully attractive," she protested. "He's really ever so nice. No, but he must be there." She added quickly, "Let's go over, Molly. Let's paddle over there right now."

Molly shuddered. "No, no, Nell. No, you can go if you want to; but I'm not going. I'll get Dill to take me to the island, and then you can go."

Nell laughed uneasily. "I don't really want to," she confessed. "It's rather terrifying, isn't it? I wonder who did do it. There weren't even any servants there."

"She was so friendly," Molly reminded the other. "I liked her. Poor thing!"

"It might have been that black maid," Nell suggested. "She certainly acted as though she'd done something. She was in an awful hurry, Molly."

They had forgotten to paddle, sitting idly in the lee, thinking aloud; but Dill must have heard their low voices, for that man called now from the wharf, "That you, Mis' Main?"

"Yes, Dill," Molly answered.

"Hear what they said, did you?" he asked; and Nell swung the canoe back toward the wharf and paddled that way as Molly admitted that they had heard.

"Guess there'll be some excitement around here when folks hear about it," Dill remarked in a tone of satisfaction.

"It's terrible," Molly reminded him. "She was such a harmless person—nice as she could be."

"Always one to have trouble, she was," Dill protested. "Nothing ever was to suit her. I've heard tell how she'd go into a fit, like, when she was mad."

Nell laughed at him. "You didn't sell her milk, did you, Dill?"

"Never had a thing to do with her," Dill replied. "See her a few times when she come to the landing here, but she never let on to see me. Wan't one to see folks unless they was her kind." He added in a provocative tone, "You was over there your own self this afternoon. Guess the police'll be after you, Nell."

"I didn't even land," Nell reminded him; and she added thoughtfully, "Maybe she was already—dead then. Or maybe I could have done something."

"That reporter's over there still, prob'ly," Dill remarked. "Well, he'll have a story to put in the paper now, all right. Guess we'll have more like him around here. This'll make a noise."

Molly said, half to herself, "I wish Paul were here."

Nell considered this, said quickly, "Maybe he came up from Weirs with someone and went over there. He might have heard about it and stopped there to find out what happened, or to help."

"He'd come to get me first," Molly insisted confidently. "And they wouldn't know about it yet at Weirs."

"Bart lives in Lakeport," Dill reminded them. "Guess if he'd heard about it, others would."

"Paul must have heard," Nell decided. "Probably he got off the train and went over to Little Dog on his way to the island. That's why he didn't stop for you here." She dipped her paddle again. "He's probably at the island now, Molly. We'll go on up there."

Molly agreed. "Yes, yes, that's it," she decided. "Let's hurry, Nell. Good night, Dill."

"Want I should go along?" Dill suggested. "Won't be nervous up there if he ain't there, will you?"

"Oh, he's there," Molly insisted; and Nell added, "Besides, there's nothing to be nervous about."

"They's a murderer loose around here——" he reminded them, but they were drawing away from the wharf and he left the sentence unfinished. After they had covered a few rods Molly looked back and saw, dimly in the starlit night, that he was going along the wharf toward the shore. His figure disappeared there, and the night and the lonely lake closed in around them. Only, far off to the east, in the open water south of Little Dog, she caught a glimpse of a moving light, and the muffled and remote exhaust of a motorboat came to her ears.

"There'll be a lot of people there pretty soon," she told Nell. "Everybody'll be there."

"Like running to a fire," Nell said in faint scorn, and Molly nodded.

"Paul and I ought to go over," she remarked. "I expect we knew Madame Capello better than anyone else around here. There ought to be someone there to look after things till her friends come." She added, half to herself, "I wonder if she had any intimate friends. I never heard her speak of them."

Nell made no reply. She was guiding the canoe close along the shore, avoiding by deft turns the sunken rocks, whose location in these shallow waters she knew of old. The wind had not yet struck them; and when presently they rounded the point, Nell still kept close to shore and avoided its impact.

But she said at last, "It's blowing harder, Molly."

"Dill said it would blow," Molly agreed. "I expect we'll have a thundershower, by the way it feels."

"It's late for them," Nell suggested.

"They're never out of season here," Molly reminded her, and laughed a little. "I love them at night," she said. "I like to be out in them, feel the water in my face. Paul and I go swimming sometimes when one comes along at night. It's wonderful!"

"I know," Nell agreed. She added ruefully, "I've never got used to them though. I'm simply terrified."

They were, thereafter, silent for a while, following the wooded shore, swinging out a little now and then to pass the wharves and boathouses set hereabouts. The cottages to which these structures appertained were dark and deserted; and the two spoke of the people who had spent the summers here, carefully avoiding that topic uppermost in their minds. These folk they had liked and those they had disliked; and these had been friendly, and those had seemed to avoid contact with their neighbors; and the girl who lived here swam beautifully and dived like a professional, and the boy who lived there was forever busy with his motorboats. Small matters and inconsequent, yet it was better to talk than to be silent; and better to talk of these things than of the slain woman on her island over across the lake.

For more than a mile of the way to the island they were able to keep half in the lee, close along the shore; but at last it became necessary to strike out across open water. When they did so they could see, far off, the lights on Little Dog. The big house was all ablaze, every window illumined. Yet it was so remote that they got no echo of the activities there; it seemed silent and serene.

"As though she were having a party," Molly commented half aloud. "It always looked so at night. She liked having lights everywhere."

When the matter which filled both their thoughts was thus brought into the open they discussed it more frankly; and Molly remembered that she had sometimes thought the singer lived in fear.

"She seemed to have a look in her eyes," she told Nell. "Didn't you ever notice it?"

"I saw her only a few times," Nell confessed, "and when there were usually a lot of people about. I noticed she was terribly animated."

"I've seen her when she didn't know I was watching her," Molly persisted. "She used to keep looking around; and her mouth, when she wasn't talking or laughing, had the saddest lines."

"There's a light in your living room," Nell pointed out. "Paul's there."

"I left it on," Molly explained. "But I'm sure he's there, or starting to find me. Watch for him. He'd be over toward the mainland more; it's so dark we might miss him."

"He'd get out where the wind would help him," Nell agreed. "We'll be in the lee again pretty soon," she added. "But it's pretty stiff now, isn't it?"

Molly nodded, thrusting her weight against the paddle. "We don't seem to be moving at all," she remarked. "But the island gets higher in front of us all the time."

"See the black, up northwest there. Those are clouds," Nell pointed out. "I can smell a thundershower afar off." She laughed at her own weakness.

(Continued on Page 33)

S W I F T

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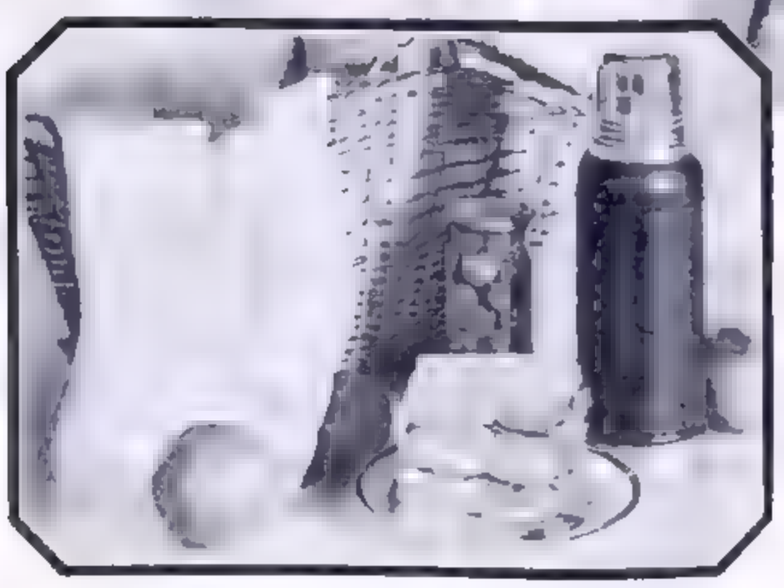

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THE correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

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NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS	1926		1925		1924		1923	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc				
[illegible]	A	A	A	A	A	A		
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]								
[illegible]	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB	BB
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]			A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	A
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
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[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	A	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]							
[illegible]	[illegible]							
[illegible]	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc	A	Arc
[illegible]	[illegible]							
Willys-Knight 4	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc	B	Arc
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"I Got Down on My Knees to Look at It, and I Touched It With My Finger, the Way You Do Fresh Paint"

(Continued from Page 30)

"We'll be ahead of it, easily," Molly reminded her.

"It won't get here for an hour," Nell estimated.

They were forced, for a part of the way from lee to lee, to work with a steady energy which made speech impossible. The two were not unaccustomed to a canoe, and Nell in particular was expert. So they did the task without comment, their bodies swaying to the stroke, throwing their weight into it at the end in that fashion which appears awkward, yet is so effective. The wind was quartering; and Nell swung them this way and that, taking it bow on when it was most oppressive, sliding away along the trough of the waves when the pressure eased. Now and then a splash struck Molly's face; her right arm was wet to the elbow; and once a cup of water slipped over the gunwale and dashed against her ankle. But by and by the resistance to their progress eased, they went forward more readily; and so they came at last into the lee under the island's southward end.

So long as they were in the open the mild turbulence about them had filled their ears. But now, in this quieter spot, they could hear more easily, and Nell said in a low tone, "Did you hear a paddle, over toward the channel?"

The channel behind the island lay to the east; Paul, even assuming he had set out to fetch Molly, would not have gone that way. So Molly echoed, "Toward the channel?"

"It may have been the other side," Nell agreed. "May have been Paul."

Molly called, in a clear tone, "Paul! Paul!" But no reply came back to them, and Nell said quickly, "I guess I didn't hear anything." She swung along the shore into the cove below the house; and they saw the high bulk of the mole outlined against the sky, the house itself almost above their heads.

"Were you sure you heard a paddle?" Molly asked once, and Nell shook her head, replied in an unduly emphatic tone, "No, no, I must have been wrong."

"I hope he didn't get by us," Molly murmured, half to herself.

They passed the mole and drew into the cove where the boathouses lay; and as they came alongside the wharf there, Molly looked toward the house. Through the wide windows of the living room she could see the glowing lamp, bright and reassuring.

"He probably knew I'd come back," she told Nell. "He's awfully matter-of-fact, you know. He wouldn't worry about me."

They climbed out of the canoe and lifted it upon the wharf and moved toward the shore. Behind them a rumble stirred, not so much audible as palpable beneath their feet; and Nell cried softly, "Thunder! We're just in time. Let's hurry, Molly."

Molly laughed at her. "It's only a step now. You come behind me. I can follow this path in the dark." She started toward the house along the way among the birches and the young hemlocks, turning and twisting among its intricacies. There were bowlders ranged along either side of the path; and sometimes her feet came in contact with them, but always gently, for she felt her way. They heard thunder again as they drew near the veranda steps, but Molly was inattentive. She was trying, through the windows, to see whether Paul was in the living room. He would be sitting in the wicker chair beyond the lamp, she knew; but the path was low, the house high, and the chair was below her line of vision through the windows.

She whispered to Nell, "Quiet! Let's scare him!"

"If it thunders again I shall scream," Nell retorted, laughing at her own folly. Yet her tone trembled, too; and a moment later, when they reached the lowermost step, the distant thunder rumbled and she clutched at Molly's arm. At the same time the light in the living room went out; the great house rose above them dark and still; and by the pain of Nell's grip and the fact of this sudden darkness, Molly was halted. She stopped, startled and uncertain.

"The light went out!" she exclaimed.

"Lightning struck it," Nell suggested uneasily. "Our lights always go out."

"That lightning's twenty miles away," Molly reminded her; but she added in a relieved tone, "But I remember now, there's a bad connection in the plug. We have to keep pushing it further in. That's probably what happened. Come on."

She led the way up the steps, boldly enough for all her faint concern. Beside the door there was a button which actuated the veranda light; and she pressed this and the light sprang into being, isolating them within its circle, revealing them to all the world. She opened the screen door, reminding herself to have Dill be sure to take the screens off before bad weather came; and inside she touched another button which served the table lamp beside the door. In this illumination her eyes swept this way and that. The great chimney rose before her, gnarled and rugged like the weathered stump of an ancient pine whose decaying limbs, fallen away, have left their skeletons to whiten in the rain. It hid half the room; and she had a momentary thought that Paul might be here, might have turned off the light and slipped behind the chimney to hide from them. He had played that jest before, and she cried softly, "Paul!" Receiving no reply, she called again, "Paul! Don't you jump out at me!" There was a tremulous uncertainty in her tones.

"He's not here, is he?" Nell asked.

"He hides behind the chimney sometimes," Molly told her. She went doubtfully toward the table where stood the lamp which had gone out, and she bent and tried the plug and the light flashed on. "That was it," she said.

"He's not behind the chimney," Nell said. "I guess he hasn't come. I guess he isn't here."

Molly stood uncertainly, a finger pressed against her cheek. "I don't see what can have happened," she protested. "He'd surely have telephoned Dill anyway."

"The line was out of order this afternoon," Nell told her. "There was some trouble up on the Neck road. A pole fell, or something, and all the telephones down here were dead for a while."

"Ours has been disconnected," Molly explained; and she added, "Or at least, I couldn't get anyone this afternoon."

Nell nodded, and she sat down on the wicker settee before the hearth. "Shall we have a fire?" she suggested. "Or do you want to go to bed?"

"It isn't eight o'clock yet," Molly reminded her. "And besides, I'll surely hear from Paul." She took a stick or two of wood from the basket, chose kindling and struck a match, and the flame grew and began to dance pleasantly. She sat down beside Nell and the two remained a moment silent, staring at the flames. Save for their chuckle and whicker, the house was still; the disturbed water splashing against the mole outside was only a distant slumberous accompaniment to this silence here. The wind was steadily increasing in intensity; and a window in the dining room blew open with a crash and bang, affrighting as a pistol shot in the lonely stillness there.

They came to their feet with a single motion, and Nell cried, "What was that?" But Molly was already laughing, and she started toward the dining room.

(Continued on Page 157)

The Skiff Was by This Time Almost Beneath Them; They Peered Cautiously Over the Balustrade and Saw the Figure of a Man

The Welcome Little Vagabond

Clutching Him Close, She Got to Her Knees. And it So Happened That, Kneeling So, Her Eyes Found Stanley Baxter's

By LUCY STONE TERRILL

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

V

THIS chapter is a courtesy to those who have never dearly loved a little child. Read no farther. You would only be bored and unconvinced, for truth is incredible in many of its manifestations to those whom it has not touched with the same laurels and the same rods. You would only say of Stanley Baxter—money-spoiled, thwarted, proud, bitter and life-sick—"Rot! Sentimentality! That chap wouldn't have given a nickel for any kid." And of Patty Hetherington, erstwhile Ryan, "Bah! Her sort of girl isn't; they don't come that way."

And of Bum you would remember nothing at all—just a nondescript little boy incapable of stirring up such a commotion of impossibilities.

But to those who have been granted gratitude for the faith and trust of little children, and to those who know, grievedly, the loss that is theirs in the denial of this love which is nearest God's—the story may go on.

VI

CHING was dusting the veranda. He had begun dusting at eleven. It was now 11:30. But he was no nearer completion than was the conversation of Stanley Baxter and his mother. A month had passed since the evening of his visit to Owl's Eye, and in that month Ching had dusted dustlessly, perhaps more than he had ever dusted before or would ever dust again. Also he had developed an abnormal passion for the thoughtful arrangement of flowers, and he had become an assiduous searcher for ants. Did he find but one lost wanderer, he sat himself down on the floor and occupied himself tediously in a patient endeavor to find a caravan. Mrs. Hortense Baxter, always anticipating the hated ant, considered him invaluable in this respect.

Far, indeed, can a silent tongue take a hearing ear.

Never once had Ching voiced a word of disgusted comment on the month's misadventures. He had exerted himself until this last day with the futile strategies that the gods willed. Even the gods cannot garner when they sow on barren soil. Very simple.

The thirty-day compact between Stanley Baxter and Patty Hetherington was ended—ended by Bum's voluntary decision, neither Baxter nor Bum's mother being present, that Bum would continue being the son of Patty Hetherington—born Ryan. Lorena Davis had telephoned this decision less than an hour before. She had made the fact plain and definite and final. Bum's mother was in New York; Bum had not seen her for nearly a week. She, Lorena, had put all the data before Bum exactly as she had been instructed. She had stressed the advantages favorable to the Baxters, because Bum's mother had told her to. There was no possible doubt of Bum's complete understanding of the situation. Lorena conscientiously reported that he had cried very bitterly when told he would no longer be welcome at Singing Cedars, nor ever see Mr. Baxter, nor ever ride in the wonderful new airship again—the great wizardous seaplane whose name, Mumstar, made Stanley Baxter grimace wryly every time he saw the fresh-painted word. It had pleased him to have Bum think up a name all by himself. It had not pleased him when Bum so proudly condensed his love for his mother and his hopes for her stardom into the name Mumstar for this last most spectacular Baxter possession. Now the seven white letters would promptly be painted out. Or more likely he would sell the thing. His joy of it had been born in the child's wild exuberant delight, riding beside him, brave as a bird.

Miss Davis had twice and carefully repeated Bum's exact words:

"I like the Baxters awful good, but I don't want my mother to go away. When I'm big I wouldn't know where she was. An' when she gets to be a star she's goin' to buy a nice house too."

Miss Davis said she was taking the two boys back to New York that evening. Her vacation was over. She also found fit to say that she considered it much better for Rutherford to remain in his mother's care—money was not everything—and had hung up.

Stanley Baxter swore—swore with a vocabulary and vehemence that whitened his mother's face; and though her distressed stream of "Oh, my dear, my dear!" finally silenced him, it failed to bring the usual apology. She fluttered helplessly and unwanted about his chair, suffering over his surrender to a rage of defeat more devastating at the moment than his underlying disappointment. Distended veins twisted like blue worms across his tanned temples and his black eyes narrowed to mere cracks. His voice thinned with his effort to control it as he scourged Patty Hetherington with his contemptuous fury.

Ching dusted and his heart glowed. Quite without animosity toward his thwarted master, he nevertheless rejoiced in the consistency of the gods. If a man blinds himself to the light of truth, is it not meet that he should scratch himself on brambles and tumble into pitfalls? By this healing attitude Ching made success out of failure and could think comfortingly of his futile strategy.

Mrs. Baxter's words of comfort fought valiantly on:

"I know you can't realize it now, my dear, wonderful, brave boy, but there are many other children as—as—as desirable as this child, and of good families besides. Bishop Wellington told me Sunday that he knew of a charming little lad." Her pause was anticipative, but Baxter left the bishop's opinion unremarked. Ching knew this for a bad sign, but Mrs. Baxter's voice lifted with encouragement. "And really, dear, you mustn't be so bitter toward his wretched little mother. Women of her class can't rise to heights of unselfishness for their children; an animal mother love is all they know. After all, she has probably done you the greatest kindness. It would have been a terrible thing for you if you should have let yourself go on in this stubborn attachment, only to have the boy turn out badly, as most probably ——"

(Continued on Page 36)

The Triumph of a Principle

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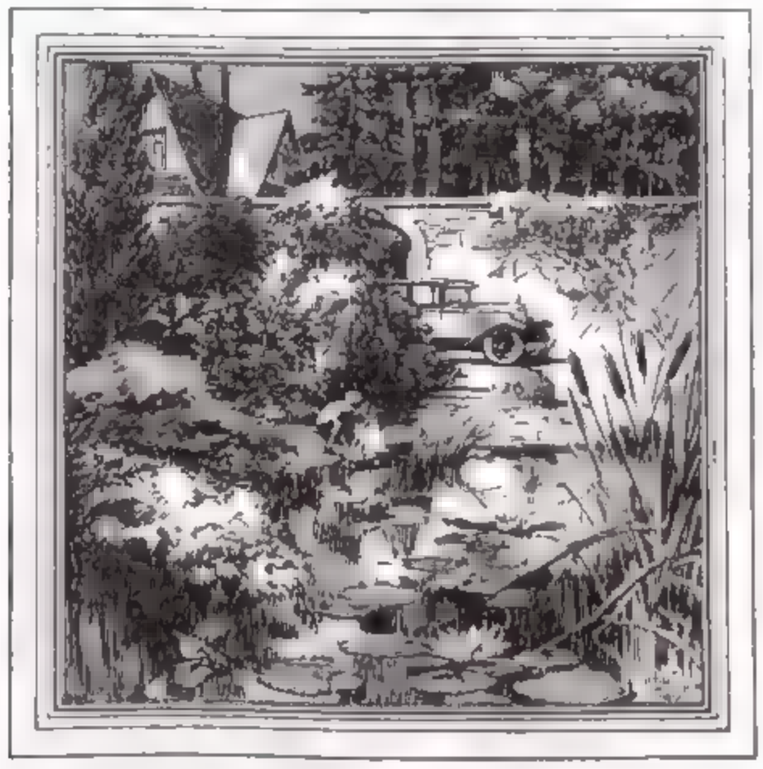

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Prices from $2995 upward, f. o. b. Detroit

NEW 90 DEGREE

CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

(Continued from Page 34)

Crash! A flower bowl from the table met the hardwood floor with an inanimate profanity more expressive than words. Mrs. Baxter screamed gently. Ching silently entered the scene of disaster with deft disposing fingers. It was an inopportune interruption of his dusting, and he returned with admirable celerity. Baxter was saying remarkable things, needful to be heard:

"—— one time, mother, when you and the bishop might better discuss dahlia bulbs. It's not that I'm yearning to be a parent. It's the simple fact that I want this particular kid, and I'm going to get him. Your prattle about her mother love is rot; she scarcely sees the child; he's a nuisance to her. It's just as you've said all along—she expected to charm me into marrying her, the devilish little gymnast'"

"Oh, yes, yes, Stanley dear. I admit that part of it. But she has been honest in not influencing the lad in his decision. She hasn't seen him for a week, and he's been here with us constantly. When he didn't seem to miss her, I thought—and I truly hoped for your sake, dear brave boy—that you'd won him. Since all that we've done for him and the beautiful affection you've given him haven't been sufficient to take her place with him, why, my dear, it would prove to anyone that nothing can break the hold she has on him."

"I don't think so, mother." The savagely polite words rasped with irritation. "That boy is perfectly happy and contented with me. She's determined to pay me back for not responding to her ten-cent-store fascinations—the painted little acrobat!"

Ching went outside and uninterestedly shook his silken dust cloth. Acrobat, indeed! Were logic and love more loyal companions, Stanley Baxter would have been stirred to real admiration for Patty Hetherington on that day two weeks before, when Bum had adventured with death. Instead, the prowess of her perfect little body had chafed the shame of his own helplessness into a resentment that touched venom.

Before that day, he had been merely contemptuously uninterested in her; after that day, he hated her. It had all happened during an ordinary summer squall, when the weather, angered by too hot a sun, whipped quick clouds across the sky and turned the trusted lake into a traitor. When the rain had begun, Ching was dispatched in the roadster to bring Bum's mother to luncheon. She was to leave that night to finish her picture in the New York studio, and Baxter was anxious to verify details of the treatment Bum had previously had. She had looked like a bazaar poster, Stanley Baxter said. Careless of the storm, they had sat on the veranda discussing doctors and hospitals. Bum had been left with Sammy, playing pirate in the newly untenanted Owl's Eye. But seeing the possibilities of larger adventure, they had extended their activities to the swinging seaplane anchored in the cove. Their slyly commandeered rowboat rocked in the rising wind, but the undaunted pirates welcomed this added demand for intrepidity. Caught in a moment of quite terrible pride while demonstrating the proper method of entrance to Mumstar, Bum was whipped from his slippery foothold into the water.

It was Sammy's lusty alarms that first reached Singing Cedars. Everyone ran to the rain-whipped veranda windows. Baxter had jerked the door open, but it was Patty Hetherington who was first out, slipping under his arm and running with her bobbed head bent low against the wind. Ching ran behind her; then Baxter; then Mrs. Baxter; lastly the stalwart cook and colored housemaid. The wind made caricatures of them all. It was a senseless direction to take. From the opposite shore one could have swum out in comparative safety. But they all ran across the arched bridge to the high point of rocks. Sammy was no deserter. Fighting the treacherous water, he struggled to follow the tossing helpless object with his unruly rowboat and his shouts rivaled the thunder. But nearer and nearer the jagged wave-threshed rocks drifted Bum's little body, crest-covered one instant, thrown high the next. Then, briefer than the telling, he was caught in the hollow of a rock and held there for a second. He saw them all, running over the bridge that looked like the back of an angry cat; they were so close, so futilely close. He made only one cry. It pierced the storm like the flashes of lightning, shrill, desperate, but fine with faith. "Mum!" he screamed, and Patty Hetherington went to him.

She skinned herself out of her garish little silk sport dress and the wind wound it round a cedar branch; she kicked off one slipper; Ching caught it; the other one hit Mrs. Baxter and went unrescued; she tried two footholds, poised against the wind like a lingerie advertisement in a chemise sheerer than imagination, bloused under pink silk bloomers.

It was all so quick. Baxter stumbled to her and grasped her arm as she leaned low to scan the wicked water twenty feet below. His traitor body that he hated had beaten him again; he looked like a man choking; his eyes bulged; he gasped.

"D-d-don't! You—you can't! The—the rocks!" he said.

She shook his hand off; he was a pest; he was nothing.

"Ching! Help me! Where's a good place? Quick!" she said.

Ching sprawled down in front of her, clinging to the rocks like a white jellyfish and pointing rigidly to a churning place in the water where he knew that the rocks circled an all-too-tiny pool. She sprang. Never had she dived so superbly before the tyrannous movie camera, her curly mop of bright hair striking true in the safe center of the pool.

And Death paid her homage, laughed at the bruised and battered Bum, and left him to his mother's strong little hands that clutched him like claws and held him out in deeper water while she anchored herself by her feet to a jutting rock.

There was swift rescue coming; for Baxter, regaining reason, had sent the sturdy Swedish cook galloping back to the boathouse and Lars had exercised his brawn and brains to the utmost. And when they landed, Mrs. Baxter—drawn swiftly from the frenzied prayers of danger to the demands of decency—had sent the maid down with an enveloping raincoat and some smelling salts, twin to the bottle she was using herself.

Yet, despite that day's logical offerings on the altar of the gods of romance, Ching was chagrined to find that any logical results were offset by perverted reasoning: "A cat risks all to save its kitten." "A hen will perish for its baby chick." Bah! Mrs. Baxter, however, had made one small observation in her last résumé of the exhaustive day which

(Continued on Page 44)

She Shook His Hand Off; He Was a Pest; He Was Nothing. "Ching! Help Me! Where's a Good Place? Quick!" She Said

ARE SMALL BREAKFASTS REDUCING AMERICAN VITALITY?

Dietitians say "Yes!" They tell us that one important cause of malnutrition in this country is the fact that most Americans eat an "inadequate" breakfast.

Modern morning appetites are small—no doubt about that! And you can't eat a bigger meal than you have appetite for. But you can *make sure that your small breakfast consists of food which supplies the greatest possible amount of balanced nourishment.*

IT IS a mistake to regard breakfast as unimportant. The longest fast of the day precedes it—the hardest work of the day follows it. How necessary, then, that this meal, even though small, should give your body an ample supply of essential food elements!

Grape-Nuts is a particularly valuable food on this account. It furnishes dextrins, maltose, and other carbohydrates for heat and energy; iron for the blood; phosphorus for bones and teeth; protein for muscle and body-building; and the essential vitamin-B, a builder of the appetite. One serving of Grape-Nuts, eaten with milk or cream, supplies more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal!

And Grape-Nuts is so delicious! Its crisp, golden kernels are made from wheat and malted barley, prepared by a special baking process which results in a particularly tempting, nut-like flavor. There is no other flavor just like it! And the same process makes Grape-Nuts very easy to digest.

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Make this famous food a part of your daily diet. Your grocer has Grape-Nuts—or you may wish to accept the following offer.

"A Book of Better Breakfasts"—and two servings of Grape-Nuts, free!

Mail the coupon below and we will send you two individual packages of Grape-Nuts, free. We will send, also, "A Book of Better Breakfasts," written by a former physical director of Cornell Medical College. Follow these delightful menus for health-giving breakfasts.

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GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

Why He Got the Job

HIS name was Otis Smith. He was the oldest of three young law clerks in the office of Brownley, Brown & Brownley, a legal firm of considerable prominence in Detroit. He was in line for a promotion; and when his employers decided to open a branch office in Cleveland, Otis Smith figured that he would go along as young Brownley's assistant.

He was disappointed, indeed, when an unofficial report that the position had been given to Thomas Masters reached him. Masters was the youngest of the three clerks, a single fellow only seventeen months out of law school.

Otis Smith hotfooted it immediately for the private office of the senior member of the firm. He was received quite cordially by Mr. Brownley, a gruff but very capable old lawyer.

Smith declined, with thanks, an invitation to be seated, saying that it would take him only a few minutes to speak his piece.

"I understand that the position of assistant in the Cleveland office has been given to Masters," said Otis Smith very deliberately.

"It has."

"Presumably you know that I had expected the assignment on the strength of longer service with the firm, industry, accuracy and—and punctuality."

"H'm," declared the old lawyer, leaning forward across the desk as though he were training his verbal artillery on a recalcitrant jury, "are you knocking Masters?"

"No, sir. As a business associate and friend, he and I get along splendidly."

"I am glad of that," offered Brownley quickly, "because we are considering you for a new position—a position that isn't open to a knocker. . . . But, regarding Masters' dilatoriness in getting to the office, have you any confidence in my ability to judge character?"

"Most assuredly I have, Mr. Brownley."

"Then I'll tell you something in confidence. Young Masters is going to succeed; and he is going to succeed because he practices what most young fellows neither preach nor practice—self-discipline. Perhaps you haven't noticed it, but the fact hasn't escaped me. He realizes the folly of unpunctuality and is doing his best to break the habit by disciplining himself. Whenever he is ten minutes late in reporting at the office, he remains twenty minutes after the quitting hour; if he is fifteen minutes late his sentence is thirty minutes—and he serves it whether or not there is any work to be done.

"Self-discipline is a great character builder; and character development helps mightily in this business of getting on in the world. Take my word for it or question Thomas Masters ten years from now!" —CARL SEITZ.

Your Future Depends on the Answer

The Winning Two Per Cent

FOR the life of me I couldn't see anything remarkable in this vice president. Why he should be drawing down $25,000 a year was beyond me. In fact, if anything, he appeared slow of mind, a bit dull even. Yet here was a nationally known corporation paying ——

"I'll tell you how it is," explained George Eastwood, the hard-fighting, grim-faced president. "Mac came here as an office boy. From the first we all noted two characteristics in him that are unusual: He was absolutely truthful and absolutely thorough. Mind you, I said absolutely. Most people tell the truth 98 per cent of the time; the exceptions are usually harmless and trivial. But Mac told the whole truth 100 per cent of the time.

"That was rather startling, of course. We couldn't help noticing it. Mac never tried to side-step blame with an untruth. Even a little white lie seemed impossible to him. One day a carbon copy of a letter was missing from the files. I said, 'Mac, I remember I put it in my outgoing basket.' Naturally I expected him to counter with the standard office-boy defense: 'Well, I gave it to the file clerk with the other papers.' Instead, he knocked me off the Christmas tree when he answered, 'I suppose, Mr. Eastwood, I failed to give it to Miss Winters somehow.' Here was an office boy shielding the filing clerk by assuming the error himself.

"Another time I said to him, 'Mac, you were late this morning.' I suppose I was prepared for the routine excuse—a delayed trolley. But Mac spoke right up. 'Yes, sir. I slept too long. I had to go without breakfast to get here when I did.'

"Without realizing it we all came to believe in Mac's word. How could we help it? If Mac said a thing was so, it was so. And we found ourselves calling for Mac whenever we wanted the complete facts on any matter coming under his observation.

"Pretty soon we got so that all of us unconsciously began to choose Mac for any important work involving a boy. And then his other quality began to manifest itself—his thoroughness. Most people are 98 per cent thorough. They're too good to fire, not good enough to promote. Mac was 2 per cent better—he was 100 per cent thorough.

"Mac might take a little longer than another boy at any particular task, but after he had finished with it that job was done, and done right. There was no need to do any part of it over again, no room for dissatisfaction. Send a boy to the house librarian for a reference book and likely as not he'd report, 'It's not there now.' But not Mac. He'd come back with something like this: 'The librarian says Mr. Jonas sent for the book early yesterday morning. I went to Mr. Jonas' office, but he was out. I left a note on his desk that you want the book. But I saw it there, and if you want it right away I'll bring it and leave a note on his desk that you have it.'

"I'm a little fussy about knowing that my orders are being given attention. I suppose everybody is. Time and again I've told an office boy to do something, received the usual 'Yes, sir,' and heard no more about it. Not so with Mac. He'd come into the office later and say, 'Mr. Eastwood, the books are mailed,' or perhaps, 'I couldn't find those cigars at Faulkner's, so I bought them at the hotel. Is that all right? They are going out tonight by parcel post. Do you want to put a card in with them?'

"Nor did he delay a reply because I might be out or busy. Often I found, on returning to my desk, two or three of the little pink slips that he used, each one reporting on an order that I had given him.

"Well, all over the office it was 'Mac, how about this?' and 'Mac, what became of that?' I wanted to keep Mac for my personal office boy, but the other men wouldn't have it. So we compromised by putting Mac at the head of all the boys and looking to him to get things done. He managed nicely.

"Mac had his faults—has some yet, as far as that goes. So have I. He was not quick to comprehend. You might have to spend an extra minute or so explaining to him just what you had in mind. But once he understood what was wanted you could forget it. You knew it would be done, and done right.

"I don't remember that Mac was ever promoted. At every semiannual meeting when salaries were considered Mac always was voted an increase unanimously. But I don't recall that we ever enlarged his duties or responsibilities—formally, that is. It was just an everyday occurrence for one of us to say 'Mac, do this,' or 'Mac, attend to that.' And with each evidence that he gave of absolute dependability we officials just drifted further and further away from concerning ourselves with subsidiary matters and turned them over to him. As he grew older, and as we fell deeper into the habit of leaving things to Mac, the matters put into his hands for attention grew more and more important. Just when we first took Mac into our confidence, when we first trusted him with secrets of the business I don't know. None of us do. It just happened, that's all.

"Oh, yes, he's vice president. But that wasn't a promotion. All we did on that occasion was to bestow the title on him. It didn't change his duties or his work any. He had been doing things long before then—the same things he's doing now.

"What's he in charge of? Gosh, I don't know. Everything. I plan our course, I suppose, and the board of directors approves, and then somehow the details seem to slip over to Mac's desk and he handles them—anyway, they get done. The company could no doubt replace a planner like me. But where we could find another Mac I'll be durned if I know."

Just then the door opened and the young man—he's only thirty-eight—walked in with a sheaf of papers. "Mac," said the president, "I see you raised Miss Gwynn's salary in between the usual periods. Was she dissatisfied?"

I cocked my ear to hear Mac answer "Yes." But he didn't.

He said, "No. She seemed quite content. I raised her just because I think she's worth it. It's unusual, I know. She is an unusual girl, though. Maybe I like her because she is so dependable and so accurate. She's nearly the best stenographer we have, even if she is new. Maybe I let my admiration for her work influence me a bit. But she's good. We can't afford to lose her. She might possibly have been satisfied with two dollars instead of three. But I know she's satisfied with three."

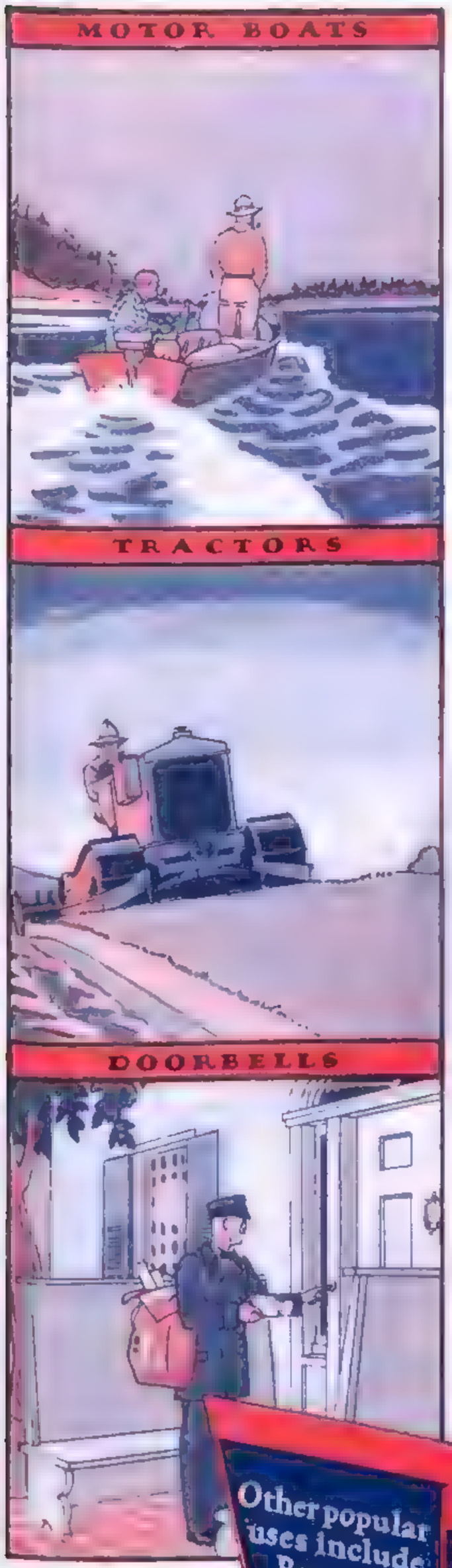
As Mac walked out the president said, "There's history repeating itself." Then he added, "We have 2000 people in the place. I just happened to stumble onto that incident. I gave Mac his chance to alibi after breaking a rule. But you saw what happened. He's been that way ever since he came with us. Mac's absolutely truthful and absolutely thorough." —ED WOLFF.

Successful Bookselling

FINDING myself suddenly confronted with the necessity of earning a living, I turned to books—the only subject I knew.

"You say you have no experience at selling? Why do you think you could sell books?" was the brusque question

(Continued on Page 173)



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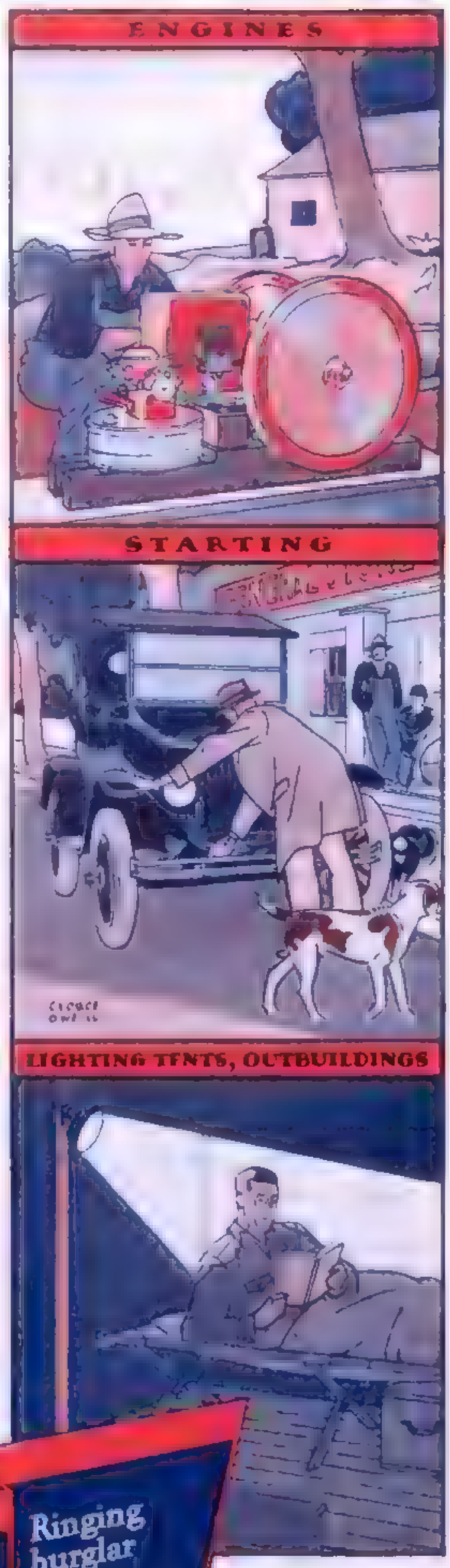

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PRACTICALLY all automotive engineers today agree that most all serious engine trouble is due largely to faulty carburetion. Not the carburetor itself. But due to water and dirt that get into gasoline.

Gasoline may be pure enough when it enters your tank. Chemical action, however, often loosens tiny flakes from the lining of your own tank. Bits of fibre slough from filling hose. Water condenses from the air. Dust seeps in through air vents.

And let a tiny speck of this dirt or a bubble of water lodge in the delicate needle valve of your carburetor. Your engine coughs and sputters. You use the choke. Or adjust your carburetor for a richer mixture. This feeds raw gasoline into your cylinders. It pits valves. It forms carbon. It seeps past pistons to dilute crank case oil. Usually this is the beginning of burned-out bearings and scored cylinders.

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For the Gas-Co-Lator is a patented device which filters automatically every drop of gasoline as you drive. Just before it enters your carburetor or vacuum tank.

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Practically all new models of the cars listed here come equipped with the Gas-Co-Lator—but if it is not on your car we want you to try it at our risk. See for yourself why leading companies have adopted it.

Get a Gas-Co-Lator from any dealer. It is easily installed. Needs no adjustment. Just put it on and forget carburetor and engine troubles. With it you receive a written guarantee—signed by your dealer. If for any reason you don't wish to keep the Gas-Co-Lator, simply return it in 30 days and full purchase price is refunded. No questions. No red tape. You are sole judge. This is a remarkable trial offer. Write today for dealer's name near you.

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We are a large user of Gas-Co-Lators. I have every member of my department recommend this instrument. First, because of the benefit the customer receives from it, second the reduction of unnecessary service caused by the evils the Gas-Co-Lator prevents. I personally believe that the Gas-Co-Lator is the most essential device that can be placed on a motor car.

E. K. BARRY MOTOR CO.,
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We wish to state that the Gas-Co-Lator has almost eliminated our "supposed-to-have-been" carburetor trouble, which most of the time was water in the carburetor or grit under the needle valve. We consider the Gas-Co-Lator one of the most valued accessories on the market today.

BRUCE BROS.,
Studebaker Automobiles,
Fort Smith, Ark.

We have been equipping all of our new car deliveries with Gas-Co-Lators.
Our reasons for feeling the necessity for gas filterage is due to the exceptionally dirty gas that is being dispensed. We have been very much surprised in making experiments of the quantity of water and foreign matter that your device filters from the gas.

BARTON S. MUIR,
Chevrolet Sales and Service,
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We have adopted Gas-Co-Lators on our cars for several reasons, the primary one being its value to the owner, together with the saving it effects in saving gas, due to the elimination of stopping up gas lines and carburetors and also by keeping out water in the gas system. I consider them a necessary part of the equipment on a car.

MALONEY MOTOR CAR COMPANY,
New Orleans.

For latest Fords with Tank in cowl
(Slightly higher in Canada and West of the Rockies) 3.50

We have found through experience that the Gas Co-Lators which we have installed have eliminated 90% of carburetor trouble. We, therefore, endeavor to sell a Gas-Co-Lator with every new car, because we realize that by thus equipping a car, we are reducing our greatest Service Problem, and Service costs our customer as well as ourselves *money*

Yours sincerely,
OVERLAND FOREST COMPANY
(Signed by) Ray Hall,
Great Falls, Mont.

When this accessory was called to our attention, it looked good to us so we started equipping every Studebaker car we sold with one of them. We felt the service the customer got from the car would more than pay us for what the instrument might cost. The grade of gasoline which we get in this section is very inferior and your instrument really is a great assistance to our owners.

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In this dusty country I have found that this device has eliminated worlds of trouble by keeping much foreign substances from coming to the carburetor through the gasoline.

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Try it 30 Days—at our risk

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A TERROR TO EWILDOERS

By Oma Almona Davies

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

Then the Justice Zigzagged His Chair Legs Toward Him

SHERIFF JOSEPH KLEFFEL knew his gray mule was not lost—she was too wise a beast for that; he knew she had not strayed—she was too diligent a conserver of energy. There remained, therefore, but one possibility, and that possibility was Mr. Conrad Schisser, borrower in chief to Yings County. Mr. Schisser had earned this honorary title by long practice in his chosen art; and certainly no one in Yings would have disputed his supremacy. Moreover, Nature had adapted Mr. Schisser to the pursuit of this particular brand of life, liberty and happiness; one of his bland blue eyes rolled loosely in one direction, the other rolled loosely in the other, thus enabling him to select with double discrimination and with the minimum loss of time the article sought at the particular moment. Also, his six-foot-four frame carried instruments magnificent for grasp and locomotion; that which his large, prehensile fingers grasped, his number twelves bore hence with speed, provided time were in the essence of the undertaking.

Time had not been in the essence of the undertaking relative to his mule, young Sheriff Kleffel reflected sardonically as he rode along early in the morning, easily tracing in the rain-spattered dust the number-twelve impressions followed by the hoofprints; for during those later hours of the evening when the mule and his abductor had been strolling down the road, he himself had been five miles distant casually proposing for the fourth time for the hand of one Miss Effie Yancey. Or, more probably, Mr. Schisser and the mule had taken their erring way while the coquettish Miss Effie had been for the fourth time casually refusing him.

He remembered now, as he gazed at the freshly laid dust, that, diverted by the rhythmic drops upon the Yancey roof, he had committed the social error of addressing Miss Effie by another young woman's name in the midflush of the proposal, and he remembered also that the stars had been winking brightly at them both when he had leaped upon his horse to the refrain of Miss Effie's last lilting giggle from the doorway. Yes, Mr. Schisser had delayed until after the shower and had taken his felonious passage in dry comfort. Sheriff Joseph Kleffel at this point proceeded to become very angry; or, at least, as angry as he was able to become. He had hair which by nature bounded buoyantly backward, like live bronze wings, from his even temples, and it is difficult for anger to live under such a thatch.

Moreover, anger was not his dominant emotion as he rode along; it was curiosity. Why had Mr. Schisser come so far afield? There was a wide selection of dependable beasts of burden within his usual radius of levy and he was constitutionally opposed to exertion. Why, then, had his lightsome fancy turned to an animal which involved so unwonted an expenditure of energy? Young Kleffel, sorting mentally the various returnable commodities which he had salvaged from Mr. Schisser's clutches during his four years as sheriff, segregated among the four-footed booty a calf, a pig, two mules and a colt. The remembrance of the colt caused him to dig sudden heels into his horse's ribs; that colt had finally been discovered two counties distant in the hands of a horse trader. Were horse traders about now? By all the jumping crickets, he'd see that old Schisser got what was coming to him this time, if Justice of the Peace Federspiel didn't impose more than his usual five-day sentence. Those five-day sentences now! How could a sheriff expect to keep the county cleaned up without any more coöperation from the law than that?

He cocked an irate eye toward the old Federspiel place, which he was passing at the moment, and checked an impulse to halt long enough to acquaint the justice with this latest depredation, and to urge him to drastic punishment of the offender. But—he'd better get his mule first. Besides, old Federspiel was probably humped over the crooked creek which ran through his crooked acres fishing with a bent pin or whatever it was he fished with, and in that case there'd be no one at home. Oh, yes, that girl. That niece Federspiel had brought from some place to keep house for him. Wild, Federspiel had said she was; plumb loony had been his exact words. She surely looked loony with those big feet and that flopping cloth thing on her head. Young Kleffel, even in his preoccupation with his problem of the morning, experienced faint irritation at thought of the big feet and the cloth thing slinking out of prayer meeting the week before. Women, now, had the right to look like something anyhow. What were they made for if they couldn't pleasure a man's eye some which way or another? But—enough of the wild girl. Where were those tracks now?

Where were they? He jerked the horse to halt and stared. The dust-dampened crust ahead of him was unbroken. He turned about and went slowly back. But, why—what? Ahead of him were the tracks, and they turned into Federspiel's lane! The tracks of his own mule were leading into Justice of the Peace Israel Federspiel's barnyard! And with them went the huge human footprints. Federspiel's feet were small. . . . And besides——

And besides, as he stood in the small barn two minutes later after hallooing in vain from the side yard, his mule was not there. One of the two stalls was empty; over the top of the other, peered benignly at him what appeared at first sight to be an over-sized hound. This was the horse, then, the girl had brought with her. Kleffel had heard considerable jocose references to the animal. It had been born deaf, it seemed, and likewise congenitally deficient in ear cartilage, so that those organs fell limply down its gaunt temples like the earlaps of a hound. The animal's gaze veered from Kleffel and rested hungrily upon an armful of hay at the bottom of the narrow stairs leading to the hayloft. Kleffel's gaze also veered to the hay and noted that it had been thrust through by a pitchfork, but his eyes did not rest there. They rested, instead, upon a foot protruding from the opening of the hayloft above.

It was a human foot and it was bare. As though aware of his scrutiny, it withdrew with a swift, silent movement.

"Hallo, then!" said Kleffel. Not a breath answered him. He looked back at the horse and, because he could never withstand a pleading look in any eyes, human or animal, he tossed the forkful of hay into the manger, then climbed the hayloft stairs.

How wild was this niece, he wondered. Would she hiss at him or claw at him maybe? Or would she be merely stupid?

She neither hissed at him nor clawed at him; and it was Kleffel who both looked and felt stupid as he stood waist-high above the flooring and stared at the girl pressed backward against the hay. She was so still that she seemed not even to breathe as her eyes stared straight into his own. They were blue eyes, as deeply blue as the rain-cleared sky which sifted through the warped structure, and her hair was more yellow than the oat straw against which it pressed.

There was patient puzzlement rather than fear in her expression—something reminiscent of the beast tied in the stall below—and Kleffel, who had not removed his dumfounded eyes from her, felt foolish as he muttered, "Don't have afraid. I ain't fur hurting you."

Still she said nothing, and Kleffel mounted the stairs. He picked up a small object from the hay and sat down. The thing which he was turning awkwardly in his hands was a corncob doll wisped about with some pink stuff. He looked again quickly at the girl. She must be seventeen—eighteen.

She had flung her hand toward him and her eyes were big with anxiety. Kleffel surrendered the toy and she placed it in a wooden box, half covered with hay, behind her.

Still Kleffel stared, not realizing that he was doing so. In his twenty-four years he had never found anything so satisfying to his masculine eye, fastidious though it was. He had forgotten his mule, he had forgotten Federspiel; the most important thing in life now seemed the bare foot toward which a slender finger of sunlight was pointing. It lay upon the dull flooring like a fragment of rose marble, dusty indeed, but faintly pink between the chiseled toes.

"Why, it ain't big," murmured Kleffel.

The girl snatched it back and attempted to cover it with her scant blue dress. For the first time she spoke.

"I got shoes," she said defensively.

Kleffel nodded gravely. "I seen them. But they're too plenty big fur you."

His Eyes Rested Upon a Foot Protruding From the Opening of the Hayloft Above

"I got them to wear on my sister's funeral," said the girl, with the same note of curious pride. Her arm made an involuntary movement toward the box behind her.

"Then that doll or whatever was your sister's?"

The girl nodded. She studied him earnestly for another moment, then reached her hand into the box and brought forth a small simulacrum of a dog with shoe-button eyes. With a single soft stroke down its black worsted back as though it had been alive, she handed it to Kleffel.

"This here was of my brother." She folded her hands and watched Kleffel with the satisfaction of a child who exhibits its treasures to someone whom it has decided to trust.

"Have you got your brother by you?"

"He's dead fur me." And after a pause, "Everybody's dead."

"But him." Kleffel nodded toward the house.

"Yes, him."

"Say, does he treat you right?" Kleffel suddenly demanded. "Is he good to you? Or—of course he ain't if you have got fur to hide these things out here."

"Whether he was good to me?" considered the girl. "I cook him and I housekeep fur him. And he gives me dare to live off him free of board. And that is much, he says."

Her voice was soft, but she spoke with the clipped precision of those who have never needed to talk much. Kleffel had the sensation of beating around several bushes and not being able to strike any of them. Also, it seemed imperative that he should strike something.

"Where did you come from anyway?"

"From the timber ower back." Her head nodded toward the north.

That told much. Kleffel had heard of the Flat Woods, where the houses were often ten miles apart.

"And your pop now—did he look like your uncle?" persisted Kleffel.

"But to be sure. They was twins fur each other."

Kleffel slowly nodded. He had it all now. He looked at her and reconstructed her life. She had lived in the timber with a father who looked like old Federspiel, and her brother and sister had died, and now she had come to keep house for Federspiel. And Federspiel was spreading the report that she was loony—so that she would keep on being his slave! He had never been able to keep help.

"You ain't ever knowing what fun is," Kleffel said aloud, with some consternation and much anger.

The girl pondered this for a moment, then she did a surprising thing. She tilted her throat upward and from between her curiously pursed lips issued an exact replica of a whinny. She held up her finger enjoining silence and from the stall below came an answering whinny. She looked at Kleffel with a triumphant twinkle. She did know fun! She threw herself sidewise against the hay and laughed aloud; and as she did so a dimple scampered pinkly in her cheek.

Young Kleffel looked at her, pink and blue and golden, against the hay. A hot pulse sprang into his throat. He had never seen anything so pretty in his life. He had never wanted to kiss anything so much in his life. He got up quickly.

"That horse now," he said sternly; "I'm after a mule. "Was you seeing such a mule around here last night?"

The girl got up too. "I seen a mule," she remembered slowly. "Yes, I was falling awake and I seen a mule in the yard standing and a big man with. And my uncle was making that way with his hand." She pointed. "And the man and the mule went that way."

"Your uncle talked to the man with the mule?" exclaimed Kleffel. "And he told him to take such a way acrost his fields?"

He took a couple of bewildered steps down the stairs. Then he looked up. The girl stood, her sunbonnet limp in her fingers, with that same expression of patient puzzlement reminiscent of the beast tied in the stall. Oh, what was a mule anyway? He couldn't go without seeing that dimple again. He couldn't go anyway—without considerable difficulty.

"Say," his eyes sparkled upward, "I'm a man this here way. I don't believe in this old-fashioned notion of just one girl to oncet. I'd as sooner have two as what I would one."

She nodded comprehendingly. "Twins yet. And have you got, mebbe, some little boys?"

Kleffel's tongue flopped soundlessly. He sagged back against the wall. "Now looky here," he flustered, "I ain't married. What do you conceit I'm getting at anyhow? Don't you know what going on company means?"

Again she nodded gravely. "It means where you walk off of church by somebody where ain't your pop. Or on a buggy with."

"Well, that's what's going to happen you." Kleffel tapped his chest. "I'm the man a'ready, see, and you're the girl. I'm going fur to learn you what fun is. Leave me see now; Federspiel's on the town council, ain't he? And this here's Wednesday. You meet with me behind the Soldiers' Monument at the graveyard tomorrow night. Till he leaves fur the council, you start out fur to meet with me. Won't you will?"

The girl rubbed one rosy foot on top of the other. Almost the dimple flashed. But she half turned in the direction of the house and her palm struck upward against her breast. She shook her head and backed against the wall as though she saw an uplifted lash.

Proposing for the Fourth Time for the Hand of One Miss Effie Yancey

"I'll be waiting for you." Kleffel shook his own head half gayly, half threateningly; and filling his eyes once more with the pink and gold and blue of her, plunged down the stairs.

The pink and gold and blue haze through which he rode was smudged out in time by black anger, and against the smudge was limned the form of Mr. Conrad Schisser humping along his hillside cornfield behind his one-shovel plow. The animal which drew the plow was a gray mule which stopped short at sound of the sheriff's voice, pointed one ear at him, wigwagged the other toward Schisser and stepped on carefully down the furrow.

Mr. Schisser also flagged an acknowledgment of the sheriff's arrival with one huge weak palm while with the other he brought the animal to halt. One bland blue eye rested pleasantly upon Kleffel.

"It makes some hot." He passed the remnant of a sleeve over his forehead.

"I'm going to make it hotter fur you!" thundered Kleffel. "What do you anyhow think you're doin'?"

"Startin' in fur to plow at." Mr. Schisser's other eye regarded pleasantly his green-threaded hill.

"What do you think you're doin' with my mule?"

"Startin' in fur to plow at," iterated Mr. Schisser.

"You're startin' in fur to go to jail," countered Kleffel furiously. "You unhook that mule and come along with."

"Well," calculated Mr. Schisser, "I was just startin' in fur to plow at, but, to be sure, if I am goin' to eat off the jail I wouldn't be needful fur so much corn." He unhooked the mule and led her to the fence.

The sheriff snatched the rope from his hands.

"Get your ding traps and do it plenty quick. Make hurry now!"

"I guess I'll git me my suit, then," submitted Mr. Schisser brightly. "I wear it always when I am in the jail setting. Or either when I go on the rewiwals and convert myself."

As they made their way toward the town, Kleffel's curiosity overcame finally his resolution to have no further converse with the figure mooching along behind his horse's hoofs.

"How happened it you come such a pieceways to steal a mule? It ain't usual with you to shake your lazy legs more than you have to."

"I give you right; it was a pieceways," sighed his quarry. "But I was just startin' in fur to plow at, so I "

"If you say that again, I'll ——"

"All right. I won't say it again," agreed his amiable companion. "But, as I was saying, I was just startin' in fur to plow at, so I just says, 'Well,' I says, 'it ain't anybody har'ly as good fixed as what he is,' I says, 'nor neither so good-natured,' I says, 'so it wouldn't kreistle him none if I was to borrow a mule off him fur a week or some such,' I says. But here I har'ly got started in fur to pl——"

Kleffel wheeled his horse so suddenly that Mr. Schisser bumped back against the mule.

"Now answer me up!" the sheriff commanded. "I want to know what fur was the reason you went through Federspiel's place last night?"

"What fur was the reason why?" mused Mr Schisser "Fur the reason it was the soonest way, I guess."

"And Federspiel had got to come out and tell you so, heh?" probed Kleffel scornfully. "Speak it out now. I know a'ready you and him was standing in his yard and my mule alongside."

For a moment Mr. Schisser's eyes almost straightened, then they rolled comfortably in opposite directions.

"Well, it was just after that rain was makin' somepun down and I says to him it was fallin' weather. 'It's fallin' weather,' I says, 'and it might do me somepun,' I says, 'fur I'm just startin' in to plow at,' I told him."

Kleffel bounced about in his saddle and pursued the remainder of the journey in moody silence. The affable Mr. Schisser was not inclined to allow the conversation so abruptly to languish, however.

"I ain't been in since Zubler got elected into the jail," he reminisced. "And it's put out common where his missus is a good cook. To be sure, I ain't saying nothing agin the Eggenschwilers. I was in twicet—no, three times yet—whilst they was runnin' it, but she wasn't so handy with the scrapple as I could have wished. I can't say as I care to stay by no jail where ain't handy with the scrapple, fur scrapple's my dish always. But they do say where Zubler's missus gits a clever turn on it."

He was well satisfied with the cell into which the sheriff thrust him.

"This here was my room oncet before," he announced. "Yes, if it wasn't! It was when the Kreiders was runnin' the place—or, no, behind them yet whilst the Stoffs had it."

Mrs. Sophie Zubler, aroused always to a high pitch of hospitality by the advent of a new inmate to the institution, was waddling about, tumultuously snatching billows of household linens to her bosom, as Kleffel ran down the stairs.

"It wonders me now does he favor one pillow or two to his head?" She picked up a towel and dropped a sheet. "To think oncet it ain't a week behind I was saying to Zubler how many cells we had got empty on us. 'Yes,' I says, 'what will the woters anyhow think if we can't keep nobody by us,' I says. And if you will believe it, I was here in this very room

Mrs. Zubler Dropped All Her Linens and Reared at Her Bosom With Tragic Finger Nails

Continued on Page 62

Patterned floors of GOLD SEAL INLAIDS *make the sun porch a cheerful place even on dark days. They are waterproof, too, and insulate against heat and cold. Belflor Pattern No. 7150-4.*

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THE WELCOME LITTLE VAGABOND

(Continued from Page 36)

had elated, temporarily, Ching's depressed ambitions.

She had said:

"You know, Stanley dear, she's an observing little creature. Did you notice that she doesn't curl her little fingers into shavings as she used to? She really is losing some of her dreadful affectations."

But Baxter had rejected even this crumb of toleration.

"The conceit of being a heroine made her forget to mannerize," he promptly discounted.

Nevertheless, Ching's philosophies did not fail him, cats being cats, and hens being chickens. From that day on, had Patty Hetherington's golden hair turned mud color, had her dimples lengthened to wrinkles, had her black-lashed Irish eyes faded and taken on a squint, she would have remained forever lovely in his estimation.

But because beauty and man's desire lie behind and not before the eyes of valuation, some feet follow the valleys, some climb hills; some hearts love a hearthside, others adventure's trails; many prefer roses, a few the marigold.

To the fastidious Stanley Baxter, Patty Hetherington's pretty face was as naked of charm as it was clothed with cosmetics. He who loved with unabating longing a woman like Marcia Van Ester, must of necessity see woman's beauty only in her image—tall, slender, radiant; as naturally poised as a lily; with the delicacy and color of a primrose; seeming fragile, really strong.

To Ching, this woman who he knew lived in his master's heart was quite another picture. Her arms and legs were all too long, her face was as cold as an ivory idol's and her feet were truly horrible. No instincts whatever, animal or spiritual, fowl or feline, as were attributed to Patty Hetherington; no peril to self or others could have tempted the lovely Marcia to combat death in her lingerie—publicly. Not without courage, she would have preferred the handicap of charming garments.

Ah, yes, his master might brand Patty Hetherington as a painted little acrobat, but it pleased Ching to conjure a name for the impossible picture of Marcia Van Ester, similarly unclad, leaping in abandoned fearlessness from that point of rocks.

By a vicious freak of fortune, Marcia Van Ester—now Lady Elger and wistfully unhappy—was visiting in the United States. Stanley Baxter had seen her only once. Ching had gleaned most of the details during various periods of stalking the deadly ant; he had overheard Mrs. Baxter's conversation to "dear Marcia" over the long-distance telephone, for Marcia, unable to control her conjectures, had telephoned the same afternoon of the incident. Then, after a three-day interval of silence on Baxter's part, Ching had been arranging flowers when Mrs. Baxter delicately broached the matter to her son.

Baxter had neither wanted nor expected to see Lady Elger. Most excessively, he had not wanted to see her on that unpropitious day when, obeying an unfortunate impulse of patronage, he had taken Bum's mother to the Club Exclusif for luncheon. It had all been due to an extravagance of diplomacy on his own part, unoccasioned by Bum's patent formula: "Is my mother going along? I like to have my mother go along." Baxter had yielded distastefully, but with a certain sense of grim amusement to these unfailing suggestions of Bum's. He was so manifestly a primed little pump of his mother's ambitions. And since these ambitions must be denied her, Baxter, and even his mother, reasoned that the absurd little person must be kept as kindly disposed toward the situation as possible, in order that Bum's affections be given fertile soil in which to root and grow strongly. On this particular day, Bum had been left in a small sunny room of a private hospital to be observed and X-rayed and graciously entertained. They had left him, hilarious with anticipation of the new seaplane. Perhaps John, Mr. Baxter's pilot, would take them back to Legend Lake in it if Bum were very brave about his leg when the doctors looked at it. He had been very brave.

And Baxter, ridiculously buoyant because of the child's eagerness to go back with him alone—without his mother and to Sammy's aunty—had asked Patty Hetherington to lunch with him before she went to her afternoon's work at the studio. He had chosen a judiciously secluded table and it seemed a safely early hour. He was facing a fern-fountained corner when Marcia Elger's voice—low, clear, surprised, glad with greeting—brought him to his feet. Her husband was with her. Lord Elger, mustached and ah-ing, was the universal Englishman, compounded of bored and intensive good breeding.

Lost for a moment in the heartful shock of Marcia's presence, Baxter turned to face the ordeal of making known his bizarre little companion. And she was standing; she was standing, flushed and deferent, obviously oppressed by confusion. Marcia's gray eyes, water-cool, amused, wondering what he had come to, delightedly detailed the *tout ensemble* of the garishly gowned little movie actress. Baxter suffered murderous anticipations of hearing Patty's "Awfully pleased to meet you," but Lorena's tutoring availed here, and she said only "Lady Elger" in an impressed voice and "Lord Elger" with yet greater deference.

When they had mercifully passed on, Baxter very briefly dissipated her small pride in having properly survived the occasion.

"Mrs. Ryan," he said—he always called her Mrs. Ryan and had so introduced her—"Mrs. Ryan, if any other of my friends should discover us, please remain in your chair unless their age demands obeisance."

"Oh, boy!" Mrs. Ryan had nonchalantly bandaged her wound with an audacious laugh. "And here I was pinning a medal on myself for acting like one of Lorena's regular hard-boiled gentlewomen. You oughtta—I mean, you should have left me downstairs to get a pancake at that cafeteria."

"Undoubtedly."

His chagrin spat out the word in the face of his tactful determinations. The situation, disagreeable enough before, became actually alarming in the short silence. Then Patty Hetherington very quietly told him the truth and supplemented it with an arrow of her own.

"Well, if I was rude, I didn't mean to be, and that's more than you can say, I guess. And there's one thing, Mr. Baxter: If Bum should decide on the career of a blooded gentleman, I hope you'll teach him to have enough self-respect so that he doesn't crawl under anybody's opinion, no matter what he's doing or who he's with. . . . Please pass me an olive; the waiter gave you both dishes and the least I can get out of this lovely lunch is a little food."

He had reddened, lost color, looked pale; he put down his consommé spoon and slowly took it up again. His barely audible voice trembled.

"After so thorough a reprisal, Mrs. Ryan, I'm sure any apology would be superfluous."

"Just as you like. But don't hold the olives out on me too." He passed the olives.

"May I ask, Mrs. Ryan, if you are still acceptant of our agreement to let Bum decide for himself, as you have just intimated?"

"When I make an agreement I stay acceptant, as you call it, until it's finished."

It was the first time since they had made it that their bargain had been mentioned between them. Its demand for the absolute and permanent withdrawal of Patty's undesired self was not one that lent itself easily to conversation. Their avoidance of it had grown a solid wall of embarrassment about the subject, now made vulnerable only by the moment's irritation.

"Women do change their minds, you know." He had attempted a companionable smile. "I doubt, Mrs. Ryan, if you realize how much this little chap has come to—ah, mean to me."

"No, I can't realize it, of course, being just a cheap little incubator that raises children for the market. But I'm not making any mistake about how much you're beginning to mean to the kid, worse luck."

She finished the last bite of her third and last muffin. There was something terrible about her appetite; it made her sovereign of the situation.

"Great Scott, Mrs. Ryan! I certainly don't regard you as an incubator. And of course I understand that your son is dear to you. But I know that women in—in public life, with careers to attend to, are obliged to look at things differently than—than other women. Isn't that true?"

"You've just said so. Now listen, Mr. Baxter. There's one thing I'd like to have you get me straight on. You've been so beautifully honest about wishing you'd pastured me out downstairs. Now no matter how Bum decides, you haven't done me any favor, see? I wish you'd never set eyes on him. That's the truth!"

And she was enjoying her luncheon! Baxter shivered.

"Yes? It strikes me as odd, then, that you agreed to the plan."

"Yes, it would. But it looked to me like it was up to me to give him a fair show. He's had enough hard luck. And if things go flooey with me in the pictures, he'll never have much chance. If he should grow up into a limping hobo, I wouldn't get much comfort sitting in an old ladies' home thinking what he might have been if I'd given him a chance to choose for himself."

Obviously, she had stopped only to devote herself more attentively to the sweetbreads, so Baxter said nothing.

"I've known all along that you had the right hunch about my sticking round all the time like a fly. Of course, I'm the original idiot, but you see I couldn't know what an incurable insect I am with your class of people, because none of 'em ever bothered to tell me except you, and ——"

She left off here and personally summoned the waiter by a beckoning flash of her dimples to request a large cup of coffee at once. Her former self-humility and consciousness were gone. She had become suddenly strong with the arrogant return of her self-sincerity. She became interesting, as a zoölogical specimen.

"Really, Mrs. Ryan, are you explaining that you contemplated a—a serious attachment between us?"

"Well, that's the highbrow translation of it, I guess. But you can rest easy now. My contemplations are ended, believe me. It was no idea of mine in the first place, but—but some friends of mine talked me into thinking that if I could act that five-dollar Book of Etiquette like Sarah Bernhardt I could fool you into thinking it was real life, and you might acquire a taste for —— Gosh, I'm sorry to embarrass you so, Mr. Baxter! I'm the one that's hanging myself."

"Well, then I beg of you, Mrs. Ryan, stay the execution. Please! I ——"

"Cheer up, the worst is over. For goodness' sake, don't let it spoil your appetite!" She was welcoming the fourth, fifth and sixth little oncoming muffins. "No matter what happens, I have to eat. I've got to race a locomotive all afternoon on an old nag that's rougher than a truck. . . . But about Bum. I've given you my word and I'll stick to it. But just the same, I'm not going to blow out like a bubble till the time comes. For these next two weeks and a half, while you're handing him the moon on a gold platter, I'm going to be in the picture; that's all, just in the picture like I am in the movies. That is to say, I'm going to keep on sticking around the way I have been, just as much as I can. Whenever I can get off at the studio I'm going to be visiting Lorena up at the lake. See?"

"I don't know that I see just the point you intend. . . . Do have these olives too. No, I never eat them. . . . I suppose you mean that since I am not available for your matrimonial schemes, you are going to influence Bum against me in some way that suits your own conscience."

"I guess it hasn't occurred to you, has it, Mr. Baxter, that if I wanted to I could stop you from ever seeing Bum again? He isn't in any auction, you know. Ten days ago, if things had looked as good about this picture I'm in as they do now, I'd have taken a long thought before I made any such promise. But he's a canny little kid, and if he decides he'd rather play sure with you than take chances with me, why, I've—I've done what I can for him, that's all. Only —— Let's see, what was I saying? Oh, yes. I just wanted to tell you that I wasn't the one that put Bum up to asking you to take me places. I only got it out of him this morning. But now I'm telling you fair not to be surprised if you find me sticking around without being asked. Curtain" She drained her coffee cup and stood abruptly. With a little grimace, she as abruptly sat down again. "Etiquette book, Page Twenty-seven—'Gentleman always stands first and assists lady to rise, holding wrap courteously if wrap is worn.' I should have brought a wrap so I could rehearse the whole thing. You seem to be fasting, anyhow, so you won't mind if I run along. I'm going to be late and Riendu—Mr. Riendu-tout will be worried about my health." She chattered on like a sparrow until he gravely handed her into a taxi.

Inside, she leaned forward and delivered her last admonition: "Please don't let Bum eat pistachio ice cream again; it always upsets his stomach."

"I'm quite aware of it," he had irritatedly called after her, ridiculously chagrined at her attitude of superior knowledge of the child's welfare.

After that day, she had not seen Baxter alone.

These things Ching had not learned from Baxter's lips—ah, no. For Baxter had exercised a highly selective discrimination in reviewing the luncheon incident to his questioning mother. Ching had been quite able, however, to fill in his omissions, for his friend Woo had driven Patty and the visiting Lorena home from the studio that night in the attentive yellow coupé. Woo had also heard the matter reviewed a second time when Patty drove, later, with Dan Drummond. There were significant discrepancies between the two recitals which Woo's ears did not miss. Woman and her ways held no mystery to Ching and Woo, be the woman rich or poor, sweet or sullen, yellow or white. And they both knew the misfortune that had fallen on Patty Hetherington.

For are not women's hearts ever inclined toward man's indifference? And can a mother's heart miraclize into a virgin's? She was doubly done. That Patty Hetherington should love Stanley Baxter was to Ching merely a manifestation of those worshiped consistencies to which the antagonistic Baxter furnished the proof-conclusive exception.

Other men whom she knew had invariably urged various means of Bum's convenient disposal. This man wanted him. What could cold reason avail her, seeing bitterness leave Baxter's face, and beauty come, when he looked on her grinning, crippled little son? Ching himself almost loved Baxter when he was with the child, and Hortense Baxter turned her prayers to praise.

But Bum had chosen. He would not have been Bum had he chosen differently.

(Continued on Page 46)

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S. E. P. 5-29-26

(Continued from Page 44)

And so Ching shook his silken dust cloth dustlessly and indulged his pleasant satisfactions, while Baxter's voice raged on and his mother's broke with weeping.

"—— no use in the world trying to move me with your tears, mother! Agreement or no agreement, I'm going to satisfy myself that the child realizes what he's doing—if it should be a fact that he has decided against me." Baxter's voice shook with belligerence. "I haven't trusted that Davis woman from the first. She's uncanny. But you argued me into half believing she was honest. This is what comes from listening to you!"

"Stanley! You're surely mad! After I've sacrificed my pride, my every personal wish, to help you win this wretched little youngster! Oh, it's more than I can bear to have you speak so!"

"Oh, all right, all right; I apologize for everything—anything. . . . Ching, bring the car round—no, I'll walk. That path's short and they won't see me coming. And I'll wager wickedness against religion that I'll bring the boy back with me. There'll be no use after he gets with his mother again."

"Ching," said Mrs. Baxter in her quietest, queenliest voice, "get the car for Mr. Baxter." She opened the screen door and mechanically, tearfully, took the dust cloth from the hesitating Ching. "You are not going to walk, Stanley. You've worked yourself up into perfect condition for a heart attack."

"I am not going to walk, Ching," Baxter ironically echoed. "Get the car."

On the way through the faintly flushed sunny woods, Baxter said only, "Ching, how does it strike you? Do you believe the child is so deeply attached to his mother?"

"He like silly mamma velly good, I guess," Ching gracefully noncommitted himself.

And—"What the hell?" said Baxter.

"Here she now," said Ching.

There she was, indeed, she and Bum in the yellow coupé. Woo and Ching exchanged warm and invisible greetings as they stopped their cars. Before the yellow car had completely stopped, Patty Hetherington had breezed off its step as blithely as an autumn leaf, slamming the door on the promptly following Bum. She wore a white organdie frock with gold ribbons that matched her hair. She had no hat. Her head looked like a wind-blown golden chrysanthemum.

"Back up, Woo, and turn around in that side road we just passed. You stay with Woo till I call you, Bum. I want to show Mr. Baxter these pictures the doctor sent."

Bum, decidedly dressed up in a slightly outgrown white suit, his blue eyes swollen and red-rimmed from tears, grinned and waved at his millionaire man.

"I c'n go on the picnic all right if we c'n be back at half-past five. Can we?" he called.

His mother grimaced commandingly at Baxter, to whom the picnic reference was an obscurity quite congruous with the rest of the situation. But he obeyed her affirmative grimaces.

"Yes, we can," he said.

"At half-past five?" yelled Bum as the car backed down the road.

"Yes," called Baxter.

He waited by his car, unsmiling and bareheaded

She came slowly over to him, her eyes hard, her smile not pleasant.

"Put up your gun, friend. I'm unarmed," she said, sitting down on the running board and looking up at him. Her hands fell heavily in her lap as if overwearied with their small burden—an old scarred leather folder held together by a wide new rubber band. "Well, if you still want Bum you can have him."

Baxter's pale drawn face flushed a little.

"Ah, I thought perhaps Miss Davis was "

"Well, you thought wrong. Miss Davis told you the truth, and I hope it'll always be a nice little thorn in your conceit to know that Bum turned down a Baxter for—merely me. Oh, you needn't look so murderous! The point is, do you want to take him anyhow?"

"Against his will? Certainly not! I thought it was definitely understood that I did not see him again in that event."

"Oh, I suppose then you're just out for a morning drive on the pretty boulevards in our back yards." Straight goods, weren't you beating it as hard as you could just to 'see him again in that event'?"

"I was going to Miss Davis' cottage; you are right; but merely to convince myself of—of the facts."

"Well, the facts, Mr. Baxter, are these: Things messed up pretty badly for me last week—that's why you've missed the pleasure of my company these last few days; and yesterday I got dispensed with. No contract. Not even a kind word. Don't try to look sympathetic. I know how sorry you must be. I've got three hundred and eleven dollars and I owe four thousand. About all I can do for Bum is get him a paper route. Now it seems to me you ought to forgive the poor little kid for sticking to his own mother. Really, it's not a bad trait. And when he's lived with you as long as he's been mine, he'll die for you. Why, he'd cried so hard this morning he was sick when I got to Lorena's. He'll forget me in a little bit; he's not used to having me around much anyhow. Well, what's the verdict?"

"Frankly, Mrs. Ryan, it's rather difficult to have entire confidence in your stability of purpose. If ——"

"Don't let that worry you. Stability's my middle name from now on. Here!" Her fingers whisked a new sheet of blue paper from the leather folder; its round carefully written words read:

"This is to certify that I give my consent for the legal adoption of my son Rutherford Squires Ryan by Mr. Stanley Baxter.

"RUTH RYAN [PATTY HETHERINGTON].

"Witnessed by:

"LORENA DAVIS,

"JAMES SMITH."

It bore that day's date and a Legendville notary's stamp.

"I guess that's stable, isn't it? I drove by the village and paid a funny old freak twenty-five cents for making that mark on it."

Baxter took a long time to read it. He turned it over and folded it.

"And what"—he cleared his throat—"and what, Mrs. Ryan—if you are, indeed, definitely settled on this course—is your idea of immediate procedure?"

"Well, I've told Bum that I drove by your place this morning on my way out and that you'd changed your mind and thought it would be nicer to go on being friends, like before. I said you wanted him to go on a picnic and I'd come by to get him at half-past five."

"Yes, so I gathered. And then?"

"Then, if you want to, you can tell him I must have wanted to run away and leave him. I've got another scheme, but it'll be more trouble. It wouldn't upset him so much at first, though, and I do hate for him to grow up thinking his mother didn't stick by him."

"I'm quite certain I shall prefer the other scheme, Mrs. Ryan."

"Thanks. I thought I could telephone from New York at half-past five and say Mr. Riendutout had sent for me in a hurry and I'd be busy for a few days. Then he won't fret himself into a fever. He gets fevers at the least little thing. Then I thought you could pretend to get a telegram saying I was killed or dead—or something—from Lorena. He'll have a bad time for a few days, but he'll be used to staying with you nights and all. See? I'll appreciate it a lot if you don't mind letting him think I'm dead. I'll never resurrect myself. You can bank on that. You don't believe me, but I swear I won't."

"On the contrary, I do believe you, Mrs. Ryan. At least I believe in the sincerity of your present intention, remarkable though it is. But what about the very probable possibility of Bum's seeing you in pictures?"

"Nothing about it. There are no more pictures for me. I'm going to Europe tomorrow. If I come back, I won't stick around the Baxter estates. I'm no prouder of being Bum's mother, after today, than you are of the misfortune. Anything else that bothers you? I don't want to keep Bum waiting so long, he'll smell a mouse."

He hesitated, fumbled for his handkerchief and gave mechanical unnecessary attention to his long thin nose. She stood up.

"If there isn't, I'll be breezing along. Here's a few papers—dates and things I thought maybe you'd want. There's a picture of his father in there. And I've a dying request—now that I'm going to be dead in a few days. Mind if I make it a little in advance?"

He took the folder she held out to him. He was wordless, stupid, unarmored against her jaunty, imperturbable jocularity. It was a pose, he knew, but an effective one.

"I wish you'd keep that picture in his room somewhere, Mr. Baxter. I guess it's only a picture to him, maybe; but he's used to seeing it. His father probably'd never have been rich or famous or anything like that. He was an awful daydreamer. We both ran away from school to get married. But he was brave and honest, and he was good too. And I think it's only due him for Bum to know that much about him. His regiment's in there too. He was a sergeant."

She turned quickly, put her fingers to her mouth and gave a shrill whistle. An eager quick little cry answered.

"Funny little hobo," she said. He saw her throat swallow.

"Mrs. Ryan! Wait! I—I—can't I—won't you permit me to place a sum to your credit, just as—as one who will be forever in your debt, so you can pay the four thousand?"

She turned her head and looked straight at him, surprised a little, seeming rather proud.

"Thanks, no," she said. "There's just one thing you can't do for Bum, to save your soul, and that's to buy him. Now please don't look at me like that before Bum. I had a hard enough time convincing him you'd suddenly got very fond of me. And you'd better cache that folder in an inside pocket. Now cheerio! I'll be dead in a minute. Register animation and friendship." She shook her head. "Not so good. You look about as friendly as an owl at high noon. Can't you ——" Bum's irregular skipping footfalls were coming swiftly. It was best not to test Baxter's histrionic ability. She turned and flashed down the road with a hippety-hop skip to match Bum's own, calling back a clear, "That's bully then, Mr. Baxter; and I'll see you on Tuesday at Doctor Elwell's."

"Fine!" he said in a loud flat voice.

Bum was perhaps forty feet from him when he met his mother.

"Got a clean handkerchief?" she demanded brightly. Bum proudly produced an unfolded square and she tucked it back in his blouse pocket.

"I'll swing you a ring-around," she said. He held up his hands for her tight clasp and, feet together, heads thrown back, both faces shining, they swung around in a circle. It was one of the few play games that his lame leg let him do—if he did it only a little. They swung three times.

It was her farewell. She loosed his hands and started him on with a little spank. Woo was backing the yellow coupé to meet her.

"I'm going by the path, Woo," she called. "Drive through the village and get Sammy at the dentist's."

A steep path jumped off the roadside, but before her quick feet found it Bum cried, "Mum!" There was fear in the call. She stopped, shook back her blowing hair and smiled at them. Bum was holding his millionaire man's hand. Baxter stood on his good foot, his other one on the running board.

"G-good-by," Bum said, diffidently, rather shamedly, as if he were surprised himself at the sound that had been in his voice. She did not tell him good-by.

"Be ready at half-past five," she called. "That won't be too early for you, will it, Mr. Baxter?"

"We'll be there," said Stanley Baxter in such a loud queer voice that Bum stared up at him. "I'm sorry you can't go with us."

"Bravo!" She threw up both arms and laughed. "Wish I could. I'll go next time."

They saw her bright head bobbing through the trees, and until Ching started the engine, they heard her whistling, mimicking a meadow lark.

VII

HALF-PAST five. Stanley Baxter and Bum returned to Singing Cedars with ten minutes of grace. They had spent a very full and satisfactory day. They had driven many miles. They had not only visited a fox farm, to see silver foxes and red ones and sullen baby ones, but they had found a circus in one town, with clowns and a merry-go-round and some dilapidated elephants. They had picnicked by a stream in a wooded pasture, their twenty-dollar luncheon furnished by an ecstatic farmer's wife who knew they must be Rockefellers. Bum had challenged, successfully, all past calamitous experience and had eaten as much chicken and shortcake and grapes as he had been able to swallow. After the picnic, they had lain on their backs on the soft warm ground and Bum had made up stories to go with the scattering breeze-blown clouds. Baxter had especially liked the adventures of the cloud that looked like Sammy's aunty; it had wandered into the way of a cloud that was Ching—with a funny big hat—and the two of them hurried together right into a tipsy-steepled church whose walls dissolved immediately and displayed a whole congregation of little Ching children and a great big alligator cloud came scuttling up and swallowed every one. Yes, a very good day. But half-past five grew nearer and nearer.

"Wickedness against religion" Baxter had wagered his mother with an angry, careless tongue; but he had not gone back to prove his winnings. He had sent Ching to the house and taken the car himself. It was the one specially equipped for him to drive, with added hand brakes. He had wanted to avoid his mother just then for some reason that he left unanalyzed and he had wanted to get away—alone. So he had simply done both things. It was a most natural habit with Baxter to do what he wanted to when it was humanly possible.

His postponement, however, multiplied the complexities for the inevitable hour of half-past five. There would be imperative questions, unless Ching had been unusually communicative, which might imperil the distasteful pretense that was to insure his title to this last most precious possession.

But his mother, nervously welcoming, excited, doubtfully glad for him, was not waiting to greet him. Ching did not appear. His mother's maid answered his impatient bell. Visibly perturbed.

"Mrs. Baxter's gone for a walk, sir. She's been very much upset all afternoon. I'm worried about her, sir."

"Where's Ching?"

"I don't know, sir. He and your mother had—had some trouble, I think. I think perhaps he has left, sir."

"The devil!" mused Baxter.

"It's pretty near half-past five, I guess," remarked Bum detachedly, swinging his dusty feet under his favorite little bench.

The devil, indeed! He had his stage set and his players ready.

Through the drawing-room door, silent, contemptuous, entered Ching, dressed for the highway—in baggy tweeds, an enormous floppy straw hat and yellow shoes. He was weighted down on the right by a covered wicker clothes hamper which was his traveling bag. He did not set it down.

At the same simultaneous instant, comedy-fashion, Mrs. Hortense Baxter entered from the door at the other end of the

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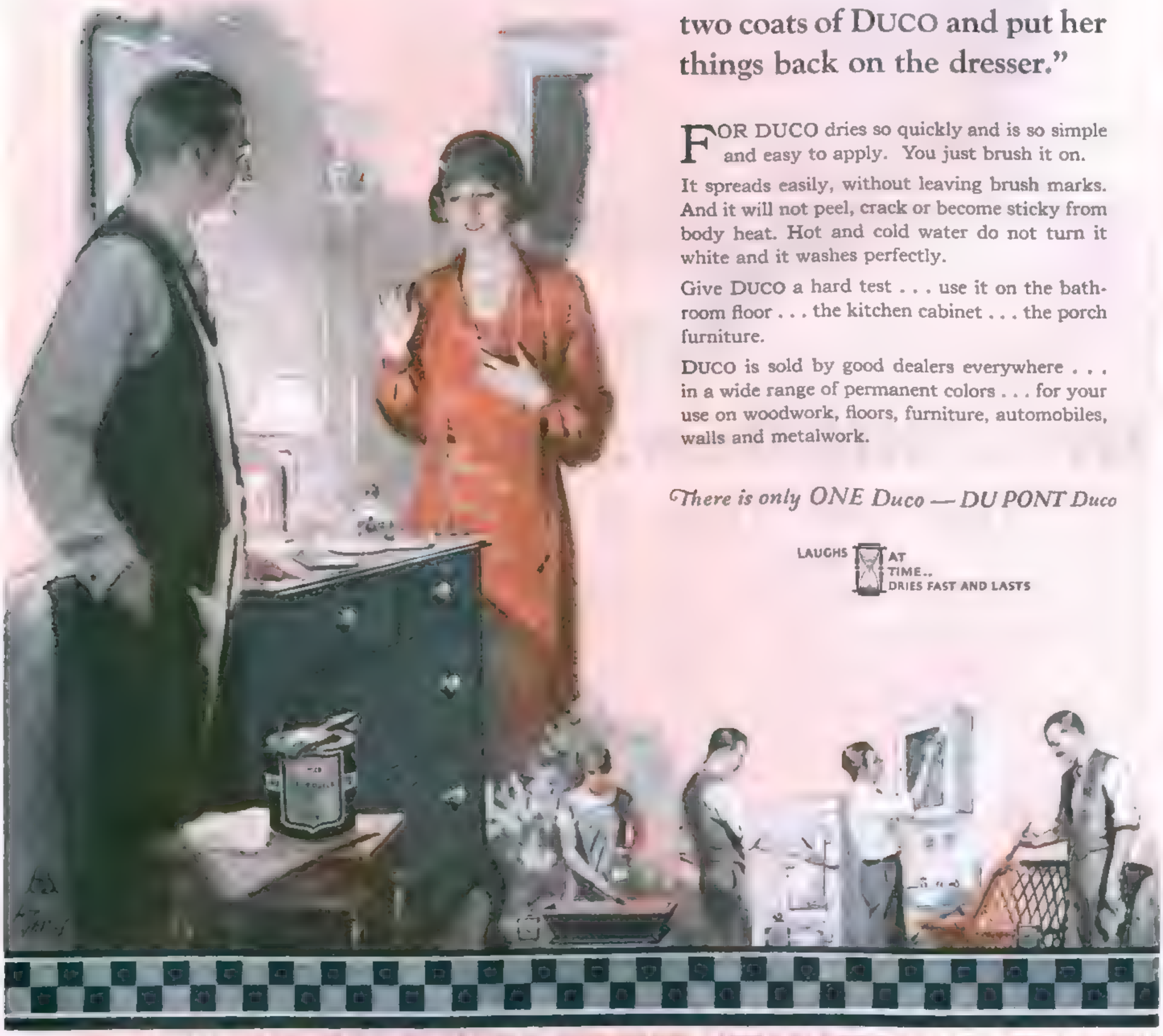

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veranda. Baxter turned sidewise at the sound and remained frozen in the twisted posture. His mother? In a morning gown at teatime? An untidy gown? Torn? With walking boots?

Bum divided his attentions between the two amazing apparitions, but Baxter stared only at his mother. Ching, with a disgusted grunt, put down his hamper. He would have to wait his turn. Mrs. Baxter advanced.

"Oh, Stanley, Stanley, what have you done?" It was not lamentation; it was imperious rebuke.

Baxter turned a terrible eye on Ching, who gave a magnificent gesture of unconcern.

"Ah, I no tell her. She ask. I say wait till you come. You can do. She get velly mad. But Ching mad too. I go. You no good."

Baxter laughed, his glance wondering what to do with Bum.

"I've known that for a long time, Ching. Mother, please remember that you have a very impressionable listener. What is this frenzy all about? What did you ask Ching?"

"I asked him, Stanley, what you had done to this child's poor little mother. And the miserable infidel spat—yes, spat on the ground and scuttled off. And now I ask you—what have you done? For whatever it is, I shall find her and restore this boy to her, with money to support him, if—if it takes me to my dying day!"

Baxter took one step toward her, but Ching took twenty.

"Missy Baxter no think good? Think bad too? Oh, Ching makee big mistake. I know place she go. I find. I solly. I solly. Missy Baxter change? I think Missy Baxter takee Bum anyway can get. You think velly bad too—makee poor li'l' mamma go way be bad woman? Mebbe so you ——"

He retreated unresentfully before her fluttering hands. "You fool! Of course I think very bad! What did you ——"

"Be still!"

It was a voice Baxter often flung at others, but had never before used against his mother. Bum, with wild bewildered eyes, had slowly approached them. He reached out and clutched Baxter's trousers leg, staring at Mrs. Baxter.

"My mother's not gone away!" His shrill, anxious contradiction unhesitatingly took up the silence following Baxter's command. "She's comin' for me at half-past five. She said she was. An'—an'"—he changed his distressed, belligerent address to Ching, who had returned to his packed possessions in the doorway—"an' she ain't neither goin' to be a bad lady, is she?" This last to Baxter, who put an unsteady hand on his shoulder, answering quietingly:

"My mother and Ching have made a mistake, Bum. Of course she is coming at 5:30. Do you want to go down to the gate and wait for her?"

"Unh!" Ching's superbly insolent grunt of derision completely wrecked the strength of this suggestion, and it was succeeded swiftly by the inanimate aid of some distant little clock singing its two notes of silver song that marked the half hours. For an instant the four of them looked like startled birds, waiting for further evidence of unseen trouble. And the telephone rang.

It brought eloquent gestures from Ching, who addressed Mrs. Baxter with all the aplomb of a proved ally: "You see? You see? Him's mamma say she no can come. Tell Bum stay here li'l' while. She say she busy few days. Then bimeby play likee dead. You see?"

Mrs. Baxter started for the telephone, but Baxter started faster. He strode ahead and grasped it, pushing his mother aside, Bum dodging doggedly between them.

"Mother, I'll answer this! You've made enough of a mess! Sit down, I tell you, mother!"

Ching, as consistent a champion as he had been an ardent antagonist—for he had never liked his master's mother and, except for his ant-exterminating virtues, she had frankly detested him—slipped commiseratingly behind her with a wicker chair which she faintingly found, bending her face into her two hands so that she looked hattedly headless. Ching returned to his statuesque complacency in the doorway. The gods, ever remarkable, had sent him a stronghold he little expected. And she had said "with money to support him." Ching licked his lips as he watched Baxter.

"Hello! Hello!" Baxter was in his big chair by the table, Bum teetering on his left leg. "Yes, yes, give me the party. . . . Hello! Oh, hello, Sammy. . . . Yes, Bum is right here. . . . Wait, wait a moment. . . . Here he is." He helped Bum hold the instrument; the child's shrill tones trembled excitedly. "'Lo, Sammy! Where's my mother? Huh? Huh? Wha'd' you say? . . . Why can't she? I wantta talk to her. I—I ——"

At the zenith of their vocal hysteria there was no Sammy. Some censoring companion had undoubtedly removed him.

"Public booth—can't help you," Central snapped.

"Now, mother, perhaps you will sit down," said Baxter coolly.

Quietness and an astounding self-control had rescued him. He had everything to lose and all to gain in the next few seconds. He pulled the telephone from Bum's clutching fingers and set it on the table. He leaned back in the big chair and gathered Bum down beside him in an assuring arm. Bum whimpered, but lay still in his cramped, awkward position.

But with Baxter's merciless composure had returned, also, his mother's—even more merciless—to the combat. She backed, looking straight at him, to her chair. She took off her hat and held it toward Ching.

"Ring for Anna, Ching," she said quite quietly.

"And then you take that thing and get out!" said Baxter, murder in the calm command.

Mrs. Baxter smiled at Ching as he took her hat.

"You will please stay right here, Ching. My son forgets that this is my house. I have let him play master too long, it seems."

"Yes, Missy Baxter," said Ching in a voice smooth as a peony petal.

"I shall be only too happy to leave your house, mother, and for good."

She ignored this. She was now smiling at Bum, one hand mechanically lifted to replace a straying strand of her hair.

"Bum, you want always to be your own mother's little boy, don't you?"

Bum nodded and gulped chokingly. He tried to raise his body, but Baxter's arm tightened.

"Mother, this will be the end between us," said Baxter, very low.

"Come here, Bum." She held out her arms, still smiling. "Let him come, Stanley."

Ching's eyes almost straightened with staring. Bum struggled up from the motionless Baxter and limped slowly to her, his lips trembling. She cupped his face in her hands, tipping his head back a little, as she had done the first time she saw him. Neither Baxter nor certainly Ching had ever seen Hortense Baxter look as she did then. Tangibly, she had lost much of her usual careful loveliness. But there are times when the spirit of motherhood transcends any human beauty. Ching, watching Baxter, saw him lose his anger in sincere wonder. It is at least baffling to discover that a person whom you have intimately known for thirty-eight years is not that person at all.

"Bum, dear," she said in a soft undisturbed voice, "I want you to go with Anna now. But I will take you to your mother soon—perhaps tomorrow, and I promise you that she will not leave you any more. You believe that, don't you?"

Bum nodded unemphatically.

"But why don't she come to get me, like she said?"

"I don't quite know, Bum." She talked to him very slowly, convincingly. "I think she and Mr. Baxter planned to play a little trick on you, to leave you here a few days by yourself so you would be very sure about not wanting to stay with us all the time and ——"

"She said 'at he liked her better now and didn't want her to go way. Don't he?"

She honored the troubled faith in his blue steadfast eyes.

"I don't know. Sometimes very, very nice people do not like each other. But that doesn't matter. What matters is that I do not think it was kind to try to fool you. That is why we have been angry. But it is very foolish to get angry and we won't do it any more. Now please go with Anna, Bum. She will give you a bath and then take you up to see the new puppies."

She did not kiss him, but as her hands were gently leaving his cheeks, he gave a little whimpering cry and threw his arms tightly up around her neck.

"You—you like my mother, don't you?" he sobbed.

"A very, very great deal," said Hortense Baxter distinctly, letting him hold her an instant in his tight little arms. Then she gave his hand into Anna's soft big warm one. Baxter was lying back, inert, expressionless, looking out the window over their heads.

In the doorway, Bum stopped short between Anna and the wicker hamper. Ching actually flinched.

"I know my mother ain't either goin' to be a bad lady, you—you old mean Chinaman!" he said.

Ching took his denouncement as humbly as if it were deserved.

"I makee big mistake, I guess. I velly solly."

"I think we have all made big mistakes." Mrs. Baxter's voice mildly followed Bum's exit. "And if you wish to reconsider your rash remarks, Stanley, I shall be glad." Her son said nothing. He looked at her coolly, and then away again. "But if you do not, it cannot possibly make any difference in what I intend to do. No, Ching, stay where you are. For myself, I am exceedingly sorry for the hysterical—attack I made on you, Stanley. I had worked myself into what you properly called a frenzy by conjecturing all sorts of tragedies for that poor little thing and ——"

"'Poor little thing!' Really, mother, you're nothing short of remarkable. After today, I can assure you that I shall interest myself no further in your eccentricities: but since this present one has done me out of absolutely the only interest I have in life I am curious to know what changed her so pathetically to 'that poor little thing.' She was a 'wretched little schemer' and a 'miserable little creature' when I left you this morning." He lit a cigarette.

Mrs. Baxter's face changed. She leaned back and closed her eyes an instant. Emotions are villainous masters but splendid slaves.

"I saw her, Stanley, a few moments after you must have seen her," she said quietly. "I—I followed you by the short-cut path because I was fearful that you might forget your agreement of honor. I went a little off the path to avoid a pool and—came on her."

"Humph! I can quite imagine that the versatile Mrs. Ryan was able to make a dramatic impression. And it is delightfully pertinent just here to inform Your Sentimental Highness that she goes to Paris tomorrow with her Drummond friend—a trip the gentleman would have denied her had she been burdened with her son. Did she also tell you that?"

"She did not tell me anything. She did not know that I saw her."

"Oh, then the edifying melodrama we've just pulled off was entirely your ——"

She stopped him with a quick gesture.

"We must stop her. She—she —— Tell me what happened, Stanley."

Her manner was so simply vested with the right to command that Baxter seemed a child in his sullen obeying. One elbow on the table, his fingers poising an overly

(Continued on Page 51)

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casual cigarette, he satirically detailed his morning meeting with Patty Hetherington. She did not interrupt him. She did not look surprised or shocked. Once she turned her eyes from him to shake her head at Ching, who had made an eruptive ejaculation.

"Oh, the poor, poor little thing!" she said when she had heard it all. "With different circumstances, I don't believe she ever would have been in such a situation with that man. Stanley, didn't it occur to you, believing as you do that you have the boy's best interests at heart, to offer her funds, not for herself, but for the boy, so she could keep him and support him and be free of this Drummond person? Could you think only of yourself?"

"Mother, you're ridiculous! You don't suppose she's been obliged to suffer his attentions for two years, do you? If you knew the least thing on earth about such women, you'd ——"

Ching exploded.

"She good girl—fine girl! My flen Woo know she g——"

"I happen to know about her!" Hortense Baxter's voice quietly went on, trembling strong. "I know that girl loves her child the way I love you, and I don't care what she's done or what she expects to do, she's going to have him if God gives me strength to get him to her." Tears came, but her voice stayed low and empty of hysteria. Baxter dropped his cigarette and bent his head into his hand, his eyes covered. "You will ridicule it, but I'm certain only God could have sent me to her this morning. The poor little thing had dropped down in a heap by a rock; I wasn't fifteen feet from her. For a moment I actually thought she was dead. Then she threw her head back till the sun fell flat on her face. It was distorted and tight; she had bitten her lip and the drops of blood were on her chin, but she wasn't crying—not a tear. She was talking, mumbling, in a sick beaten voice that I won't forget so long as I live. She said, 'I've tried! I've tried! And You've never once helped me. I hope You'll be better to Bum now. I've given him up, I tell You, I've given him away!'

"I ran away from her," said Hortense Baxter in a different, puzzled voice. "I can't see now why I did it. But I—I couldn't let her know I had seen her—then. I came back here. I thought you would be here. Finally, when you didn't come, I went back to the Davis cottage. They had gone. So I've thought of her—that way—all day. I've suffered again, Stanley, the same hours I've suffered just as she did; for, oh, many, many times these last six years I've felt that God has stopped helping me too—when I waited days for news of you, knowing your plane had been shot down—there is no human way for you to realize the kind of pain a woman can know for her child—again, when you came back, my proud gallant son, crippled and sick; but more, oh, more than all else I have futilely prayed to God to keep your spirit from breaking and I've been made to watch you worse than die before my eyes—turn dispirited, bitter, selfish, cruel, hating everything. Bum is her only son and you are mine. But I cannot let you take him from her. No matter what is true about her, I—I believe in her."

Knowing well how deep Hortense Baxter had given of herself to this son whom she loved, Ching stared at her with such reverence as he paid his gods. And Stanley Baxter slowly raised his head and looked at this woman who had never before crossed him in any matter, large or small. His face flushed and paled queerly, and one cheek twitched. In his bewildered wonder and without bitterness, he looked strangely like a little boy, ashamed.

"Well—well, mother"—his voice broke, but he caught it hoarsely together again—"I'd no idea you were—were such a great old girl. I guess there's something pretty fine beside those still waters where you and the bishop walk, after all—pretty fine, mother."

He held out his arms and she went quickly to him. Ching vanished. But he waited. His voice was near when, in a moment, Mrs. Baxter called to him. She stood by the table beside her son's chair. But the eager impatient discourse burning in Ching's throat was thwarted by Baxter's curt specific inquiry, "I think you said you know where Mrs. Ryan is. Do you?"

Ching looked at Mrs. Baxter.

"I savvy place. Velly nice house."

"Where is it?" asked Baxter.

Ching continued to address Mrs. Baxter.

"House by Eas' River. Makee over jus' likee new. Nice li'l' led blick house. Pletty flowers in boxes. No velly big. Nice."

"An apartment house, or what?"—irritatedly. "Where?"

"Jus' house, likee so this house. Mis' Drummond, he leasee, I guess, likee so you leasee aplatment in New Yo'k. Side by Eas' River."

"But do you know the number of the house, Ching, or the street it is on," asked Mrs. Baxter, "so we can telephone or send a telegram?"

"I can go," said Ching, "easy. I lide there two times with my flen Woo las' time we all go city. You takee me show you. Can do."

"Then Mrs. Ryan is at Mr. Drummond's house?" said Baxter in an expressionless voice.

His mother's pale face flushed.

"It makes no difference," she said steadily.

Ching bowed before her, low, as he did before his greatest gods. His hour had come. This time he talked to Baxter, uninterrupted.

"Misa Baxter thinkee big mistake. Missy Lyan, she go parties sometimes Misa Drummond's house. Tha's all. My flen Woo, he know. I talk long time my flen Woo this morning time. Missy Lyan stlaight girl. You savvy? Stlaight. You savvy why? 'Cause li'l' son, he depen' on his mamma. If li'l' mamma get good joss, she pay Mis' Drummond his money, quick, an' takee Bum long, long way. She big fool takee money; no can help, I guess. Jus' same, she keep on tly. My flen Woo say sometimes Mis' Drummond get mad to kill; one time he chop up piano. But Mis' Lyan no 'flaid. She takee muchee money pay doctor bill. Now—too bad. You takee li'l' son. She no got nothing only jus' big debt. She say, 'All light: I pay debt; I go hell.' Too bad. Ching think jus' much bad as murder. Bah!" He had finished with Baxter, who had listened closely, tensely. He turned to Mrs. Baxter with another face, another voice: "Now I guess mebbe so we hully up go give li'l' mamma lo's o' money. Huh?"

"What time does her steamer go, Ching?" asked Mrs. Baxter, her eyes narrowed from the effort she had made to comprehend all that he said.

Her quiet question was a fuse to his excitement. He choked, sputtered and flung his hands.

"Oh, ship go 'bout ten o'clock, I guess. No good go ship. Missy Baxter no savvy? Mus' get li'l' mamma tonight, pletty soon, quick. A-h-h!"

He turned back to Baxter. After all, Baxter was a man with a man's knowledge. But Baxter was thinking about something else.

"You don't believe then that she's in love with this Drummond, Ching?"

Ching's gaze was an expectoration of scorn.

"Huh! Only big fool thinkee so silly. Man no likee Bum, she no likee man. You tellee Missy Baxter mus' go tonight, lite away, quick. She no savvy. You tellee! You tellee!" When the Chinese lid of control is lifted he is a Vesuvius of excitement. Ching sped to the window and gestured like a necromancer. "You blave lady, Missy Baxter, you blave. Look, we go fly ship. I go 'long, show you house. Ho! Easy! Velly good, huh?"

There was perhaps no greater terror in the world to Mrs. Baxter than the "fly ship." She had never set foot in Mumstar. She hated planes as she hated war and the thing it had done to her son. She stared stupidly where Ching pointed. Out in the evening-gray water the big seaplane swung serenely.

"Now you're talking, Ching!" said Baxter in a great voice, adventure-touched. "The villain to the rescue! We can be there by nine. But heaven help you, Ching, if you can't find the house! The wind's just right. Where's ——"

"But, Stanley"—Mrs. Baxter had emerged from stupefied irresolution into a resolute acceptance of the situation—"Ching and I will have to go! Ching can hold Bum on his lap. There won't be room for you and ——"

"Yes, yes; more better Missy Baxter go; she talkee more," Ching threw in.

"—— and you can telephone the yacht club," Mrs. Baxter went smoothly on, talking as fast as Ching himself; "tell them to have my town car waiting, Stanley. They can phone our apartment. And have them send you word when we get there. I'll telephone you later, after we've found her. Get John, Ching. We can start in fifteen minutes."

"You needn't get John at all," said Baxter, coolly grim. John was his pilot. "I'll take her myself. I began this bargain and I'm going to finish it."

VIII

AT 9:15 Stanley Baxter and his mother, with Rutherford Squires Ryan between them, stood at the charming entrance of the "li'l' led blick house side by Eas' River." It was a devious, doubling way that had brought them to that quiet, proudly secluded spot. Though they had moored Mumstar at the Colonial Yacht Club on the Hudson, Ching had whisked them straight to Mott Street, that being his previously established point of orientation. Then, exactly as Woo had driven before, so drove he now, untroubled by turns and twists or by the tragic comments of his impatient passengers.

Oh, New York! Labyrinth of the unexpected; little known to many; wholly known to none. Neither of the Baxters, born and bounded in its limits and limitations, knew of this quaint, quite beautiful quarter that had grown behind the East River tenement section as flowers sometimes fling rare beauty over the undisturbed portions of a rubbish heap.

The house that Drummond had leased from an itinerant artist looked pleasantly out on the surprisingly picturesque river traffic. It stood in a landscaped court, walled on three sides by many-windowed houses. The place had a Latin loveliness.

"This can't be the right house," said Mrs. Baxter, hastily strengthening her voice from an unconscious whisper. Their errand would have seemed less ominous in less unexpected, less dignified surroundings.

"Yep, this's it," Bum was brightly certain. He was in a state of pleased excitement. Weren't they engaged in the man's size thrilling project of stopping his mother from going to Paris? Turning tricks was always a good game. "I know it's it," he insisted. "Once I was here. Mr. Drummond don't like it much. He's goin' to move."

There were faint lights in the house, but no sounds of habitation.

"Now, mother, we may run into most any sort of situation," urged Stanley Baxter. "I wish you would stay in the car."

"That's exactly why I wish you'd let me go in alone with Bum, Stanley. I'm positive it would be better."

"Why, he won't do nothin' to us," Bum heartened them. "He's got a gun, but he never shoots it."

Baxter was ringing a second time. A rollicking feminine voice leaked out of an upstairs window.

"Oh, Dan, shake a leg. There they are now. Anybody down there to let 'em in?"

"Nope. Mike went with Woo to get the parson. But Patty's got a key. Whasaa matter?" His words were touched with the first rhythm of alcoholic animation.

"You don't expect a woman to keep a key, do you? Now don't get excited. Little Bunny'll buttle for you."

Bounding steps brought Little Bunny, a wiry, kimono-wrapped, personless person, who threw the door wide, gasped with astonishment and quickly narrowed the aperture to a judicious crack.

"Mr. Drummond's house?" said Stanley Baxter.

"You can't see it tonight," the substitute butler brusquely informed them. "We're busy. Sorry. But we told that bone-brained agent not to send folks till tomorrow. We'll be out at nine o'clock, sure."

"We don't wish to see the house," said Mrs. Baxter pleasantly. "We want to see Miss Hetherington, if we may."

Little Bunny registered total blankness but her canny eyes were comprehending Mrs. Baxter's town car—a very smart town car—on the curving driveway. Then there was Mrs. Baxter's voice—courteous, sweet, aloof. Class!

"Um-h—is she expecting you?"

"No, she isn't. I'm sorry we couldn't let her know we were coming. But I'm sure she will see us. I am Mrs. Baxter. Will you tell her, please?"

"Well, she's not here right this minute.' The brunet Little Bunny was evidently having a severe mental struggle. "You—you see, I just got here from Hollywood myself, but I thought —— Oh, well, come on in a minute. I'm Mr. Drummond's cousin. Did you know that ——"

"Oh, yes, we know," Mrs. Baxter hastily assured her, gaining the hallway with her followers close following.

Bum had been bribed to silence. The large, sparsely but spectacularly furnished drawing-room was empty of all personal ornament except two tall vases of enormous white roses that stood like virginal sentries against the far wall of the room.

"Just—just sit down, I guess. I'll tell Dan you've ——"

But it was unnecessary to tell Dan anything. Glowering, coatless, black-trousered, he stood midway on the stairs and glared at them through the wide uncurtained opening to the hall. While their backs had been turned, the bomb of his apprehensive fury had burst; it was too late to save him now; he had not even any fragments of reason left.

Baxter rose from his chair before he had quite sat down in it, but Drummond gave them no time for greeting. He pointed menacingly toward the door with a rigid half-bent arm.

"Get out, all of you! Quicker'n you got in! D'j' hear?"

"Mother, please go at once," said Stanley Baxter.

"Go yourself, damn you!" said Dan Drummond. "And take that brat with you. Move!"

Bum, acclimated to melodrama, clarioned out a loud, belligerent, unalarmed "Say, where's my mother? You can't scare us by gettin' mad."

This was an axiom of his mother's, but it failed now. Drummond was more than mad; he was maddened, his boy-young brutal face convulsed with fear-born fury. He came on, head thrust out. Baxter limped quietly toward him, eyes steady, lips tight. He was much taller, Drummond much heavier. Baxter spoke, clearly, slowly:

"Mr. Drummond, I assure you there is no neces——"

And Drummond struck him.

It was not a good fight, but it was a fast one. Baxter went down quickly. His mother, sobbing, together with Little Bunny, ran back to Drummond and tried to pull him off the prostrate Baxter, whom he was choking. But the punishment was brief.

Scrambling to a vantage point on the long table that centered the room, Bum balanced like a little toad on the edge, and with a shrill shriek of pure enemy hatred, leaped down on the back of Drummond's neck and clung like a crab, his sinewy arms choking, his heels kicking.

Watch This Column

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LAURA LA PLANTE and PAT O'MALLEY
in "THE MIDNIGHT SUN"
Presented in its world premiere at the Colony Theatre, New York

The young lieutenant in the Czar's army seemed to have little chance with his lady-love, with the power of the Grand Duke and the influence of the great banker arrayed against him. So the solution of the problem was left to the wits of the girl. Three men in love with one woman, two of them powerful and the favored one powerless, presents a series of thrilling situations.

Such is Universal's super-film, ***"The Midnight Sun,"*** laid in the former Imperial Court of Russia and produced with all its magnificence. It affords the charming LAURA LA PLANTE the best opportunity she ever had and reveals her as a star beyond question. PAT O'MALLEY never acquitted himself as well as he does in the role of the Grand Duke. Nor has GEORGE SEIGMANN, the master-villain, ever had a part better suited to his peculiar talents. RAYMOND KEANE, as the young lieutenant, steps squarely into the limelight. You will like him. Directed by Dimitri Buchowetzki.

Those of you who love the works of Victor Hugo—who remember ***"The Hunchback of Notre Dame,"*** will look forward to ***"Les Misérables,"*** a Universal Film de France triumph. It was produced under the direction of Louis Nalpas and adapted by Henri Fescourt. We will give you more details later.

This is a great year for REGINALD DENNY and HOOT GIBSON, two of the most popular young men on the screen. DENNY is the recognized master of polite mirth, as proved by his successes, ***"Skinner's Dress Suit," "What Happened to Jones"*** and ***"Rolling Home."*** GIBSON, the finest type of American cowboy and a rider without a superior, has made history with ***"The Calgary Stampede," "The Arizona Sweepstakes,"*** and ***"Chip of the Flying U."*** Both are at work on other masterpieces which I know all of you will look for.

"The Flaming Frontier," now playing, is one of the most thrilling pictures of the former West ever produced. It is the story of Gen. Custer's last campaign, featuring HOOT GIBSON and DUSTIN FARNUM. Ask your favorite theatre when it will be shown and write me your opinion when you see it.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

We will be pleased to send autographed photographs of Reginald Denny, Laura La Plante and Pat O'Malley for 10 cents each.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

Bewildered an instant by this thing from the air, Drummond staggered up, tore him loose and flung him across the room. While Bum's body was actually flying through the air, Patty Hetherington materialized like a white cloud in the doorway. The sight of her cut short an oath of hatred against Bum and left it stuttering on Drummond's loose lips. She was in white, and this time in no garish garnished gown. Lorena and a plump purse had found true beauty. It was a dress quite evidently dreamed of and done by an artist—simple, soft, perfect. A long cape of curling, floating white ostrich tips fluttered behind her like a great wing. Ching was on one side, Lorena on the other. She carried some loose lilies of the valley that dropped scatteringly when she ran to Bum.

Only Baxter knew nothing of the newcomers. For him, dazed, blind with shock, the fight was still on. He pulled himself up by the chair into a sitting posture, found his stick with his free fingers, aimed ludicrously at the statued Drummond and brought the cane down across his back and neck. It is doubtful if Drummond felt it at all, so much keener was the hatred that lashed him from Patty Hetherington's eyes. The nearest thing he would ever know to love, had lived two years in his heart for this gay golden girl whom now, so surely, he had lost. And his desire for her had burned his brutal strength to ashes.

No one, except Bum, moved for an interminable instant. It seemed seconds before his sprawled body struck a slender marble statue and went gallantly down, half covered with white roses from one of the tall vases which mingled in the mess. Blood had spurted as he hit the statue. He lay cramped and still, senseless.

At times a mother's baby talk can be absurdly funny; at other times it can be poignantly tragic. There, on the floor in her white finery, Patty Hetherington talked to her baby, not like the metallic bright little trinket she had always seemed, but with her desperate mother heart, forgetful of everything else in the terrible world except her baby. She pulled him up into her arms, feeling and straightening his crippled hip even before her frantic fingers felt swiftly over his head. The greater flow of blood was coming from the fleshy part of his arm where the statue had cut him.

Clutching him close, she got to her knees. He was heavy; she swayed, trying for balance. And it so happened that, kneeling so, her eyes found Stanley Baxter's. Her face flashed with an incredulous light that swiftly passed. But she spoke impulsively:

"Oh! You're hurt too? It's too bad my poor little hobo couldn't have liked you best." She staggered the rest of the way to her feet, plainly unconscious of Mrs. Baxter at her side. "Mum's poor little hobo honey, open your eyes, poor little honey," she went back to murmuring, slowly making toward the door. Suddenly Bum's voice came whining out of unconsciousness:

"Ouch! My arm hurts me. Say, mum, we've come to get you. Don't—don't go to Paris, will —— "

"Sh! There, there, don't talk; mum's going to stay with you now; you bet she is. There, there, this is our last appearance before any of this audience, no matter if we have to jump in the river. . . . Lorena! My God, Lorena, where are you?" She was obviously devoured with one idea—to get away.

Drummond took a step toward her.

"Patty! Don't, li'l' girl! I'm sorry. Honest, I'm sorry. I didn't know what had lit on me; I swear I didn't. I didn't mean to hurt him. I'll make it up to you. We'll take him with us; yes, we will; we'll take him with us."

"We're not going anywhere, Dan Drummond." She stopped and, half turning, leaning back with the weight of her burden, faced him. Her voice was so suddenly quiet, that it was almost pleasant. "I won't marry you now, not if you kill me, not if you shoot me right in that door. I don't hate you just for this; I've hated you for two years—every minute. But I've—I've tried to play a good game with you to pay for your rotten money. I don't know how you'll get it now. I expect you'll kill me. But I —— "

She was walking on. Drummond was trying to speak; he was incoherent, horrible

Mrs. Baxter had forced herself into the girl's consciousness by putting both hands tightly on her shoulders and slightly shaking her.

"Were you going to marry this man?"

Seeing her now for the first time, Patty knew that something—how could she know or care what?—had made Hortense Baxter her friend.

"I—I owe him so much money, but I can't marry him now. Will you please help me to a doctor's?"

"Oh, yes, yes! Tell the creature you'll send the money tomor——"

Drummond strode unsteadily to them. He caught Patty's arm, holding her still. Both Baxter and Ching started toward him, but went back again.

"You know I don't want any money, li'l' girl; you know I don't. Don't be foolish; this piece o' putty hasn't got any use for you. You can't throw me over, Patty; it wouldn't be right. Haven't I done everything you wanted—spent my money and got a divorce? I tell you this cracked china doll won't do anything for you. All he wants to do is work you to get the kid. Why, you've told me yourself that he's treated you like a weed. Oh, Patty, don't go; the kid's a' right; and the parson'll be here in a li'l' bit."

His words had spilled so rapidly that they had held his audience for the mere reason that no one had strength to stop him. Ching and Mrs. Baxter were closely in front of Patty, clumsily bandaging Bum's arm with large handkerchiefs that Ching had wizardously produced, Mrs. Baxter trying to urge Patty toward the door which her son, pale and dishevelled, was holding open. Suddenly Drummond's drunken querulous voice stopped. He thrust his face close to Patty's. Mrs. Baxter jerked back, but Ching, for the first time in his life, soiled his celestial hand upon a white man. He put his amber palm flat against Drummond's face and pushed. And in the second's time Baxter had identified himself as the piece of putty and the cracked doll. He started back toward them. His mother gestured him away.

"If we can only get her away—out of this place; never mind what he's saying! Keep away from him. Come, Patty dear, come."

"Oh, yes," Drummond blithered mimickingly at her like a burlesque clown, "you wouldn't be so cordial, old lady, if you knew she's in love with your precious son. He's a pretty war souvenir, ain't he?" His laughter was so ugly that even Little Bunny shivered, safe on the trunk. "But he thinks he's so much that he treats her like the dirt under his feet, and—she likes it! She's in love with him, old lady, I tell you! Yes, you'd better cover up your face. You'd better leave her here where she belongs. That's what you'd better ——"

Mrs. Baxter took down the hands she had unconsciously thrown up to her face. Patty was giving Bum into Ching's careful arms, but she was looking at Hortense Baxter, and to her she answered the accusation.

"I do," she said, "but I can't help it. If—if you'll just help me go away I will. I can't think what to do. Shall I ——"

Baxter was speaking, clearly, distinctly; looking straight at Drummond, who stood, swaying, as they had walked away from him.

"Drummond, if I could I'd beat you to a pulp. I know I can't. I can tell you, however, that if my poor body that you ridicule is not too poor a thing to offer, I shall be very proud if Mrs. Ryan will be my wife."

"Oh-h!" Patty stared, aghast, at Mrs. Baxter. And Hortense Baxter put out her arms and proved herself.

"Come out of this dreadful place, my dear," she said.

The small car was very crowded. Lorena and Mrs. Baxter took the first taxi that passed. Bum lay with his head in his mother's lap and his feet in Baxter's. It had been ten minutes, and still Stanley Baxter and Patty Hetherington had not spoken to each other. Finally he put out his hand and took her small cold one.

"Ruth," he said, "I want always to call you by your own name."

"When I first picked up Bum and saw you looking at me," she said in a small wondering voice, "I—I thought then you'd changed toward me."

"Yes," he said gravely, thoughtfully; "I haven't known I loved you before tonight. I must have, I suppose. But I am as certain now, Ruth, as I am that I love little Bum."

"There'll be lots of times when I'll embarrass you. I'll have to learn all the things you know so well, that I don't know at all, and I'm mixed up more than ever by all those etiquette books."

"There'll be many times, too, when you'll be ashamed, I'm afraid, of a crippled husband."

"You know that isn't true," she said. "But you'll have to be patient about telling me what I don't know. It's my manners that's going to make things hard."

"You gallant little girl," he said, and brought her hand up to his lips. "Nothing will be hard, with mother on your side and frankness between us."

"And my—my miserable little fingers"—her voice caught in a little sob—"I guess we'll have to stick them down with court-plaster."

He found her other hand and kissed both little fingers.

"We'll try this instead," he said.

It was not little fingers, however, that were being kissed when Ching opened the door and serenely, patiently, triumphantly, waited

"We're all going to live together now, I guess," Bum finally remarked. "Come on; le's get out."

(THE END)

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The Blind Leading Those That See

A Record of One Who Did Not Stand and Wait

By Robert Gordon Anderson

USUALLY one conceives of a blind man as something awkward and helpless, stumbling along with perhaps a cup and a dog, certainly with a cane, someone to be helped across the street, given a moment's pity, then dismissed from the mind; or else as a man dwelling in a prison, darker than any convict's, and without even his chance of reprieve or escape. If the names of those who have overleaped the barriers happen to occur to us, it is merely as miraculous exceptions, legendary heroes and heroines, not quite of the flesh.

What was my wonder, then, when a friend took me to visit a blind man who would play neither of these rôles, would fit in neither picture. The walls of his house were lined with bookcases, his porch with screens he had made. Casement windows opened on a studio in the garden; and studio and casement windows were the work of his hands.

When we entered he rose from the piano—a tall, swarthy and strangely erect man of about thirty-three - and came forward with outstretched hand, gauging the distance well. Later he played for us some of the exquisite compositions he has published, tuned in on an ordinary radio, and joined in a game of poker with pin-pricked cards. Then, for our refreshment, he walked, with a little deliberate sureness, perhaps, but not bumping into things, down two flights of stairs, to return with glasses and bottles of some cooling drink, which, without spilling, he served.

Throughout the visit, and others that through a ripening friendship later followed, he appeared not only singularly free from the eccentricities that stamp the afflicted but refreshingly natural.

In ten minutes you forgot that he was blind.

The postman has just brought a letter, a long one, too, composed by him on an ordinary typewriter. These pages of mine, when they go to the printer, will show typographical corrections; here an o will have been struck instead of its neighbor p, there a "cap" will be out of alignment. His is flawless copy, really beautiful to look at, not a single transposition even; the letters all alike in hue.

Naturally questions arose in my mind: What does one see behind the veil? Is there a compensating light to take the place of our electricity and sunshine? Also the mechanics of the blind fascinated me. How does he navigate, orientate himself, get his positions, this eternal chess player, forever blindfolded and playing in the dark?

Roland Farley

Spurred On by the Sighted

IN SHORT, and through no morbid curiosity, I wanted to get on the inside of a blind man. So, when I came to know him so well I knew the questions would not hurt, I put them to him. And this is what he, Roland Farley, told me, simply, plainly, and without stressing one pathetic note:

"It happened when I was five, in a little Rocky Mountain town, Aspen, Colorado. I was sitting on the porch one afternoon, all dressed up in a white sailor suit, with no place to go. In fact, mother told me not to stir off the porch – afraid, I guess, that I would spoil. But just then along came a jenny on the hillside back of us. She was a she-ass, you know, sort of a derelict, with burrs sticking in her coat; and the town boys had been ragging her. By her side trotted a little colt, and I thought it was the prettiest thing I had ever seen. I forgot all about my white suit and went up to pet it, when Jenny suddenly wheeled, lashed out with her hoofs and struck me here." He pointed to his eyes. "A butcher's boy picked me up and brought me home.

"For six months I lay bandaged, absolutely in the dark. Finally, when I got up, I found I could still see a little; say, a red rubber ball on the grass like a red blur on a streak of green. I didn't realize how much I could or, rather, couldn't see, and I don't think my parents, sympathetic as they were, did either. Probably they believed I could see more than I really did; and gradually what I had left of sight was going.

"One day as I ran around completely missing the ball, I heard my father cry, 'Good God! He can't see the ball!' I can still hear that cry. However, I think it was rather the horror in his voice than what his exclamation signified that frightened me. And I soon forgot about my condition. Indeed, I don't think I ever consciously said to myself, even in a child's words: 'This is a great blow!' I was happy just digging holes in the ground. Fortunately this unconsciousness is natural to a child.

"I had a sister just two years older than I—seven that would be—who did a great deal for me. It is strange that at that age she could so understand. She would play with me, lead me around, and read to me by the hour. It's through her interest in me that later, when she grew up, she became a teacher of the blind.

"At eight they sent me away to a school for the blind. I say 'sent me away'; I was glad to go; and I wasn't homesick. Like any normal boy I was eager for the new world and all its activities—I thought there'd be a lot of new games to play.

"Here I found several dozen boys, most of them blind but some that could see pretty well. You used to find that in blind schools, and do sometimes still. These institutions are supported by the state or else are privately endowed; and some parents are glad to take advantage of the board and tuition, if any slight defect in eyesight can be used as an excuse.

"It was a good thing for us, though, for these nearly well boys increased our opportunities, could help us, read to us and all that. Besides, they spurred us on; would start sports that we never would have tried but in which, once having been started, we tried our best to equal them. It's the only thing in the world for the blind – to mingle with 'the sighted,' as we call those that can see—and perhaps our teachers realized that and winked at the rules for eligibility.

"So it was not altogether a gloomy life. We rough-housed around in play hours like ordinary boys, and had our honor system. We would smoke once in a while, but would own up to it when caught, not lie about it. And we played regular ball. The umpire would call 'Hit!' when the pitcher delivered the ball, and once in a while one of us would hit it. And one or two got so expert that they could line them out more often, having learned to gauge the arrival of the ball at the plate by the umpire's call and the whiz of the sphere.

"Then, too, we had our regular grudge fights, formally carried out in pitched rings, like those you read about in Tom Brown at Rugby. If, as sometimes happened, one of the boys could partially see, to make things even, the fights took place after dark."

Building a Synthetic World

"MEANTIME, through these years I had turned from a child with perfect vision to one partially seeing, then to one practically blind. I qualify that, because I could still see the sidewalk at noon with the bright sun on it, like a blurry white strip between two other blurred patches of green; or the shape of a man between two bright windows but without form or outline, like some ghostly shape of a bear I saw in my dreams. But that didn't help much; it wasn't even like 'men as trees walking.' So very gradually I came into the world of the sightless and learned to develop the sense of hearing, of touch; above all, the faculty of attentiveness, which is the blind child's first secret of success

"I was now investigating the world, but in a different way from normal children. I was seeing with my fingers, also I was seeing things synthetically, in fragments, then building them up to form a whole. It's hard, if you haven't thought about it, to realize what that means. But the normal child sees things in composition, usually as a whole. I would have to put together.

"For instance, I would apprehend a flower in a vase in this order: First the flower itself, a thing of irregularly shaped objects, soft as velvet and clustered together on a stem, and called petals. That stem would be in a vase, which in turn was on a round flat-topped object called a table; and the table itself was in such and such a position with relation to the other objects in the room. Always shape, texture and the relation of one object to another would be uppermost in my mind—rarely, if ever, color. I would build up a horse by feeling first the soft nozzle, the forehead, forelock, ears, neck, withers, and so on. And I was pretty sure of each detail, while the ordinary child of my age would see the whole room in its setting, the whole horse as a unit. I was synthetic, and he, if asked to draw either object, would turn analytic, probably having to look twice to draw or describe any part with any accuracy.

"As I grew older I still went through the same method, building up bit by bit, though of course more rapidly. The blind think, you see, as the well man reads.

"You might understand this if I were writing a book and tried to describe the school. Instead of giving a picture rich in color and atmosphere and one in which you saw the whole group of buildings, trees and campus at once, mine would have nothing of the impressionistic about it; it would be more mathematical, more like a chart. It would say that in my room the desk was to the north, the iron bed against the south wall, or the door to the left. If I went out of that door and turned right I would enter Smith's room; if I turned left and went downstairs I would walk out on a porch, then down a path to reach a playground, which was surrounded by a fence, and so on. I might convey a little of the warmth of the sunshine under a certain big tree, also

Continued on Page 56

THOSE WHO TRY IT - BUY IT

The car illustrated is the De Luxe Sedan, priced $1025 at Lansing

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OLDSMOBILE SIX

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(Continued from Page 54)

the sounds of the voices and bells, but in the main it would be like that - dealing with objects, their feel, distances and the turns. You see? That is the way, at least, the usual blind man's description would run, and in such terms; though by training my memory, listening attentively to reading, and enriching my imagination, I might be able to give other values.

"And one arrives at this point by mingling with normal people.

"It was rather early, as I remember it, that I first realized that salvation lay that way; and at fourteen I started to make all the outside connections I could. I have kept it up ever since.

"Very early, too, I resolved not to rely alone on touch but to use the other senses as much as possible. A disagreeable experience at the age of ten determined me on this. My father had come to visit me. I was called, and when I entered the room one of the teachers led me up to my father without telling me his name, and placed my hands on his face. I felt his features all over, then his head and when I came to a bald spot said, 'Johnson'; the name of someone then connected with the school. They told me it was my father, and I can remember still the feeling of humiliation and embarrassment. Young as I was, it struck me as rude to finger another's face. I knew I wouldn't like mine fussed over that way. And never again, although the teacher tried to persuade me to try to recognize people by that method, would I attempt it. Boylike, I wanted to be like other people, not marked by the eccentricities that stamp the blind. You can guess what I felt if you've ever seen them pawing over a stranger's features or childishly feeling a woman's skirt. It's all right perhaps for one with the mind of a child, or one both deaf and blind, but not for a self-respecting blind man with all his other faculties.

"Right from the start—that is, as soon as I was old enough really to think—I scorned self-pity; and I didn't relish much more the pity of others."

Things That the Blind See Clearly

"MEANTIME, I was learning sloyds, a sort of fancy scrollwork with the saw, bead and mattress making, chair caning and the eternal broom making. After I found I could do each I hated all but the sloyds. And even then I thought it funny that the teachers should keep us so everlastingly at those brooms. Kind as some of them were, just as all of them were, they seemed to think that a blind man was good for nothing else—just to make brooms that nobody wanted. Besides, much of this work, the fumbling with tools before we became used to them, the tie and yank of the hammock, though it finally resulted in some sort of manual dexterity, injured our hands. For a long time mine were a perpetual blister, and you can see this chisel cut still between thumb and forefinger. And I wanted so to play the piano. I hadn't had any music at home, in fact, remembered none but my mother's crooning; but here at school I would stand in the corner listening for hours to the older boys play. Some of them were nervous and when they found even my presence a nuisance, though I kept very quiet, they would kick me out, but I would linger outside, crouched at the crack of the door. I wanted to be a musician; and no one seemed to take me seriously.

"I was a little more fortunate perhaps than the others, for they singled me out from broom making and tried to make me into a mathematician, largely because I could do pretty hard problems in my head. Sometimes, when the state senators came, they'd have me on the platform for half an hour, showing off, calculating the percentage on large sums and finding cube roots running into long decimals, when all the time I was crazy to be at the piano.

"I didn't feel so sorry for myself as for the other fellows who didn't have even my chance—the chance I didn't want. Some of them might become tuners, it was true, but many of them were to be condemned for life to broom making. That was all right for those who were almost on the verge of idiocy, but not for the others. As it came toward graduation, young as we were, we realized this fault of the system and resented it as a reflection on us. We knew we could do other things, yet society would not have it. Often the brighter boys would talk this over, wonder sometimes why we couldn't be trained in law or salesmanship. A man could at least run a tobacco store, be told where the Royal Tiger was placed and the Juicy Flake cigarettes; and he could handle a cash register and a typewriter. There was stationery, too, and upholstery; in fact, any goods that were not perishable. There was no nonsense about this, for we realized our limitations—that we could not handle fruit and green groceries; that we might smear butter, perhaps, in tying up packages. But there were lots of things open. Why couldn't the state or some wealthy citizen advance enough money to the cleverest of us for a course in law or medicine? In the long run it would be cheaper to the state, we boyishly but farsightedly argued, and we could become additions to, instead of encumbrances on, society.

"Out of two hundred totally blind boys I have known, there were only four that later attained distinction, and all these lost their sight through injury. As I say, we realized something of that and it hurt us to be thrown in the same mill, the mentally sound with the diseased and subnormal. A few of us, through determination, afterward overcame this additional handicap thrust on us by the state. One of our group became a novelist; he had lost his sight in boyhood when fooling with a dynamite cap. Another, injured while out hunting partridges, opened an entertainment hall somewhere in Montana and is making money. And I know a girl who has just graduated with high honors from Oberlin. But they did these things themselves. If they had any temporary aid it was from some individual. Their success is not the result of our educational system.

"In this criticism of conditions as they existed in our school and do now in too many today, I don't want to be hard. Those who devote their lives to the care of the blind are the salt of the earth, often real martyrs. Foolish legislation and supervision a lack of understanding—are often to blame.

"In the school at Los Angeles where my sister teaches, this system is followed. Blind children who are in other respects sound, are allowed, while in grammar grades, to play with the sighted; when they enter the high school they are put in the same rooms and take the same courses. The result is ideal, for these youngsters are natural and straightforward. There is no nonsense about them. When they bump into something they just laugh.

"Another important point is the individualizing, the singling out of the more alert and giving them a special education. Julliard has tried to do this for music in his liberally endowed school, and the same should be done for other professions. See what Senator Gore has done in law and Congress; and there is a famous heart specialist in Chicago; and Herreshoff, the yacht designer—all of them blind. And so much could be done in mercantile training. Why, only the other day, I ran across a man who earns $50,000 a year at insurance, a blind man, mind you; and he has started to teach others. Some of his pupils make as much as ten thousand a year, and none less than three thousand. They just take their canes and call on prospects, then come back to the office and write up their documents on ordinary typewriters.

"Fortunately for me, my parents had enough to continue my education. I had taken up the piano while at school and I was bent on going on with my music. When I was sixteen I did my first musical composition, a cantata for orchestra and organ. For this, the boy Leslie Blayds, who later turned out a novelist, wrote the words; and it was written in blind point—that is, in intervals instead of lines and spaces. Since, I have discarded that method, preferring to dictate and so record in the regular notation—another way of keeping in touch with the normal and not shutting up oneself in the world of the blind."

Escapes From the World of the Blind

"IN 1912 I went on to Leipsic. An old lady, a friend of the family, saw me as far as that city, then, her destination being elsewhere, dumped me off at the station. For the next two and a half years I had no one to guide me but my senses and a cane and sometimes, perhaps, a helping hand. Very kind, too, were those German students, but in the main I had to shift for myself, which was just what I wanted. I didn't mind at all being in a strange country. In spite of my blindness I was full of life and had the health of youth. I would have undertaken almost anything, would have gone to Tibet or China if I had had the chance.

"Life in Leipsic was very pleasant—hearing the *Guten Morgens*, strolling in the sunshine under the lindens, or smoking and chatting with the other students around the tables in their peaceful *Biergartens*. I just made myself like them and one of them; and I certainly had an opportunity here to make outside contacts, for I was the only blind student; in fact, there had been only one other there before me. But that didn't make the curriculum any easier. I went through all the regular work with one exception—the written exercises in harmony. However, I was forced to substitute modulations at the piano stool, and that was, if anything, more difficult.

"The shortest time possible in which a student can complete this course is two years, and I finished it in that time. I mention this simply because it may encourage others like myself, who may imagine they are too badly handicapped. Determination, with attention, can more than make up for their lack of sight, if they only will let it.

"This stage over, I went to Berlin to study under Ernest Hutcheson, and stayed there until 1914, when the war broke out."

These recollections came in snatches, on different afternoons and evenings, between which we played chess, walked or drove, or I listened to his exquisite music. And he was sitting on the piano stool one afternoon, playing, when suddenly he swung around, smiled, then shot at me: "Did you know I was arrested?" He seemed boyishly gleeful over this. Evidently this arrest was, in his life, an unusual adventure, to be boyishly relished even in recollection—meant more to him even than his finest composition.

"In those first days of August, 1914," he explained, "it was hard to get home, and they were cabling frantically for me. Even old Bryan was sending word, cabled three times: 'Come home, your parents expect you,' signed W. J. B. But they could get no money through."

Seeing the Joke the Morning After

"MEANTIME, while I was waiting, we didn't think of the sadness; it was sort of a lark; and one day another student and I went down to a *Biergarten*. It was in the Kaiserplatz and, the table being full, we sat opposite two women, rather buxom, and apparently servants. In the general chatter of those days they began to talk, and looking a bit suspicious, they asked us what was our nationality. Seeing a chance for fun, we told 'em we were Danes. 'No Dane, you too dark.' Then, to kid them, we took them all over the map, finally landing in Russia. 'Yes, that's it,' we confessed, 'we're Russians, from Kieff.'

"'*Ach!* Kieff! We relatives there *gehaben*.'

"They were delighted and planned to help us get away.

"Then a bright idea struck me; lowering my voice and sticking my hand in my pocket, I confided:

"'First I must kill the Kaiser. I have a bomb here and I'm going to throw it at him when he goes down Unter den Linden.'

"Mackey, the other student, it appeared, also had a bomb, for he, too, stuck his hand in his pocket.

"'Me for the Crown Prince,' he said.

"They looked alarmed, then whispered:

"'Speak quiet, we no care, but others will you arrested have. We will help you to Kieff.'

"So we strung them along until it came time to go, then we showed them our American passports. They had been fooled and were very mad.

"No sooner had we left the restaurant and gone half a block than a whole Coxey's army came running after us brandishing umbrellas. 'Wait for policeman,' they cried.

"At last he came waddling up, a beefy Prussian, told them to drop the umbrellas with which they had been beating us, and said that we were under arrest for lese majesty. Mackey, being nervous, kept putting his hands in his pocket and each time he did this the crowd shied off, until a bystander explained that this was, next to chewing gum, the great American habit. Then we were marched to the police station, where the two women appeared against us. We had planned to kill the Kaiser, they swore.

"'Sure, we said it,' we admitted, 'but we were only joking; we're Americans.'

"Then they sat us on the bench and had a long conference. Back they came with another pompous official.

"'Sure, we said it,' we admitted again. 'But can't you see we were only joking? Here are our passports. We're Americans.'

"But that wouldn't do; and for six hours, until three in the morning, they kept up their agitated conferences and examinations. Finally they marched us home, where we were to stay under surveillance, and not leave the house.

"Next evening they sent for us again and the official greeted us with smiles; it had taken him twenty-four hours to see that joke. But before dismissing us he told us we were fools and not to try it again. Frederick was good-natured, he explained, but that bird, the Kaiser, got madder over lese majesty than anything else.

"Then the money at last came through. I came back to America, where I studied for two more years, practiced interminably, lived the usual student's life, often cooking for myself, then started composing."

A Scene on the Coast of British Columbia

(Continued on Page 58)

PACKARD

THE Navy and Army together have honored Packard with orders for new aircraft engines totaling nearly four million dollars. The new motors, proven supreme by exacting government tests, are a tribute not only to Packard leadership in power plant engineering but also to the vision and sympathetic cooperation of those men who bear the responsibility of our national defense. ▰ ▰ Packard's motor building supremacy is as available to the private citizen as to the United States government—in the Packard Six and the Packard Eight. *Ask The Man Who Owns One*

(Continued from Page 56)

Personally I was curious to find out how he managed some of the more mechanical tasks—the screening of the porches, the making of the bookcases which stood in his well-furnished room, and the making of casement windows, the panes of which he had cut with a diamond, mortising the new pieces in the strips of wood and weather-stripping the sashes with the greatest neatness. Also he rigged up a windlass one day and hoisted to the attic pieces of furniture weighing four hundred pounds. All these things would take a lot of ingenuity, even for an ordinary man, and he had to be more than ordinarily ingenious.

He was building a little studio in the back yard at the time, so I had an opportunity to observe how he went at it. This, too, was done with no assistance—except when he asked someone to read the spirit level. He could not see the mercury.

To begin with, he planted four eleven-foot poles, three feet and a half deep in holes he had dug. Across the poles he nailed beams at the top, also four at the bottom, these being set true by the aid of the spirit level. Knowing the length of these beams, he then calculated the distances apart necessary for the uprights, setting them at intervals of sixteen inches and determining the precise spots with a piece of string. Everything was true. When he came to the gables he took another piece of string equal to the length of the beam on which the gable was to rest, doubled it, and so found the center, placing a nail scratch there to mark it. On this an upright, which he had sawed to the proper height, was raised, tested by his square, and the rafters were put in place.

The ship-lap was then neatly applied and the string again called on to place the window. Doubling this and finding the center, he cut a nail scratch around it and neatly sawed the aperture.

I saw him start the shingling by first nailing a row along the eaves, then cutting a measuring board six inches wide and bringing the next row squarely up to it. But I did not see him finish more than three rows. When I came back a few days later it was finished, also the double flooring. It was an expert job, too, looking quite professional. In fact, the shingles look as true as the squares on a checkerboard, with the exception of two shingles. I asked him about these as I looked from the window of the den.

"The two over the crotch of the gable?" he asked.

Those were the ones, and he chuckled.

"Oh, those! Well, there was a Polack cutting the grass. He was watching me, thought shingling was easy, and asked to try it. For fun I let him do those two, and you see the result."

Coloring the World From Memory

This compact house had been built by his efforts alone with the exception of a reading of the level, those two shingles, and also—I almost forgot—one plank which a friend had sawed. And I had watched that friend. He was the head and father of a family, a gifted playwright, and he had his eyesight. Yet first he had put the board on a sawhorse and sawed an inch, then carried it to a stump, then to the porch, and finally wound up by placing it on the ground and trying to saw it downward. I probably would have been almost as bad. As the blind man said, "He walked a mile to saw a foot." And during this process the blind man had nailed half the ship-lap on his walls!

"You remember," he asked as I looked out of the window at the result of his work, "how I explained the way a blind child thinks—in fragments, synthetically, forever building up? Well, you see that house as a whole and in its setting. And I, while I think more rapidly than I did when a child, go through this process: In my mind I go to this door, walk down stairs, turn right, left, left, right, go out of the back door and walk carefully to the house—and the house itself is conceived in its integral parts as I built it, all in a chain, bit by bit. As I say, I go through the process rapidly; so likewise, in a motion picture which is made up of countless individual motions, it may seem one picture, but it is all conceived in fragments just the same. My imagination cannot leap at any object, no matter how quickly I think. It's all like reading. When I hear one of Maxim Gorky's stories, for instance, I visualize and put together the various details—the poky village people, the busy wood-burning engine and funny cars, the steppes all around them. A well man does that in reading, but I do it all the time.

"Reading is a godsend—attentive reading, I mean. A blind man can not only train his memory by it and store his mind but also quicken his imagination. And when I first realized the world had shrunk to the length of my arm I substituted imagination for sight. And so, though I naturally think of things in the way just described, I have made keener my remembered conceptions of color, and kept them alive more than most of the blind. I can deliberately sketch in, think in, color and other qualities afterward—after I have thought of objects and scenes in the terms of form and outline, texture and relative position. But unless I stop to think of it I do not put them in."

Dictating Music

"And yet my mind is stored full of mental images. In my dreams I often see the ocean and its waves, though I was born and spent my five seeing years in an inland town. Possibly that is an inheritance—it almost makes one believe in reincarnation; or are our imaginations so designed that we, the accidentally blinded, can deliberately build up these things from the little that we remember and what later we hear described?

"Sometimes I doubt if the man born blind can do that. He has no visual memories at all. How can he tell what light looks like? Can you say to him it looks as a violin sounds? Where I remember blues, indigos, reds and greens, how can he visualize them? The sight part of the brain has lain fallow and he can have no more conception of hue than you have of the fourth dimension, unless, as I say, there is such a thing as inherited memory. Still, I doubt, when I hear a girl who has been born blind say she prefers a red dress to a blue, whether she really conceives of either color. But in all except these qualities and in those which I have deliberately cultivated I am like the born blind.

"And we really have no more natural dexterity of the hands, except what comes through practice. The minute a man goes blind or deaf, Nature doesn't at once spring to his aid by sharpening the other senses. Our fingers, through constant use, are even more calloused and less sensitive than yours. Ours are more attentive, that's all.

"Some of us have a greater awareness, perhaps, but that's through keener attention or else is an individual quality. I can tell that it is a sunny day, and that not by the warmth alone. I know, too, when a room is attractive and pleasant—for it has that personality, that feel. It is possible that inanimate objects have some emanation; sometimes I am inclined to believe that way, for without touching things I can sense when a room is in disorder, and as for people, I can tell when I enter a room, though they are absolutely motionless, that they are there.

"Perhaps, too, the subconscious is with us more reliable, more released, than with most people. I use it constantly in composing music. For instance, I memorized the lyric for my song, The Night Wind, sixteen lines, in five minutes from two readings aloud by the physicist, Doctor Lovejoy, who often spends an evening with me. It was in December, a blowy night; and after he had gone I let my subconscious and the wind do the work. That really blew the musical setting into my mind.

"My mother read a poem of Shelley's to me long ago. For two years I never thought of it. Then suddenly one morning while I was taking a cold plunge the words sang themselves in my mind. It's just a question of letting the words sink in the subconscious. There they mill around until they find their musical mates. Sometimes I sit down at the piano and nothing comes. I wait and sit down again on another day, and suddenly the crystallization, the wedding of word and note, takes place. Of course there is labor afterward on chromatics and harmony, and work has gone before in years of training, so that I unconsciously think in musical terms; but I rely so much on the subconscious, as, I think, even the better writers do. And perhaps that part of me has been better developed because I am to some extent shut off from the outer world. Why, occasionally I start composing, say, at ten in the evening, and forget the flight of time. When I come to, I feel by my watch—tell by the position of the hands—that it is four in the morning, and it has all seemed like ten minutes.

"As for writing it down, I don't do that. I just dictate it aloud. My wife is not a musician, but I gave her a little book with the musical signs and terms. And without any training she has learned to take my dictation down, like this: 'Key of three flats; four-four time; right hand has trill on G below middle C, half note; trill on A for half note. Left hand has trill on G, octave lower, for whole note. The next bar is'—and so on. Not so hard after you try it. Of course you have to strain your head a bit sometimes in composing, for where a normal man can refer to what has gone before and what he has already written down, I have to carry it all in my head."

That "not so hard" was characteristic. He has composed in this way, at thirty-three, no less than fifty instrumental pieces—sonatas for cellos, for violin; a romance for a piano quintet; ballades, cantatas, intermezzos, polonaises, waltzes, concertos, several children's suites and even delightful bits of jazz, and over one hundred songs. He began as a writer of songs, taking up instrumental composition later. Recently he has been elected a member of the Beethoven Association, which accepts to its membership only recognized musicians, those who have really arrived; and singers returning from Europe say that in Germany the critics proclaim his songs as among the best that have come out of America.

What the Afflicted Owe to Life

All in all, it is a really notable achievement, particularly when you come to consider that he has had to memorize every lyric and every bar of both clefs of many score pieces, then dictate them sign by sign and bar by bar; also that he got all his musical education and learned a thousand compositions from blind point, or having them painfully and carefully dictated to him. All of which may be "not so hard," as he says; but sometimes I doubt it. And it is because he demands so much of himself that he can ask so much of others.

"Blind and deaf people," he declares, "are their own worst enemies. They feel that the world owes them a living and forget that they owe something to the world." I thought that rather glorious common sense and a noble bit of philosophy, seeing that he himself was blind. Later he went on to explain it:

"The blind, you see, persist in herding with their kind. When twenty or thirty get together they are in their own little world, and happy for the time. There everything is fine or at least seems so. They have their little community, all on a level, no inhibitions, all penned in; but it's a fools' paradise. Twelve years of this and they're fit for nothing else; certainly not for association with anyone outside their world. And they coddle themselves in their eccentricities, stumble over things, paw over people, and are sloppy in dress. And they increase in clumsiness as they mature—all because they won't even try to get out of themselves.

"It is so, too, with people otherwise afflicted; say, deaf people. I know one, a graduate of a deaf school, who sits at home stewing over this and that, imagining the neighbors are saying things about her until her husband is nearly crazy. And when, so that he won't go crazy, he goes out, she imagines that he, this patient fellow who has been so devoted to her, has other interests that supersede her.

"It's in a way pathetic, this supersensitiveness, and I feel every sympathy for those obsessed by it, but it's what I'd like to hit at more than anything else. And educators and all people caring for the blind or deaf should root out that first of all. That's where I quarrel with them."

A Blind Man's Fortune

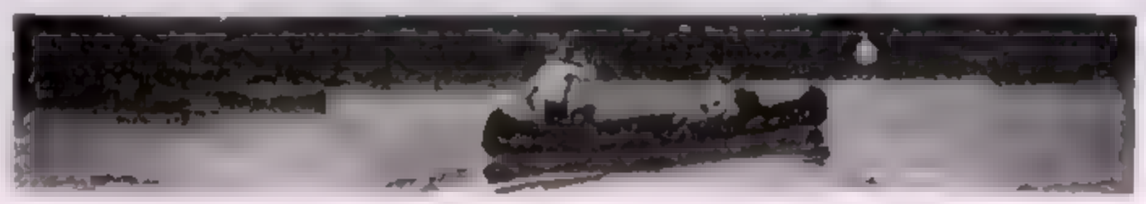
"Even as a kid I realized this. I just wouldn't yield to self-pity. And I can remember having the consciousness suddenly, 'You can't see yourself, but others can see you!' That made me take a pride in the way I looked and dressed, as well as in the things I could do. And I started at fourteen to make outside connections so as to keep myself normal. If a boy could do that, surely a grown man can. To me now blindness is no worse than a bad stomach; nothing but an inconvenience.

"I've tried to tell others of these things; have stressed this getting away from blind psychology, this mingling in normal life, and advised them more concretely; for instance, to stop reading Braille and point whenever they can; but they won't listen. And those who rely on these get so confirmed in the habit that they can't listen intelligently even to oral reading. And they can't play music to dictation either. If they would only try it they'd find themselves nearer the normal, and would have access to vast libraries you cannot get in Braille or musical print for the blind. A girl could be hired for a few dollars a week to read music aloud. One could take care of from a dozen to fifteen pupils.

"Yet only the other day, when I advised a girl to go to the Three Arts Club and study with the sighted, she dreaded the thought, was too timid. Now she has decided, I believe, to go to a regular institution for the blind; and unless I miss my guess, there she will end her days.

"Oh, I could brood still if I would let myself; think when no one's around, 'There's a book I'd like to read, but I can't; or an exhibit at some museum and I could be very fond of pictures!' But I don't let myself dwell on such things. Nor do I get up carelessly in a room with which I've had no chance to become familiar and smash my hostess' best vase and have people running to help me. I sit still, hearing them move all about me, getting up to light cigarettes, offer another a chair, or show some photograph. In a way, then, I might consider myself a prisoner, but I am happy in my intercourse with my friends. Friendship is the most comforting thing I've known; it's better than seeing or hearing In the knowledge of this I have learned to accept my limitations, until acceptance has become second nature.

"And for the encouragement of others, let me repeat that this is all true—that a blind man can carve out much of his own fortune, though two or three years ago I found the greatest help in the world—that of a devoted wife. Her love and sympathy are the greatest joy to me. But still



(Continued on Page 68)

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WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

J. Clinton Shepherd

J. Clinton Shepherd

IN COMMON with all other children, at the age of three I displayed a marked aptitude for drawing, but my parents did not exactly encourage me in this talent. Being red-headed, left-handed, and consequently stubborn, I decided to become an artist, and now, thirty-three years later, still intend to be one.

I was born in Des Moines, Iowa, and graduated from high school without honors. I left the University of Missouri at the end of my second year—also without honors—and went to work as office boy in an art department in Kansas City, thereby demonstrating the value of a college education.

By the time I had saved twenty-five dollars out of the munificent salary paid me, there seemed to be no more fields to conquer in Kansas City; so I went to Chicago.

There I was successful in securing a job in my chosen profession. My nights were spent at the Art Institute in studying illustration and sculpture.

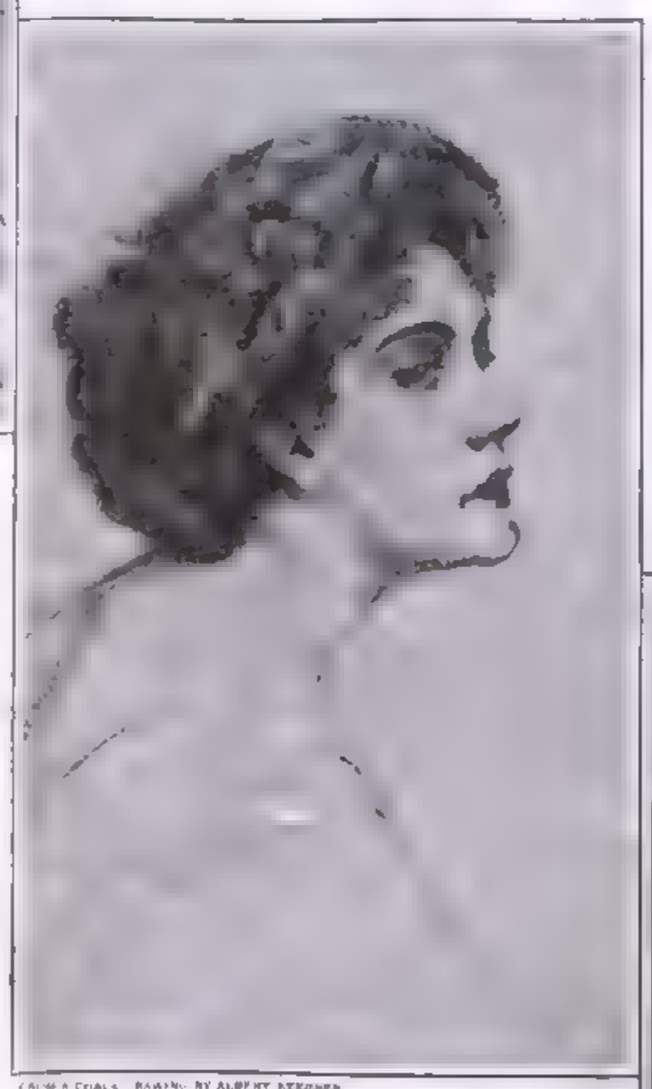
From childhood I had wanted to live in the West and had seen some of it. This urge again manifested itself and sent me on a bumming trip westward. After fraternizing with wobblies, dodging railroad dicks, being thrown from various freight and passenger trains, and being jugged in a small town in Nebraska, I was put off in Wyoming and went to work on a ranch. The next few years were spent in vacillating between Chicago and the West, art and bumming.

When the war came I bade farewell to life and art, and served my country in the Aviation Corps by diving at the cotton pickers around Millington, Tennessee.

Eventually tiring of this and finding that the war was over, I secured an honorable discharge and took the beaten trail left by Middle Western artists and came to New York.

No art editors met me at the station; no contracts were thrust upon me; nor have I paraded down Fifth Avenue bowing to the applauding multitude; but somehow I have managed to eke out a rather pleasant and profitable existence as an illustrator and synthetic farmer.

My favorite exercise is watching the hired man do the work on my Connecticut farm, my favorite recreation is trick roping, and my favorite hobby is pampering my wife and spoiling my son and daughter.



Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

AUTOBIOGRAPHY is sure to be the sincerest flattery. But I am indeed quite at a loss to know what anyone should want to know about me.

Like all writers, I am essentially modest and retiring. I have no hobbies, unless reading counts as such. My two passions are travel and having my hair washed, both of which have been inherited by my small daughter. Just now I am well up in decimal fractions, being vicariously in the fifth grade; nevertheless, I am looking forward to the end of school when the steamer sails.

I do not like pie, but I can bake a good one, so if the Post decides to accept no more stories from me, there is always the chance that one of the editors may need a cook. I keep splendidly well by taking no exercise, drinking no water and sleeping in a warm room. Yet even my relatives admit that I am not lazy. To this same authority I owe the information that at the age of six, following in my father's footsteps, I wrote a play. Three solid pages of this script read:

POLICEMAN: Ha-ha-ha!
MR. BUTTONHOOK: Ha-ha-ha!

I was not then paid by the word. Nobody knows now what that tremendous joke was. But when the Post asked me for a short paragraph about myself which would be interesting enough for these pages, I caught me an echo of Mr. Buttonhook's prolonged cachinnation.

She was born in New Orleans, she went to school there, she went to college there, she married there, she went to Honolulu, she had a child there—still has, let us add—she lived there. Obviously the kind of woman with no history.

I'd say that rather pointedly if I were reading this, not writing it. However, the mere facts of one's life, though highly necessary for income-tax returns and obituaries, seldom reveal the person one is to oneself; and although I may seem to the casual observer just one more Nice Woman—one more of Cæsar's Wives, as it were—I bear, to my own eyes, the scars—I have about me the loot of Adventure.

I was born wanting to write, and I am doing it. I was born loving books more than anything else in the world and, however unworthily, however inadequately, I make 'em! It still seems to me an incredible piece of luck—being paid to do a thing which one would fight to do anyhow. That is exactly the romantic and ridiculous attitude which, at heart, I have toward writing. It is the biggest thrill—disembodied—that I have ever known, or look to meet.

When I was a very small girl I made poems in copy books. Through grammar and high school I weltered in essays. About my freshman year in college I discovered drama and investigated short stories. While I was still a very new bachelor of arts I sold a fourteen-hundred-word masterpiece to a syndicate. And once the tiger has tasted blood, once the pig has swarmed up the greased pole, the die is cast, as the saying goes. The frog simply cannot recapture the one-piece innocence of the tadpole.

My first ten dollars from that syndicate bought and paid for me. Life, since then, has been a matter of one page after another. Some better than others, some not so good. All of them adventure of the most glamorous kind.

After syndicate stuff I broke—no, scarcely the word; glided is better—into the magazines. Imperceptibly, doubtless, to any eyes but my own. The first magazine editor upon whose face I looked through a mist of awe had silverish hair and a benign whimsical smile. Absolutely in character. He never knew how his office

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Fanny Heaslip Lea

ROLAND PERTWEE says—I have been boning up on these things and his is really charming—"No one, however great his modesty, need mind writing a line or so under this heading." Which may very well be true; but leaving modesty aside, what price lack of material? My simple annals do not run to it. There's nothing in my life on which to hang a memoir—and that's a fact.

Fanny Heaslip Lea

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BRUNSWICK
TIRES

A TERROR TO EWILDOERS

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standing when I says it was now wonderful that Schisser wasn't in yet fur us. Yes, here in this very room I was saying it—and now if here he ain't! And fur a whole mule too! He had ought to meet his doom fur such a sin. It wonders me now does he like his eggs standing up or either turned ower."

"Just don't give him scrapple anyhow," suggested Kleffel darkly.

Mrs. Zubler dropped all her linens and rasped at her bosom with tragic finger nails.

"*Och, elend!* Ain't he liking scrapple? Here if I ain't got me a big pot of it fresh cooked, and it wouldn't go so good fur me if I had got fur to waste it. I will right away see if he ain't ever feeling fur scrapple."

Kleffel ruffed his shoulders and flung himself upon his horse. Upon the post-office porch all the heads were turned in one direction and all the faces bore various degrees of hilarity. A half block distant rattled from them an old breaking cart drawn by a houndlike steed. Upon its seat was a bent figure which even at that distance seemed a huddle of bones draped by olive-green cloth.

"Where'd he come by that rig?" demanded Kleffel, and knew his answer even before Samuel Boomershine, the grocer, enlightened him.

"Off the niece he's got living by him. It's everything her pop inherited to her."

"And she's loony into the bargain," exulted Helfenstein, the undertaker. "He says he can't never prophetic when she's goin' off into a wild spell fur him. That's why he has got to keep her so close to the house. And he's got her saddled onto him fur life."

There was a chorus of chuckles over Federspiel's plight. Kleffel said nothing. He was a good listener upon occasion. And he had a warm little feeling within him—all pink and gold and blue—that he knew something precious which none of these others even suspected.

"Oh, I don't know." Emil Wiggers spat upon a forefinger and flattened the black curl upon his forehead which tormented his existence. "I seen in under her sunbonnet at prayer meeting Wednesday back." Mr. Wiggers, who was not only the bowlegged postmaster of Yingstown but also its most hopeful bachelor, thrust his fists into his pockets and gazed with tender speculation toward the church spire.

Kleffel wheeled furiously upon him. "I want my mail!"

"Well, you ain't gittin' it by bitin' me." The surprised Emil reared back defensively.

"Look a little out, Em!" someone tittered after them as they entered the building. "Sheriff'll be arrestin' you."

"And that wouldn't kreistle Federspiel none," chuckled another. "He's itchin' fur to fine somebody somepun. He says still where it's a crime fur the county to expect him to live off the scarce fines he kin collect."

"Leave him secondhand his law books then," reasoned another. "Plenty enough would be willing fur the job, if he would leave loose of them law books his pop heired to him. But no, he holds his job off them rich expensive law books and good enough he knows it."

Kleffel swung on his horse and galloped after the breaking cart. He hesitated, as usual, to accost Federspiel. There was always friction, ill-suppressed, between them over the administration of justice in Yings County. His usual irritation was inflamed this morning by a goad of curiosity which sharpened his eyes as he pulled rein beside the cart.

"Con Schisser stole my mule off me last night. I got him on the jail."

If he had expected this succinct recital to occasion any change of expression upon Justice Israel Federspiel's features, he was mistaken. The legal gentleman's skin drew as yellow-fine as usual over the thin ridge of his nose; as usual his small lynxlike eyes pounced out just once, then dropped down behind their full, surprisingly full, eyelids.

"Schisser? Well, I suppose it's time. It's been a while back since he visited the jail, ain't it? But it's middling funny he'd come so far as your place for a mule."

"It is funny," agreed the sheriff shortly. "And before I'm through with this here, I'm going to find out the reason fur." He clenched his hold upon the reins and upon himself. "But what I'm getting at now is this: I'd like to do that slicker somepun so he wouldn't all the time slip through us like he was greased."

Again the lynxes jumped and again they fell behind the immobile eyelids.

There was irate timbre in the justice's voice as he remarked evenly, "I suppose you wasn't insinoating where I don't give proper sentences, was you? What would you, now, suggest in this here case, Sheriff Joseph Kleffel?"

They were near the breaking point as they had been so many times before; but, as so many times before, the sheriff ignored the brittle irony, and maintained his voice at a fair level. "Well, it's begun to suspicion me but what Schisser and some them others like, now, the jail sentences. He'd ought to have somepun to sting him—a fine or whatever."

He sat stiffly, awaiting the long delayed outburst for his presumption, but he heard instead a sound as of two bones clicking together. He had never heard the justice laugh and at first he scarcely believed that the fine creases which drew the skin white upon the nose ridge were caused by merriment.

But Federspiel's tone was undeniably jocular as he agreed, "A fine, heh? Now, that's a great notion. To be sure, I'll fine him. Yes, I will do like what you say. One week today you fetch him before me and I will fine him and I will fine him good. From your suggestion, sheriff!"

Again there was a click of bones. Too perplexed to move, the sheriff sat and watched the houndlike steed lengthen into action under a prod of the line-wound alder shoot which served the justice alternately as fish-pole and buggy whip. Indeed, young Kleffel had many things to think of as he trotted slowly homeward, and they all resolved themselves into queries—insoluble queries for the moment, but he intended eventually to know the answer for each of them. Why had Schisser stolen his mule? What had Justice Federspiel to do with the transaction? What had occasioned the merriment when he himself had suggested the fine? And most important query of all, a query which brought with it a pink and gold and blue haze which made all the other queries seem dim and relatively unimportant, would the girl meet him behind the Soldiers' Monument in the graveyard? The sheriff whipped his hat off his young head and sped his pacer into a rollicking gait, the shining wings of his hair burnishing backward in the breeze.

He was to have the answers to all his tangling queries within the week, but in unraveling this tangle he was to strike a tight knot which would fret him to the quick.

One week from the day upon which Mr. Schisser had registered at her caravansary, Mrs. Zubler regretfully beheld preparations for his departure to the halls of justice.

"He's so pleasant that way and the appetite he is!" she confided to Kleffel. "The thought come to me still," her voice lowered in awesome speculation, "he's so long that way, if mebbe he ain't shaped on the insides somepun like what he is out. That would be according, ain't? Fur how else could he make out to put down a pot of scrapple per the day. Mind if he ain't! Yes, it might be a sin fur me, but I could near furgive him fur the mule when I seen how he pleasured ower his wittles."

That Mrs. Zubler was not long to be deprived of her gratifying guest was speedily

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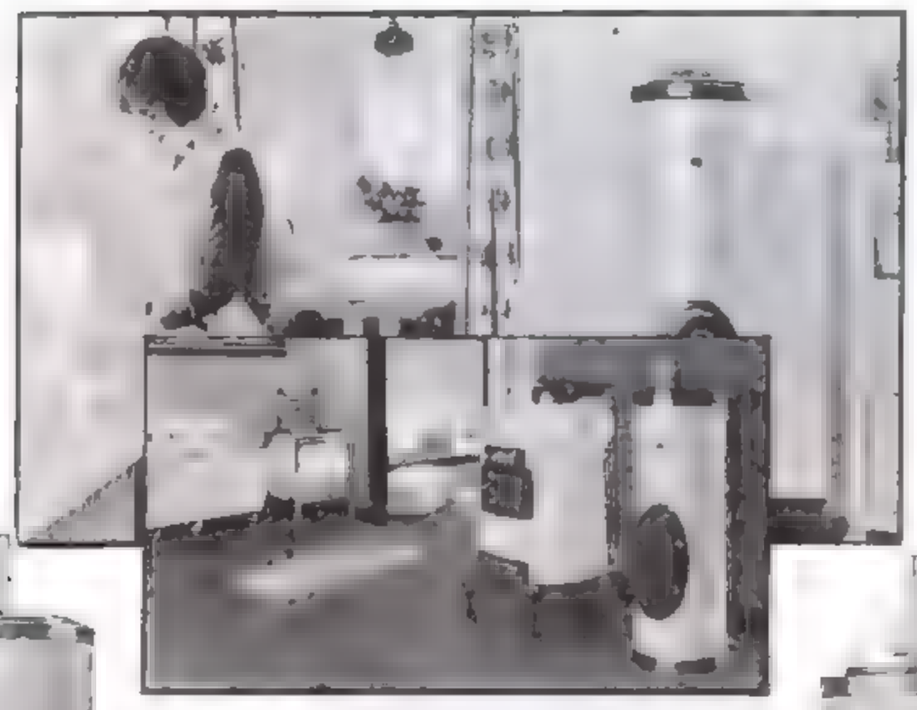

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(Continued from Page 62)

decided by Justice Federspiel. In accord with the dignity of his profession, the justice conducted his high proceedings in a county edifice—namely, the attic of the schoolhouse. The setting for the rendition of justice was suitably simple and severe, the furnishings consisting of a desk, a table upon which were arranged imposingly the ancient law books, and some benches and chairs. Upon this particular occasion, the prisoner himself added to the note of conformity; whereas the sloping roof contributed a Gothic flavor, he in nowise detracted from it, his own personal roof being essentially Gothic in design, and being stationed, by reason of its height from the floor, directly under the peak of the former. Beside him stood Kleffel, his hazel eyes alert to every movement of the justice presiding behind the desk, his ears beneath his burnished toss pricking at every syllable of the charge to the prisoner, familiar though its droned phrases were:

" . . . Conrad Schisser . . . did unlawfully and willfully steal, take and drive away one (1) mare mule of the personal property of Joseph Emanuel Kleffel . . . contrary to the form, force and effect of the statute in such cases made and provided and against the peace and dignity . . . therefore prays . . . that he be dealt with according to law."

Justice Federspiel laid the document down and glanced briefly at the prisoner. "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Mr. Schisser pulled one thumb joint, then the other. "Well, I borrowed the mule off him."

"Do you wish your sentence now or later?"

"I ain't pertikler," replied the prisoner. And added amiably, "If the catfish is bitin' good fur you, you might as well git it done and ower with."

The justice scowled. "Don't fetch catfish into the peace and dignity of this court!" he reprimanded sharply. He settled grimly back in his chair. "I find said Conrad Schisser guilty of, felonously and against the law made and prowided and the dignity of the people of Yings County, stealing the aforesaid mare mule; and I hereby sentence said Conrad Schisser to twenty days in the public jail." Sheriff Kleffel started and frowned. Mr. Schisser licked his lips and smiled. "And I also sentence him to pay the costs of court, ten dollars, and I also fine him one hunert dollars more as a terror to all ewildoers."

Sheriff Kleffel smiled. Mr. Schisser continued to smile. The justice almost smiled.

Mr. Schisser felt in his trousers pockets, his coat pockets and his vest pockets. A fly which had been listening attentively on the windowpane was inspired to like endeavor and felt about in Mr. Schisser's open mouth. Mr. Schisser affably eschewed the fly and advanced to the magisterial desk. Upon it he laid the sum of sixty-seven cents.

"It's my entire ownings," he observed happily, "but you're welcome to it, judge."

Ensued penetrating personal inquiries into the prisoner's financial assets and likewise his liabilities. The latter were revealed as so far outweighing the former that the justice hastily pocketed the sixty-seven cents and once more leaned impressively back in his chair.

"When a justice imposes a costs and a fine, it's got to be paid, for else it's against the form, force and effect of the law in such cases made and prowided." He picked up the document upon which was inscribed the charge to the prisoner. "Therefore, I hereby sentence said Joseph Emanuel Kleffel to pay the costs of court, ten dollars, and I also fine him a hunert dollars more as a terror to all ewildoers."

"Mistake in the name," prompted Kleffel in a low tone.

The justice rapped. "Order in the court. This court don't make no mistakes. Said Joseph Kleffel is the only other party in this here transaction and I hereby order him to pay said costs and said fine. And no back words about it neither or I'll fine him extry fur contempt of court."

For a second Kleffel was stung motionless, then he hurtled forward.

"What do you mean anyhow? That mule was mine. I'm the complainant in this action!"

"To be sure. That's just the point. If you wouldn't have up and complained, it wouldn't have been no action or no costs or no fine. And furthersomemore," here the lynxlike eyes pounced upon Kleffel's and held them, "I hereby rule that in default of payment the said mare mule be sold to meet the expenses of the costs of the court as also the payment of the fine aforesaid."

"I'll never pay it!" cried Kleffel. And because in his surprise and dismay he could think of nothing stronger, shouted in an even louder tone, "I'll never pay it—not till the doomday! No, not even then!"

"Aforesaid Joseph Kleffel will pay said fine and costs on or before two months from date," intoned the magistrate, "or the court will collect said mare mule, and maybe harness pertaining to same per account of interest per same. Court dismissed."

The court was dismissed, but the burning anger was not dismissed from the sheriff's breast. Indeed, it became a raging conflagration which erupted in flying word-sparks which lit here and there through the county, lighting numerous small crackling blazes. If Justice Federspiel noted the heat of animosity which flared about him, he gave no sign; he had always been a solitary figure, disliked and yet feared for his great learning; and there were many, even in this instance, who, after the first flaring sense of outrage had cooled, fumbled forth the suspicion that there must be somepun, now, in them expensive law books which upheld the justice in the stand he had taken. Or he wouldn't, now, have dared to take it, would he? And if that mighty, mysterious force called the law imposed a fine, why, that fine had got to be paid by somebody, hadn't it? Or else the law would come to be no good, wouldn't it? So they guessed maybe sheriff would have to come through after all.

The sheriff guessed otherwise. He was not going to pay a cent of it and his decision became more adamant each day. But how was he to escape it, now that the case was a matter of court record? Aye, that was the question. He saw the whole scheme clearly of course. It had been a case of conspiracy from the beginning. Federspiel wanted the fine; Schisser had been more than willing to enjoy free board from the county; he himself, well able to pay the money, well disliked by the justice, had been the victim. The scheme had been hatched in Federspiel's fertile brain, and had been spawned in such an underhanded fashion that even the bland Schisser himself, perhaps, did not realize but that he had himself planned and perpetrated the entire affair. In his wrathful imagination, Kleffel could see them and hear them—the justice casually pausing, perhaps, outside Schisser's frazzled fence, and casually insinuating this and insinuating that, and then driving off, hooped over in the breaking cart, as casually. And he himself—Kleffel—had suggested the imposition of the fine! Again he heard that unexpected click of two bones; again he heard himself suggesting, "He'd ought to have somepun to sting him—a fine or whatever." There was ironical humor in that, but it was humor which flattened the natural curve of the sheriff's lips to a straight line. No, he would never pay a cent of it—not till the doomday!

But he did pay the fine, and it was not the doomday either. He paid the fine, and he went eagerly to the justice's house to negotiate the manner of its payment.

It was seven weeks from the day upon which the fine had been imposed that he went cantering up the Federspiel lane—that lane which had carried him to his first sight of the hound-eared horse and the girl. As upon that former occasion, he hallooed from the side yard and this time he heard a voice.

It was Federspiel's voice, rasping behind the half-opened door, "Go quick back into

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Doubling, re-doubling and making good.

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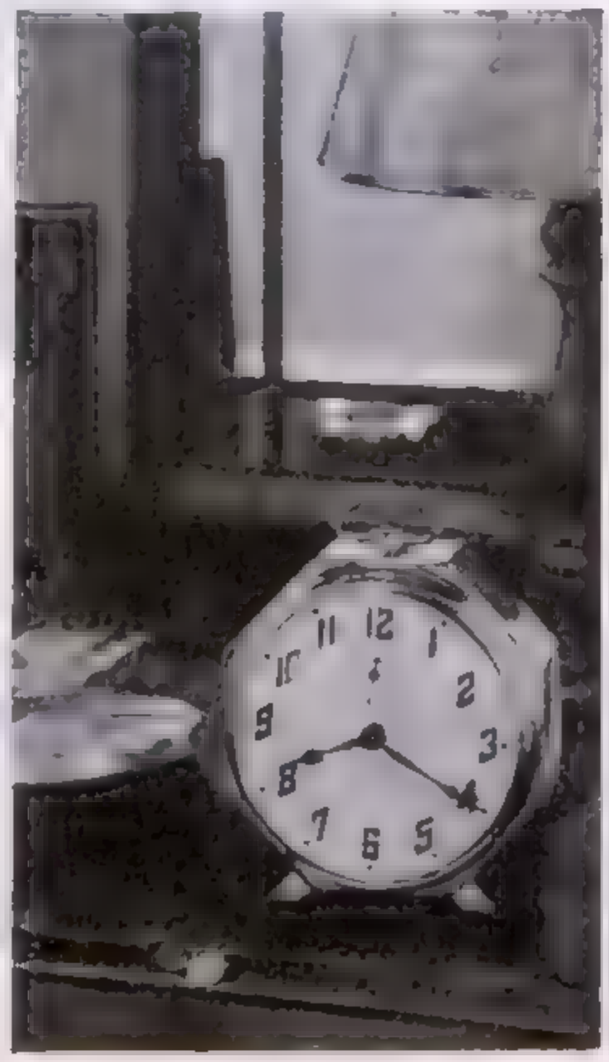

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the kitchen and stop there! And don't you dare come out front till I give you my leave!"

Kleffel scowled, then suddenly laughed. A moment later the lynx-bright eyes pounced upon him from the doorway.

"I give you good morning," greeted Kleffel. "I come fur to git some adwice."

The tight skin drew into a yellow frown between the full eyelids. "Adwice? What do you mean by that now?"

"I got to git me some legal adwice." Kleffel swung from his horse. "Somepun kind of complicated. And I didn't know no one where could complicate it so good as what you could."

This questionable compliment failed of effect. The justice glowered motionless upon the threshold.

"If we could oncet go somewheres private——" Kleffel hinted.

Without further word Federspiel led the way into the small square living room. Kleffel selected a chair in which the broken barbs of horsehair seemed least threatening. Federspiel sat down behind a marble-topped stand and tapped his fingers on it.

"If you think you're going to come something ower me in regards to that fine, you ain't. I have heard plenty times a'ready how you was making your boast you ain't paying it. Well, you are. Today one week you are paying it or I will take off you both the mule and both the harness."

"I am paying it sooner yet," Kleffel promised cheerfully, "if you will give me the adwices I am needing."

"Ha! That's how it goes, was it? You would pay me the fine, prowided you can get some adwice off me free of charge. Well, I ain't got no free adwice and there ain't no prowiso to the fine."

"It's more than one prowiso to it," amended Kleffel. "Here's one you ain't even heard yet: Fur prowided you ain't giving me the legal adwice I am needful fur, I will take that hunert dollars and go to some such big city and buy me some them law books. Then we will see oncet till it comes election who will be the justice in Yings County."

The lynxes pounced out furiously, then skulked from sight behind their heavy barriers.

Kleffel pursued, "But give me the adwice—adwice I kin use, mind!—and I will pay you the hunert in money cash and I will fetch it to you behind twenty-four hours yet."

"A hunert dollars!" crackled the justice. "How many of them expensive law books do you conceit you kin buy you fur one hunert dollars? Near the hunert dollars per each they cost yet."

"Then I might have to sell me the mule fur to raise more cash," observed Kleffel imperturbably.

"And you think you can run me out of office—me where has held my job off the woters for twenty-one years? Ha!"

"It won't be me where will run you," said the sheriff amiably. "It's up to the woters to say whichever of the two of us is the best liked. But if you ain't fur agreeing to this here," he picked up his hat and rose, "I guess I'll be going. If I have got to find me a buyer fur that mule——"

"Set down!" thundered Federspiel. "What have you got so many nerves by you fur?" He tapped his fingers for another moment. "What fur kind of adwice are you wanting anyhow?"

Kleffel still stood. "You ain't saying yet you are agreeable to my prowisos."

Nor did the justice admit that he was until after further pounces and tappings. Direct speech from an indirect mind falls against the course of Nature.

The agreement between them finally iterated and reiterated, Kleffel sat down and unfolded his predicament. The justice listened with scornful amusement.

"Yes, I heard a'ready how you was running always after the young females. And now you come wanting to elope with one of them, eh? And you want me to manage this here so her folks can't get her off you. A pretty mess. Yes, I would say, a pretty mess. The Yancey girl, heh?"

"I ain't saying what fur girl."

"Mebbe you would get up-mixed among them all and run off with the wrong one," speculated the justice derisively. "How many girls have you popped at a'ready?"

"None where I thought they was liable to take me," twinkled young Kleffel. "Not, anyways, till I met this here one. I was, just to say, practicing on them others. But let's git down to biz. I want this here girl and I'm goin' to have her, and if you can't figger it out of them law books of yourn, I have got to buy me some fur myself. Like I told you, I might be needful fur them anyway; but, of course, now you agreed——"

The justice bared a yellowed fang. He writhed like an animal which still hopes to extricate its toes from the trap.

"Agreed to nothin'! Here you took an adwantage of me—not telling me beforehand what fur underhanded schemes you wanted me to back you up in. No, I should guess I wouldn't be agreeing to no such criminal actions. Besides, it ain't any law where would uphold you in abducing a innocent female from her lawful home. And I am a man this much that I wouldn't go hunting fur it if there was."

"Well, then," Kleffel remarked briskly, "I will have to buy me them books and go hunting into them fur myself. And that ain't such a bad notion either, fur I wouldn't mind settin' eyes onto that law where give you dare to fine me fur my own mule."

A sound between a snarl and a growl tore from the legal throat. The justice jerked his feet, but they seemed firmly held; and he slumped back in his chair. He still writhed, but he began to writhe mentally now rather than physically. In fact, during the ensuing quarter hour Justice Israel Federspiel probably did as strenuous mental writhing as could ever be recorded of any gentleman in his profession. Some way or another this mealy-mouthed young sheriff had got him into a hole and was riding him there; and if he were to get out himself, he'd have to boost the sheriff out first! Perspiration beaded even his full eyelids.

The sheriff, his hands thrust easily into his pockets, watched him with considerable enjoyment.

"It just ain't any law where protects the abductor," the justice summed up at last. "It's a awful heavy penalty where pertains always thereto. But this I can do for you, sheriff." He heaved forward over the stand, clutching its rim. "In case that girl's folks wouldn't be extry smart, I might mebbe persuade them they couldn't do you nothing."

Kleffel burst into laughter. "Well, this much I kin say: They ain't as smart as what they think anyhow." He laughed again, then observed casually, "It would be that much easier, ain't, if the girl could, now, elope with me? I guess mebbe there ain't any law where could touch that pertikler case."

The justice started. Kleffel gazed innocently into the crown of his hat. There was silence for a moment. Then the justice zigzagged his chair legs toward him.

"I am getting ahold of a thought here. The female in question—could she manage to borrow the lend of a buggy or some such a conweyance?"

"I guess mebbe."

"Well, then"—the magistrate lowered his tone impressively—"I am about to give you adwice where was never gave in this world before, I would bet on it. And it ain't any law or any statute can touch you fur it. You get that female to come after you in her rig and you stop home till she does it. It will make a plain case of abduction; only the female will be the abductor and you will be the abductee. Do you begin to get onto the hint of it now?"

"But could you guarantee now that her folks couldn't be putting the law onto me and dragging her from me?"

There was sound as of two bones clicking together. "They couldn't put no law onto you, if there wasn't no law to put, could

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CROSS TOWN
OR CROSS COUNTRY ~ *it's all the same to a Marmon*

WHEN impatient America, fender to fender and hub to hub, is jamming and glaring, and fighting for every inch, notably the calmest one in traffic is the driver of a MARMON—and every Marmon owner knows *why*. . . . Just as calm, just as completely carefree and unconcerned, is the owner of a Marmon sitting on the uppermost rim of the world, where ages are moments and miles mean nothing.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY · INDIANAPOLIS

The NEW MARMON
"It's a Great Automobile"

(Continued from Page 66)

they? They would only make out of themselves a laugh for the county, if they was to try it. In other words, I am now giving you adwice where you could have paid a thousand dollars for it off the biggest lawyers in this United States; and they probably wouldn't have been smart enough to see for you this here, just to say, technical point. And what was I gitting for it? Nothing!"

His long fingers were still clawing after Kleffel as the latter swung upon his horse. But in reality, the justice did get something for his advice. That same night, upon his return from the council chambers, he got the biggest surprise of his life.

In the moonlight which silvered his back yard was the breaking cart and upon its seat a motionless bulky figure. As he halted, unstrung and staring, the form slowly broke and became two forms. A packet was tossed to his feet.

"There's your fine, Uncle Israel! And thanks fur the technical point."

"What do you mean by somepun like this anyhow?" squeaked Justice Federspiel. "Who—who's that you got by you?"

"That there's my abductor, Mrs. Kleffel. Well, I give you good night. And good dreams to you!"

"I'll put the law on you for this! I'll jail you—I'll ——"

The dust raised by his frenzied heels was swept back upon himself by the dust raised by the heels of the hound-eared steed as it legged buoyantly down the lane.

"You can't put no law onto me if it ain't no law to put, could you? Now don't go making a laugh fur the county, Uncle Israel!"

And mingled with the triumphant tones was a sound which Justice Federspiel had never heard. It was the light laughter of his niece.

THE BLIND LEADING THOSE THAT SEE

(Continued from Page 58)

we go it alone. She pursues her work of interior decoration, and I mine. We are apart by day, together at night."

A little later he remarked, after observing, somehow, that my cigar had gone out, and going to the table and offering me another:

"You remember when you told me that in ten minutes you forgot that I was blind. Well, that's the best compliment I've ever been paid. Others have said that too. And I can tell you I took more pride in one thing than in any other achievement. It was when at Leipsic I made good as a human being."

After all, we were not so much amazed at the thousand and one things that Roland Farley, without sight, could, and we, with it, could not do as we were by his perennial naturalness. And this characterized not only his manner but his mental processes. These were not warped by the barrier, but entirely normal. He could put himself in the place of others in whose activities he could not participate, yet which he seemed to understand. People came to him with their domestic and business troubles, and almost always he would throw some clarifying light on the problem. Apparently he had developed to the utmost his reasoning powers and every faculty; had built on what he had. For such a spirit, when one channel is dammed up the stream of life flows with increased power through the other channels.

Rating Friendship Above Sight

Even his casual conversation was significant for the point we would like to make. His talk of art, science, philosophy may be imagined as well worth while. Yet frequently it is interspersed with Jolson-like anecdotes and pat slang. This and his playing of poker had at first struck me as pathetic—the attempt of one so afflicted to be "a regular fellow." But he was not just attempting these things, but doing them well. And suddenly the light illumined these apparently trivial facts. He was not alone striving for forgetfulness or merely to develop all his powers, but striving to spare others embarrassment by meeting them as far as possible on their own plane. And this struck me as a fine, even extraordinary thing. It was then that I realized, on looking back, that he had made me forget in the first ten minutes that he was blind. I found myself arguing with him, sometimes heatedly, even snappily, giving none of that quarter one ordinarily gives the blind. Besides, one usually gives the afflicted too constrained or too casual a sympathy. He gives to others. They seek his company gladly.

This is the point of the whole story, if we have only made it clear, though of course you can't actually get on the inside of a blind man any more than you can inhabit another's soul. But his very statements: "You can't see others, but they can see you," "Friendship is better than seeing or hearing," and even his "Blindness is no worse than a bad stomach," are brave ones, to be admired by most of us who complain rather bitterly of a blowout on the road. At any rate, I knew he was leading me. He, and not I, had the light.

Here was a blind man, then, asking no odds of anyone, least of all pity, with none of Henley's "bloody but unbowed" business about him, up and doing, content to serve, but not merely to "stand and wait"; and important, not alone for his achievements, but for what in character he has overcome.

The Light That Never Fails

Perhaps it would have been more romantic to have pictured him as pathetic, as we glimpse him sometimes at the piano. Then his features, which taken singly might be considered heavy but in the ensemble altogether noble, set in the profound stillness of the blind, have something of the repose and majesty of those far-off faces carved by Nature on the distant mountain tops.

Often the sadness, too, has struck me when I have watched him, sitting straight in his chair, the teacup on the arm, or come upon him, the mail unopened by his side; and once, more particularly, when we were to go out one evening and I found him dressing in the dark. Usually thoughtful of others, he forgot to snap on the light as I entered, and he continued dressing—put the studs in his shirt, the cuff buttons, laced his shoes and then stood before the mirror tying his tie, there in the dark. To me it was almost poignant.

But that was false; and I prefer to think of him as the manly, self-reliant figure I have seen walking so strangely erect up the winding street; again, as boyishly playing poker, going downstairs for refreshment for his guests, or playing over and over, at my four-year-old daughter's insistence, a simple waltz—all the homely unconsidered actions of each day.

What was that last story he told us? "My friend O'Malley, the painter," he said with a chuckle, "is deaf. But he says, 'Nobody need feel sorry for me. I miss all the small talk. And if anyone does say anything to me, they have to shout so, I know it must be important.'

"By the way, he raves about my music, I about his painting. Deaf and blind—a friend says it's the most disinterested friendship he has ever seen."

And all this with a chuckle! And in the story's telling there is the vision of a man who, for all his blindness, sees straight. Some lights may be dimmed, but, after all, there's one that never goes out.

Your first shave

will prove, beyond all doubt, the claims men make for this unique shaving cream

Let us send you a 10-shave tube to try

WE'VE built Palmolive Shaving Cream to a national business success by making few claims for it. We let it prove its case by sending a 10-day test tube free to all who ask.

In that way, we've gained leadership in a highly competitive field in only a few years. Nearly all of the men who once try this unique creation become regular users.

Thus we are sure we have a preparation that will surpass your present favorite. In your interest and in ours, will you accept a trial tube, and find out?

130 formulas tried

Before offering Palmolive Shaving Cream, we asked 1000 men their supreme desires in a shaving cream. Then met them exactly.

We tried and discarded 130 formulas before finding the right one. We put our 60 years of soap experience behind this creation. The result is a shaving cream unlike any you have ever tried.

Five advantages

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes on the face.
4. Strong bubbles hold the hairs erect for cutting.
5. Fine after-effects due to palm and olive oil content.

Just send coupon

Your present method may suit you well. But still there may be a better one. This test may mean much to you in comfort. Send the coupon before you forget.

THE PALMOLIVE COMPANY (Del. Corp.), CHICAGO, ILL.

To add the final touch to shaving luxury, we have created Palmolive After Shaving Talc—especially for men. Doesn't show. Leaves the skin smooth and fresh, and gives that well-groomed look. Try the sample we are sending free with the tube of Shaving Cream. There are new delights here for every man who shaves. Please let us prove them to you. Clip coupon now

10 SHAVES FREE

and a can of Palmolive After Shaving Talc

Simply insert your name and address and mail to Dept. B-1190, The Palmolive Company (Del. Corp.), 3702 Iron Street, Chicago, Ill.

Residents of Wisconsin should address The Palmolive Company (Wis. Corp.), Milwaukee, Wis.

Hereafter AJAX SIX will be known as the NASH *Light Six*

Important!

The phenomenal success of the Ajax Six and the great size the business has attained in less than a year, with well over $27,000,000 worth of cars already shipped, has made advisable a closer consolidation of Nash and Ajax manufacturing operations.

With this in view the Ajax Motors Company, till now a subsidiary of The Nash Motors Company, has been entirely absorbed by the parent Company.

And in accordance with this procedure the name of the product, Ajax Six, is herewith changed to Nash Light Six.

So that Nash models are now available in 3 Series—*differing as to wheelbase but identical in their high standards of workmanship*—

—the *NEW* Light Six series (*formerly the Ajax Six*); the Special Six series; and Advanced Six series;—embracing 16 different models with a price range from $865 to $2090 f. o. b. factory.

This announcement of the change in name from Ajax Six to Nash Light Six also marks the greatest five month period of business in Nash history.

The upward soaring demand during January, February, March, April and May drove total sales and production to a figure approximating 70% of the total sales for the whole of last year.

(3535)

More Money for Merchants With Modern Cash Registers

THE rapid development of the automobile from the complicated, uncertain machine of a few years back, to the simple reliable motor car of today would never have been accomplished without keen competition. Undoubtedly automobiles would have been improved without competition, but it is unthinkable that the advancement would have been so rapid or so great. The striving of minds to outdo each other is the strongest stimulant to progress.

This is responsible for the development of the modern Remington Cash Register. Remington realized the necessity for improvements which now simplify store systems, and which enable dealers to handle store transactions more quickly and accurately with less effort. By making these improvements Remington established a new standard of cash register service.

Remington machines embody valuable new and exclusive features which every merchant should know about. Remington offices are in the principal cities of the United States and in Toronto and Vancouver, Canada.

Remington Cash Register Co., Inc.
Factory and General Sales Office, Ilion, N. Y.
Subsidiary of Remington Arms Company, Inc.
Makers of Remington Firearms, Ammunition and Cutlery

In Canada: Remington Cash Register Company of Canada, Ltd.
357 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. 904 Robson St., Vancouver, B. C.

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Remington
cash registers

FLORIDA VERSUS CALIFORNIA

(Continued from Page 11)

CAL.: That would just about pay for the labels on the ones we shipped. Orange County—and it was named because they couldn't seem to get oranges growing good there—after everything was closed up one evening and no one was even thinking about oranges, shipped $5,000,000 worth themselves.

FLA.: We raise $10,000,000 worth of corn. We also raise tobacco. We have 1,000,000 tourists, and it is estimated that they leave $100 apiece with us. That is $100,000,000.

CAL.: Corn? We don't go in for corn. But beans—you take away California's bean crop and the American Army would have to go to feeding their men. As for tobacco, we can't raise as good as North Carolina, and because we can't we don't raise any. No inferior anything for us. It's the best or none at all. Now about those 1,000,000 tourists that leave $100 apiece—why, there are more than that looking for Mary Pickford's house before breakfast every morning along just to attend the Iowa picnic. That many win beauty prizes and are sent there to replace Lillian Gish. Ben Turpin alone has drawn 200,000 cock-eyed guys there. Everybody that has all his front teeth intact and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses comes to replace Harold Lloyd. And as for the Florida tourists leaving $100 apiece, we won't monkey with that cheap trade. It costs our tourists more than $100 just to take a course in scenario writing alone.

ANGRY MOB *(interrupting)*: Just a minute, gentlemen, we want you to listen to us for a while.

CAL. AND FLA.: Who is this that dares interrupt the debate between the two premier states of our great commonwealth? Stop these interruptions! Who is this unimportant upstart anyway?

INTERRUPTER: I'll tell you who we are. We are the state of Oklahoma, and we are what both of you fellows advertise yourselves to be. We are the Chamber of Commerce of Claremore, Oklahoma, the town that needs no introduction to an intelligent audience. We, like the rest of the United States, have sat patiently by for years and listened to you two birds. America couldn't pick up a magazine without looking at a picture of somebody hitting at a golf ball in sunny California or balmy Florida. To read the ads, you would think that was the only place golf balls were being missed. You have both howled of your climate till one would think the rest of the states in the Union kept their inhabitants alive by artificial respiration. Now the time has come to revolt. You can push America just so far, even with an ad. We may be a patient race, a tolerant people, and will stand for a terrible lot. We have had things as bad as your menace and lived them down. We remember years ago we went through a siege of cross-word puzzles which littered up our newspapers even worse than your orange groves and your bathing-beach scenes, but we finally turned and solved all those puzzles by throwing them into the ash can. We lived mah-jongg down in one month less than a year, and if you think we are going to spend the rest of our lives looking at the picture of a fat tourist with a rubber fish labeled Tuna or Tarpon, you are overestimating our good nature.

Now, Florida, I know it's going to break your heart to have to listen. You have had the ear and eye of your audience so long that you think they belong to you; and you, California, had the same thing up to the time Florida came along. Then you started weeping some real tears along with your movie glycerin ones, when you had to hear about somebody else. As you know, America doesn't stay on one fad long, and you both have had your chance and you have prospered. Nature, the world and the newspaper have been good to you; but restless America is looking for a new place to fix the tires, and we are here to announce to the half-witted rovers of America that Oklahoma has been designated by Nature as the parking place of the last and greatest boom.

Your two-boy act is finished; you can wash up and go home—where you can spend the rest of your days living on orange juice and throwing rocks at the alligators. We of the Chamber of Commerce of Claremore, Oklahoma, are not the kind of people, like Borah and Jim Reed, who criticize and offer no remedy. Before we dismiss you two states from the tourist time-table we are going to take both of you apart and show what has made you rattle this long. We are going to shoot you through a public clinic and show you how you really stand up when compared to fast company. The truth is, you kids have been so busy fighting between yourselves and trying to shoot each other in the back that you haven't watched the rest of the United States passing by. If you had only looked up you would have noticed who was in the lead. It wasn't a soul in the world but your old Sooner State of Oklahoma.

While you two flea hounds stopped to snap at each other Oklahoma was leading the rest of the pack and gnawing right on prosperity's heels. Old Man Natural Resources is the boy who will eventually settle this argument, and it just looks like the Lord in distributing resources fixed Oklahoma so it would stop all arguments before they started.

Now a golf course in colored photography makes an awful pretty picture, but awful poor nourishment. A bathing beauty in a one-piece suit catches the eye but is not listed in natural resources as a staple. A yacht scene has a certain attractiveness but no particular income attached. But an Oklahoma oil well pumping out the old grease is the thing that bought the white flannel yachting breeches.

We just heard your babbling, telling of what your states contained; now sit there and grit your teeth while we tell you what a real state contains. You kids were all right in the preliminaries, but this is the finals we are in now. As small-timers, you each stopped the show; but up here with us on the big time you will break a leg before you can get a bow. So listen and lament. The test of a state is: What does old Mother Earth underfoot come forth with? Why, we drop more stuff off the wagon going to market than either one of you raises. Your first controversy was about Ponce de León. Well, if it is any news to you illiterates, we have dozens of men in Oklahoma living today that knew Ponce de León well. These old men remember him as a kid in Florida when they were all searching for the Fountain of Youth together. He died looking for it, while these boys located it at the Radium Wells, which has since been known as Claremore, Oklahoma, the Mecca of the afflicted and the Eden of the home seeker.

In your next prattling of a subdivided mind you state, "Spain sold Florida for five cents an acre." You are right; that is a historical fact, and it is also the first indication we have in history that Spain had no conscience. And as for you, California, Mexico and the United States had a war. We think it was caused by Secretary Kellogg missing one day sending them an ultimatum note. Not to be commanded by America every day made them think we were sore at them.' The war was really over the following question: "Who will have to take California?" Mexico won and America had to take it.

These, gentlemen, are the historical facts of how both of you come to litter up our landscape, but look at the difference when we read of the historical acquiring of Oklahoma. When the United States realized what France really possessed in owning the territory embracing Oklahoma, they entered into negotiations for its purchase. But France's minister—whoever he was that day—himself realized what they had

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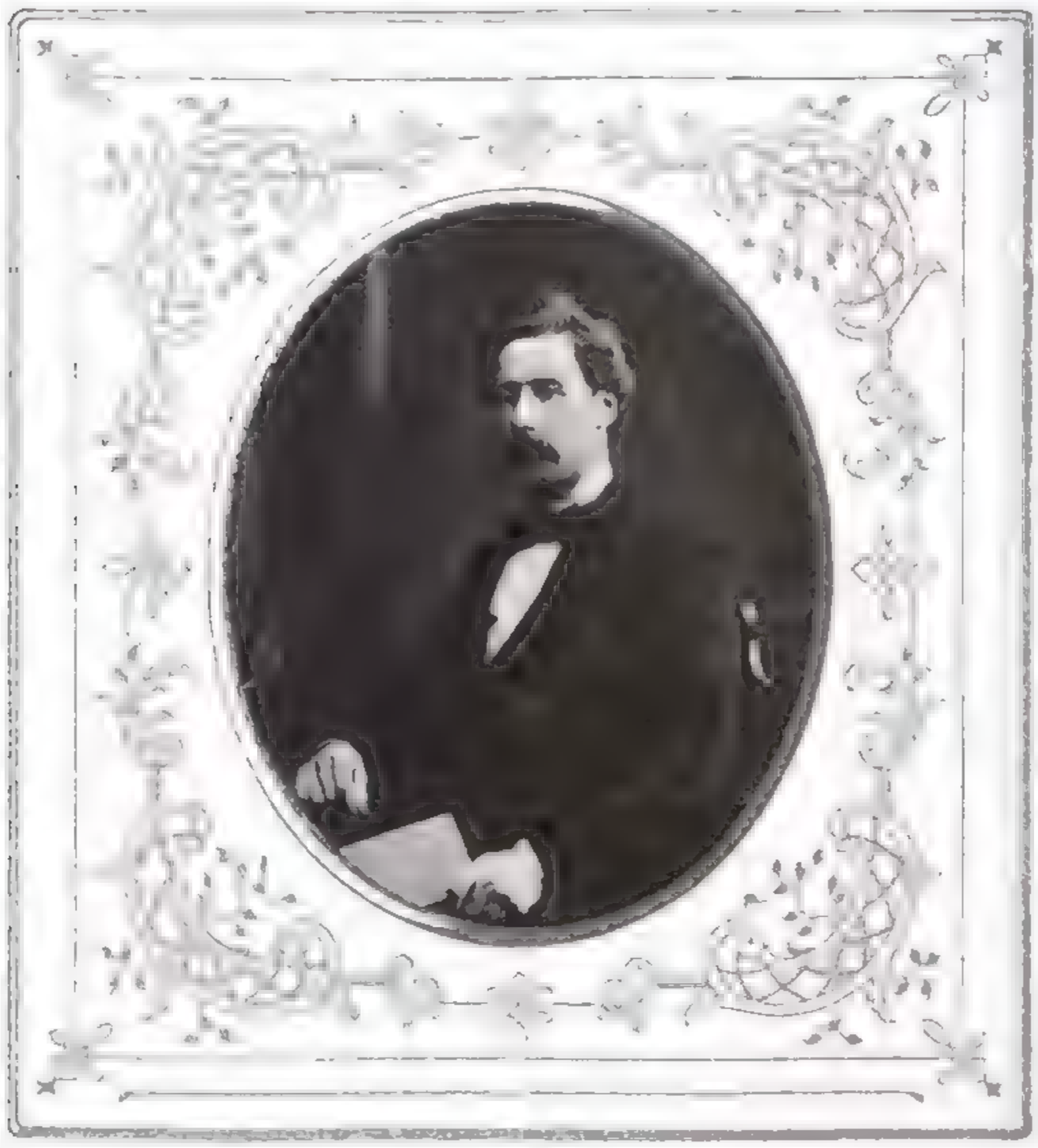
"auld acquaintance"



" . . . That's Daniel Sherwood. He married your Aunt Phoebe's cousin the year of the World's Fair. I haven't heard from them for years. . . . I've forgotten who that is. She belonged to our Music Festival Society too. . . . That's your Great-aunt Dora's boy, Clark. He married an Indiana girl. I was a bridesmaid. They're out West somewhere. . . . I had a beautiful silk dress made for that wedding. I bought the goods at . . . let me see . . . "

An hour with your grandmother and the family album will supply some startling facts on the instability of social relations. Close friends lose touch. Families drift apart. Clubs, societies and associations simply dissolve into nothing. And when friends and relatives forget each other, is it so remarkable that names and trade-marks of merchandise should be easily lost among the years?

Yet any business man can name many products that the public has never been allowed to forget. Famous names and trade-marks found in every home and every cross-roads store. Known for their excellence when the country was young. Advertised from the very beginning of advertising. Carefully kept, as a matter of business, in the public mind.

The value of "keeping everlastingly at it" is something that these old and solid firms do not need to be taught. The advertising purpose to them means a clearly defined policy of persistence. Through fat years and lean years they are continually telling each generation in turn about the merits and advantages of their goods. They are determined that the old acquaintance shall be perpetuated. That the coming years shall bring increased friendliness for their names and wider familiarity for their products. And this organization itself has been numbered for many years among these national advertisers for whom the printed page makes new friends, and holds old friends, each year.

N. W. AYER & SON

ADVERTISING HEADQUARTERS, PHILADELPHIA

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(Continued from Page 70)

within the boundaries of what now embraces Oklahoma. America went so far as to offer beaucoup d'argent—heavy jack—for it. But France also realized that they had a great deal of worthless country on their hands, so they made the following proposal to the United States: "We will sell you Oklahoma; but you must agree to take over—without us paying you for it—Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, and parts of Colorado, Wyoming, North Dakota and Minnesota; and you are also to agree that the purchase is always to be known as the Louisiana Purchase, because if France ever knew we sold Oklahoma, why, another cabinet would fall. But by it being known as the Louisiana Sale they will think we made a good business move, and the Chamber of Deputies will no doubt give us a vote of confidence."

Well, America was tickled to death when they heard we were to get Oklahoma at any price, even if we had had to take Chicago. So out of our promise to France we have always let it be known as the Louisiana Purchase, but we all know that its real name is the Oklahoma Purchase and the Louisiana Gift.

If our memory serves us right, and it's not too sure in recalling idle chatter, you boys argued something a while ago about seacoast. Say, when the Arkansas, Red River, Salt Fork, Verdigris, Caney, Cat Creek, Possum Creek, Dog Creek, Skunk Branch are all up after a rain, we got more seacoast than Australia; and if you don't think it's real water, try to swim some of them on a horse sometime.

Now as to Florida's Everglades and California's mountains, such things as those are as foreign to us as a crop failure. Every foot of land we have in Oklahoma is tillable. We have neither dredge nor steam shovel. Nature graded our land. You wait for a miracle to aid you, and we've already had ours happen.

Now we come to the catfish. We have such a varmint that infests our waters, but we have never known our food supply to arrive so low that anyone resorted to the catfish for provender. Why, even the peasants in Oklahoma eat goldfish. As to the number of varieties of fish, we couldn't tell you. We, personally, were out fishing one day and our estimate was that there wasn't any; or if there was, we didn't see them. Some of our reliable and conscientious fishermen have estimated it at about 8,000,000,000; so, to be perfectly frank with you, it is somewhere between none and 8,000,000,000.

And as to their names, we don't keep much track of that. We have never got out a Who's Who on fish. Even the mail-order catalogue, which we look to when in doubt on any diplomatic question, fails to list them among the twelve best sellers. A fish is just a fish with us. His build, his literacy or his ancestry never bothers us much. So for queer fish, either on land or sea, we can't compete with either of our ex-illustrious commonwealths.

The transformed Iowan fish that arrives in Los Angeles in answer to a picture post card, with oranges on the trees in the wintertime, is a unique member of the finny tribe which we feel fortunate in not possessing. Nor have we anything to compare with your movie-struck fish; or the film flounder, scenario suckers, Hollywood eels, wall-eyed pikers and your sporting fish, who in Hollywood Saturday nights stay up and go to the second show. As for Florida, the real-estate sharks run in schools, looking to pounce upon the Indiana and Georgia fish called the sucker, who generally migrate singly. So the fair state of Oklahoma goes on record as not being the rendezvous of queer fish. We are a state, not an aquarium. If you want to be a fish, go to Florida or California. If you have any tendencies or aspirations toward being a human, Oklahoma will eventually be your home. Why not now?

Now a few words on your constant howl—climate. California, it took you five years to learn you couldn't live on climate. You have to have some biscuits and molasses to go with it. Florida is just now learning it. Climate is a sales argument, but not a food. Oklahoma is the only one of the three that has an all-year-round climate. Our people don't move with the seasons, hunting a different climate. Our climate changes with our seasons. Why, we throw away more climate that we don't need in one year than you have charged your customers with! We don't sell climate; it goes with the purchase of land, just as the darkness or the light. We don't have to throw in a Gulf Stream or a trade wind or a canceled state income tax or a movie contract or a catfish. There are no remnant sales in Oklahoma. California has to irrigate, Florida has to fertilize.' Now it seems hardly right, does it, that the Lord would take both those things off an Oklahoman's hands? We don't have to depend on a dam; nor Chile for nitrates. You just throw anything out in Oklahoma and all you have to do is to come back and harvest it.

Pardon us if we laugh when we think of you talking about your geographical position. Why, all you have to do is look at a map and tell that one of you is hanging onto America by your toes and the other by your teeth. You are not really in America; you are just on the ragged edge. You are just the fringe on the coat tail of a well-worn suit, while Oklahoma is the heart, it's the vital organ, of our national existence. Kansas is the appendix; if it ever gets to hurting, we can take it out and never miss it. But Oklahoma! When her economic pulse ceases to beat, America will be laid in the cemetery by the side of Vermont, Maine and Czecho-Slovakia.

As for distance from New York, that means nothing to us. Let New York estimate their distance from us. We make no effort to toady to their millionaire trade. We raise our own millionaires in Oklahoma.

Now as to oranges and grapefruit. They have caused more talk and given less sustenance to life than anything in the shape of an eatable ever invented. When we raised men in this country, and not golf players, grapefruit was unknown; and today it is as useless as a luncheon club. With us it is considered a kind of an effeminate morning dish. We raise apples in Oklahoma, something that is a recognized food—and not a shower—known and referred to even in Bible times. Peaches, grapes, anything you want, we raise it in abundance.

Corn? When you speak of corn you are talking right up our alley. Why, the way that Florida got that little patch that sold for $10,000,000 was by Oklahoma's corn growing so high that some of the stalks fell over into Florida. We gather our corn in airplanes. Why, our corn last year in Oklahoma ran over 200 gallons to the acre! Our corn keeps the world merry. Most of our hogs are fattened from the mash from the stills; so that's why Oklahoma pork brings more on the market than any other. It's from satisfied and liberty-loving hogs. One Oklahoma ham fattened from still mash runs 3.75 per cent intoxicating. And Oklahoma pigs' feet have been known to do the Charleston right on the dining-room table.

Santiago de Cuba Harbor

Beans? We have to raise $30,000,000 or $40,000,000 worth of beans to go with our corn, just for succotash purposes, and we are a race of people that don't particularly care for succotash, at that.

Tobacco? We just raise enough of that to last till somebody can hitch up a flivver and go to town.

Tourists? We don't go in for them much. We have figured it out that there is nothing so unproductive as a tourist. He does nothing but use up your roads. He's even buying enough gasoline in his home town to last him through the trip. He just gets in your way on the highways. Pop and hot dogs are the extent of his purchases. The tourists are the modern Coxey's Army of America. But most towns are solving the problem by segregating them off to themselves in free camping grounds. So this is the third of three things we will give you without argument—grapefruit, catfish and tourists.

While you are bragging on your pests, why didn't you, Florida, say something about your mosquitoes? And you, California, your sand fleas? You boys could have been truthful about the number of those things without lying. I know, California, that you claim your fleas have never bitten anyone until after they have bought. And as to the size of your mosquitoes, Florida, our chamber of commerce woke up one morning and the mosquitoes were trying on our overcoats. I know, Florida, you have your coconuts; and know you, too, California, feel envious of them because you haven't got any; but don't worry; you take off the first two syllables and you are even with them

Oklahoma has no such thing as the idle or unemployed problem, like Florida or California has with its real-estate men. Our chamber of commerce used to go every day, while visiting Miami and Los Angeles, at 12:30 to see them feed the real-estate men

So, after all, it's the old earth we have working for us in Oklahoma. Some of the ads for the lots you try to sell are bigger than the lots themselves. We produce the oil that runs the cars that you are making payments on. We have coal, oil, gas, wheat, corn, oats, potatoes, cotton, cattle, horses, sheep, hogs—all these are there now. They are not "can be raised" or "will eventually be brought here." They are there now You know, come to think about it, it is only through generosity that the Chamber of Commerce of Claremore, Oklahoma, allows the name of Florida or California to be associated along with it.

I will admit you have hurt some of the weaker-minded states, but Oklahoma is going out for a different class of citizens; and when Oklahoma arises the whole world listens, because they don't know what surprise she may have in store for them. She has astonished them often, has amazed them many times with her new discoveries, dumfounded them with her intellect, swamped them with her riches, shepherded them politically, been the storehouse of their rations, mothered them spiritually—the mental giant of the constellation of states, the lighthouse of morality, physically a Madonna, the geographical and artistic center of a liberty-searching nation. Never a breath of scandal has touched the fair state of Oklahoma, while crookedness, robbery and even murder have run rampant throughout our fair land. Oklahoma has never even had an assault-and-battery case. She has never lived to see the finger of scorn pointed at her. The United States Constitution, with all its various assortment of amendments, has always been religiously adhered to. Today Oklahoma stands as a model of what George and Tom—Washington and Jefferson—meant the entire nation to be. Every industry establishes a local headquarters where they assemble their clients. And Oklahoma has been chosen the world's round-up grounds from which to make the heavenly flight.

These Toasty, Wonderful Grains

Taste good when nothing else does

If you've reached the point where ordinary foods fail to entice you . . . try, please, this unique temptation; food that's "good for you" that you eat because you love it!

QUAKER Puffed Rice is different from any other cereal you have ever tasted.

Different in flavor; for it tastes like toasted nutmeats. Different in form; for it's steam puffed; then crisped. Different in digestibility—for steam puffing breaks every food cell and makes digestion easy.

Thus on every count, in every way, it holds a place supreme. There is no other like it. It's the enticing "something different," which one needs to win back a wayward appetite. And when served with milk the vitamines are embodied.

You eat this widely valued food because you love it. Because it supplies the great adventure of variety in your diet. You forget that it is listed high among foods that are "good for you."

Serve with milk or cream, or with half and half. Try, too, with cooked and fresh fruits. A breakfast enchantment, a luncheon change, a bed-time dish that will not interfere with restful sleep.

Quaker Puffed Wheat

Enchanted grains of deliciousness . . . crunchy as fresh toast, alluring as a confection. Yet they're *whole wheat*—with approximately 20% bran. A delightful breakfast variant.

THE
QUAKER OATS
COMPANY

THE HOROSCOPE

(Continued from Page 23

Syl stared at him with rain-blurred eyes. Captain Gates' necktie, she thought, was bunglingly tied. Her fingers itched to readjust it; there was a kind of breath of reconciliation in their closeness; for a second her heart beat high, but in the next second she knew that Captain Gates had pinched out the flame of love, as she had seen him pinch the flame of a match with his thumb and finger. It was she who was forsaken. Her head fell.

"That was a nasty knock," he muttered. "When I saw you spread-eagled there, I thought you would never move again."

"It was the dog's fault," Syl cried.

They were in a hollow between two hills with rock flanks, and wind from the sea got a good rake in there. It howled down their necks, and threw up the mane of the black horse, who had got in among withered pale-yellow cornstalks at the north end of the field, his coal-black body steaming. The Warbler was running on three legs. Somebody had stoned him.

"The dog's fault? I'm sorry."

"He ought to be shot."

"I guess so. But where I owe him my life. . . . The fact is, that dog is part and parcel of my horoscope."

"Your—horoscope?"

"Yes. Horoscope. That's a term of art." Captain Gates grinned. "I had it cast in Paris by the best astrologer in the business. He tells a man's future by the stars. Cheerful old beggar. He outlined it, told me what I was threatened with, and his diagnosis called for a dog. He said I had a good chance of drowning, but if I had a dog, the dog might save me."

"The remedy is worse than the disease," Syl laughed faintly.

"Maybe so," Captain Gates returned. "At the time I didn't think so. I bought this dog, and then—well, that blackfish that I had strangled with one of your mittens hit me a clip over the ear with his tail and knocked me cold. The Warbler jumped in and held me up until the other boat could hook me in. Maybe you don't believe, though, in what the stars tell, Beetle-goose?"

"I don't," Syl said severely. "I think this life comes just as we live it. We make it up as we go along."

"If we did that, it would be nothing but a fairy tale," he muttered. The workaday world on the contrary, he insisted, was cut and dried. In his own case, there was disaster in his strain. Disaster. The very word meant that, like the ship, Bagley, he was on the wrong side of the stars. And why shouldn't a seaman believe that the stars ruled him, since he depended on them for his very life and the life of his ship? They had time in their power, they regulated clocks, why not the human clockwork?

"If you do think you may be drowned," Syl said mistrustfully, "why do you go to sea at all?"

"Because if I stopped ashore I would probably drown in a bathtub with horse weights slung around my neck. There's no dodging the stars, any more than bricks or bullets."

"Still, where you know in advance what is going to happen ——"

"The ways are greased, I tell you. There's no cheating the stars. They are far enough off to look round corners and into coalholes." He informed her that Arcturus in two thousand years had moved across the sky only twice the apparent diameter of the moon. "I tell you this," he dropped out, "because I know you're not a superstitious woman. You wouldn't have any sympathy with what that dirty little astrologer in a red bath robe in Paris had got planned out for me. It's his dog, really. If it hadn't been he said a dog would pull me out of trouble, you think I would have sacked the Warbler around the way I have?"

Syl watched the big dog go whimpering among the cornstalks. Rain poured through the stripped gray woods, lashing the rock-colored trunks of the beeches. Wind, blowing off the sea, plastered her maroon-colored raincoat against her back, lifted the strap of her yellow sou'wester against her chin. Red and yellow leaves clung to the toes of her riding boots. It was the leaves with sap in them that fell first.

"You're certain you don't feel sick?" Captain Gates was saying anxiously, looking straight in her face. "You look white, no mistake."

"I'm perfectly able to stand on my own feet, please."

He paid no attention to that assertion, twice repeated. His arm was round her still. It was darkening. Wind and rain streamed in their faces. The man's wet hair hung across his smoldering eyes. He seemed to hang on her least words. Some devil in the wind had blown the last vestige of animosity out of her breast. Even though he had made that ungenerous reference to the blackfish, piling up this wild story of the astrologer's dog on top of it, Syl knew that she would give her right hand to have him back.

It couldn't be. Judith Hackleton's charcoal brows had got between them. Syl herself had advanced in her relations with Captain Gates by a process of regelation, as in the case of glaciers, ice movements; that is, by freezing and thawing and freezing again. This was the period of frost. The man was shrouded from her in the thick of his ironies.

He was fully qualified to play the part of the devil busy in a gale of wind, however. In a gust of wind the tree under which they stooped, whipped at its top, yielded to the roots; the soil at their feet worked; a piece of wet bark, ground off by the palm of his hand, blew into the corner of Syl's eye.

"Drowning is an easy death," she whispered suddenly, trying to give him irony for irony. "I could drown or not, like opening or shutting my hand."

She opened it, shut it. Captain Gates stared fascinated, inclosed her whole cold fist in his, standing with his darkling air, reminiscent of dangers. Did she mean that? Well, if he himself loved life still, it was not specifically for its hardships. Only, his self-respect was the by-product of those hardships. Even when he yielded to softer lures he grew hard outwardly, he cloaked himself in satire. Love was a difficult delight, hampering to the natural man; as much so as money in the bank.

"Does—this horoscope—call for drowning a second time?" she asked, feeling unsettlement in all her bones and ligaments.

"By the powers it does," Captain Gates replied. "It will never let up on me. I tell you this because you're not a superstitious woman." He whispered that once on a desert island he had sustained life for a week on bird's-nest soup and pale brandy. What was there to live for after that?

He jested. He didn't mean for her to take what he said literally. This was on a par with that story he had told her of a silver mine in Patagonia plugged full of honey and operated as a honey mine through a period of years. The bit of bark in the corner of her eye had begun to bring water to it. She ran out of his arms dizzily, shouting back over her shoulder that if he wanted to do her one last service he might catch her horse and put him in his stall.

In her room she wrenched off her outer clothes, stepping viciously on the dress of grackle-head blue, and then staring into the mirror with sudden terror in her heart. On impulse she stalked into Ellen's room, her hair wild as usual, one stocking lapping down over her knee. There was another mark of her fall on that kneecap, she had discovered.

Ellen was sitting at her dressing table. Applying cream to one round cheek, without turning round, the calm sister said:

"Portrait of a young woman, by herself. . . . They tell me that Judith Hackleton has the cracks in her face all filled in with plaster, and then goes away and doesn't wash until she comes back for another treatment. . . . It is wonderful how long anybody's lashes can be if they are touched with black clear to their tips. There's just that whitish fringe, naturally, that shortens them to the eye."

Ellen put her solid white arms down gingerly among the toilet articles and, leaning into her mirror, saw what a figure Syl, standing back of her, presented.

"What a crack you've given yourself," she cried, startled by that pale apparition. The spot over the temple had deepened; and the marks of Captain Gates' fisherman's fingers were on Syl's slim faintly marbled arms. She covered those marks from her sister's eyes with her own hands.

"I fell off the horse, like a fool," she said shortly.

"I'll bet you saw stars then. You're white as a sheet."

"Stars. Ellen, do you think the stars rule our lives?"

She molded icy palms over the calm sister's shoulder caps. That hungering wind from the sea shook the house, and a door downstairs slammed shut. Ellen gave her a queer look.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean . . . Suppose a man should cast your horoscope ——"

"Well?"

"Would it all—come out as he said?"

"Would the stars rule? Nonsense. Astrology is discredited as a science. Even the astrologers didn't claim certainty. Remember that old Latin line, '*Homines regunt astra, sed regit astra Deus*—the stars rule man, but God rules the stars.' There's a little margin to come and go on."

"God rules the stars," Syl repeated with a little gasp. "It isn't then—cut and dried, you think?"

"Cut and dried? Sometimes I think it is," the calm sister said with unwonted fierceness, a lingering spark in her eye. "I think it is when I see a woman like Judith Hackleton pulling the wool over the eyes of such a man as Captain Gates. She put money in the Bagley, more than she could afford, because he recommended it, and now she hangs on him a dead weight. And she did it, mark you, deliberately, with the idea that if anything went wrong he would feel that he had her on his hands. He's got her there now. I don't doubt she represents it to him that she stripped herself of everything just to help him build that ship. It'll end by her marrying him. Syl, what can you be thinking of?"

"I'm thinking he'll be drowned," she whispered. "It's in his horoscope that he's to drown."

"Is it so? Well, if I had the chance," cried the calm sister, pinching her round shoulders back, and shrugging clear of Syl's hands, "if it was me, I'd let the stars have their way with me. I'd drown with him, sooner than see him drown alone, stars or no stars."

A burning flush came in her cheek. She had said too much at last. She sprang up, pushed Syl into the hall and slammed the door in her face.

Standing in the shadow of the fish shed on Spear's wharf, Syl Bagley saw Jules Lacour, the cook, swing over the Bagley's rail, with his white canvas bag bulging full. They were going, then. She stared, trembled. The ship was a rogue ship, and she had those rogues of Portuguese in the foc'sle. Ill-starred. A million blows had been struck to put her together, and they had been struck in vain. Her father had daily visions of handbills plastered everywhere, on trees, on shop fronts, in the bank and the post office, advertising a marshal's sale for the benefit of creditors. "The ship, Bagley, now lying in midstream, to be sold, together with all her tackle, apparel and furniture."

Sold, for little or nothing, to some dirty ring or other; and the town's capital blasted out of being. Her father took this fearfully hard. He had none of Captain Gates' imperviousness. He couldn't, unmoved, watch Hake Miller's old widow toiling uphill in her cast-off men's shoes, with a bag of flour on her withered shoulder, without a sense of catastrophe. Eyes, eyes, wherever he went.

They counted his very pulse, as if they expected him to cheat them of their sorry vengeance by dropping dead in the street and leaving them his carcass and that of his ship for a legacy.

Lacour had vanished forward, going in through the windlass room. The deck was empty of men, piled high with lumber. Syl Bagley reached out a hand to the main shrouds and swung herself in over the wet rail. The frosted cabin skylight had one clear pane—a sliding pane permitting the navigator to shout down observations to an assistant at the chronometer. This pane was slid back now. Syl, creeping closer past the red-leaded butt ends of several big balks of timber, looked down through the open pane.

Captain Gates sat on one side of the cabin table playing with a jointed rule. Jim Bagley, on the other side, consulted his watch—that turnip with the ruby chips set in all round the rim.

"Tug's coming any minute now," he muttered.

"What say to my proposition?" Captain Gates said. He leaned toward Bagley with deadly interest, his black hair hung all over on one side.

"God, man, no. Pile her up? We couldn't stand up under the investigation that would follow. I know what these smart admiralty lawyers can do in a court of law when they set out to hector the truth out of good men," Bagley ground out hoarsely. "They get a wedge somewhere into the best story you could tell."

"Say they do. I'd be equal to them. This wouldn't be the first ship to be driven on a shoal in a fog. The Hue and Cry, now. Any skipper . . . excused if he ran on there. . . . The current sets inshore this time of year. That gas buoy has been shifted a quarter of a mile toward the outer ledge."

"No," Jim Bagley groaned. The thought struck into him sharp as steel. It would be like his own life going down there in the boiling shallows of the Hue and Cry. Yet it was true that the ship was worth more dead than alive. With her hull grounded beyond the reach of tugs, he could collect insurance on her as a constructive total loss.

"The nays have it?" Captain Gates whispered sardonically, and snapped the jointed rule out straight.

"The nays—I don't know—I ——"

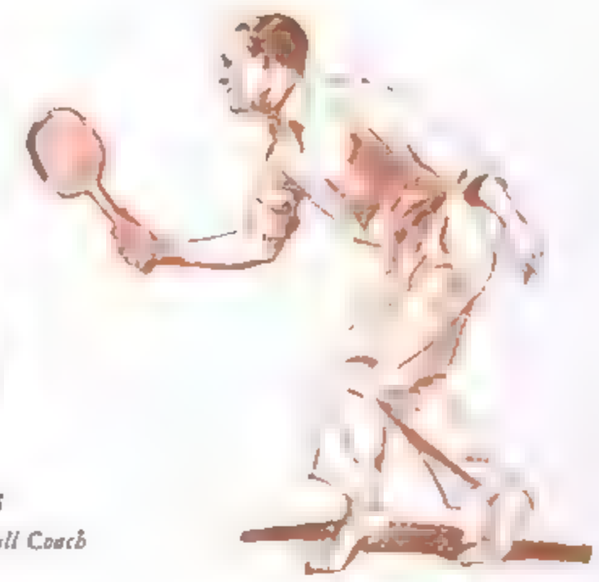
He faltered, stopped. Syl got up off her knees to cry down to him to think what he was doing. But then she saw the black shape of the tug, Mary Walters, loitering forward across the floor of the harbor from the coal dock where she had just coaled. All her lights were strung, the unwieldy pear-shaped rope fender hung at her blunt prow dragged in the water, as did the five or six log fenders hanging overside, port and starboard. She blew four or five neighborly blasts; there came one bell, two bells, a churning and slowing; the ranging of her black stack and masts along the Bagley's outer rail.

Captain Gates' voice from somewhere amidships called to Mr. Sparhawk, his mate, "Get somebody forward to take the man's line."

Syl Bagley felt the dog, Warbler, coming from behind the yellow scuttle butt, shoulder her roughly at the hip. She slipped, tumbled into a patch of shadow, and Captain Gates, walking forward, stepped almost on her fingers without seeing her.

(Continued on Page 79)

Tad Jones
Famous Eastern Football Coach



Even moderate exercise demands this simple PRECAUTION

YOUR son at college will tell you that he never enters the "gym" —even for a light work-out—without putting on an athletic supporter.

And he'd no more think of entering an athletic contest of any kind without this protection, than he'd think of entering a football game without cleated shoes or of catching a baseball game without a catcher's mask.

This isn't a matter of choice with him. He's simply obeying the athletic rules of his college.

For experience has shown that even a hardy youngster must be protected from the sudden wrenches and strains always possible in exercise of any sort.

How strange it is, then, that older men—who ought to be wiser men —will intermittently exercise, leaving the physical "danger zone" unguarded.

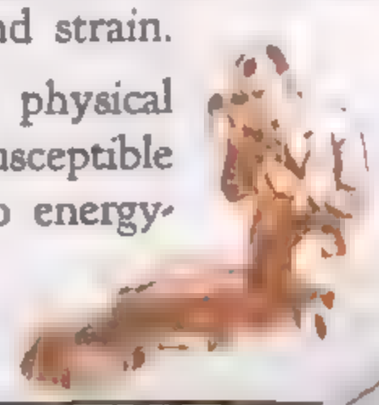
Many men who golf a lot, walk a lot, or who indulge in strenuous exercise of any kind ought to wear a supporter.

Famous Eastern Football Coach

YOU NEED BOTH OF THESE SAFEGUARDS

There are sensitive nerves and muscles which our mode of living has made vulnerable to stress and strain.

They compose the physical "danger zone" most susceptible to fatigue, to strain, to energy-sapping exertion.



On this page are shown two safeguards needed to protect this "danger zone."

One is for safety in athletics—the PAL Athletic Supporter.

The other is for comfort and protection in everyday life—the O-P-C.

Many active men leading physically strenuous lives should have them both.

Both these Bauer & Black health supporters may be obtained at nearly all drug stores and from leading sporting goods dealers. Or—

Write for this Interesting Booklet

We have published an extremely interesting book on Athletics and Health which every active man ought to read. A copy is yours for the asking. Address, Dept. 3, Bauer & Black, Chicago. Or if in Canada, address Bauer & Black, Limited, 96 Spadina Ave., Toronto

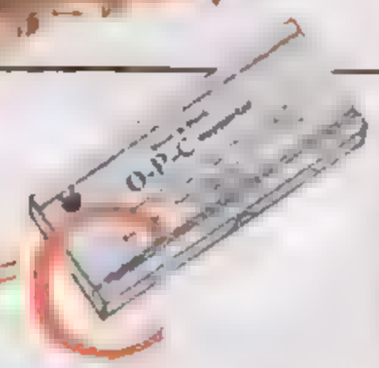
Bauer & Black
Chicago · New York · Toronto

PAL

FOR SAFETY IN SPORTS

PAL is the standard athletic supporter; so recognized by leading colleges, gymnasiums and physical culture authorities. Knitted (not woven) making it light, cool, porous and non-chafing. Covered elastic threads knitted into fabric give amazing flexibility. Responds to all exertions of the body, instantly and pliantly, while still rendering firm support. Washable—and durable. *At druggists and sporting goods stores, one dollar, except in Canada.*

THE ATHLETIC SUPPORTER



O-P-C

FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

For thirty-five years, the O-P-C Supporter has been the daily companion of myriads of active men, brain workers, thinkers and doers. It has enabled them to save nerve strain, increase their capacity and conserve their vim and youth. It is a requisite of the well-groomed as well as the safeguard of the physically active. It may be had in lisle at $1. Or in silk at $1.25 and $1.50, except in Canada. *At druggists and sporting goods dealers.*

THE HEALTH-SUPPORTER

Tire Prices and Goodyear Policy

FOR months past the American public has read columns about the price of rubber

The diminished surplus of crude rubber in the world caused rubber prices to soar, and increases in tire prices inevitably followed.

The extent of these increases has perhaps been exaggerated in many minds, for at the highest recent point Goodyear tire prices were still below pre-war levels

But tire prices are necessarily higher than a year ago so it is natural for all of us to want to economize on tires

And here is where Goodyear policy fits in

Goodyear policy is twofold: first—*to build the best possible value into Goodyear tires*; second—*to protect Goodyear tires so that the user will get out of Goodyear tires all the value Goodyear has built into them*

In carrying out the first phase of this policy Goodyear has made steady improvement in its tires for twenty years, and within the last two years has developed the Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloon to unique excellence

It has made this latter important advance through perfecting a new material called SUPERTWIST, a cord fabric of unusual elasticity

SUPERTWIST stretches farther before it breaks than ordinary cord

Thus when a Goodyear SUPERTWIST Balloon strikes an obstruction it absorbs the shock and recovers, instead of breaking

But it is entirely possible for a tire capable of giving 20,000 miles or more to fail at 5,000 miles, because of misuse or abuse

And here is where the second phase of Goodyear policy comes in

For many years Goodyear has been building up an organization of dealers interested in helping Goodyear users get greater mileage from their tires

These dealers are everywhere to know tires, to recommend right sizes and types, to show Goodyear users what inflation to maintain, when to have repairs made, and how to do the things which will enhance tire life

They have been selected because they are presumed to be in sympathy with the Goodyear policy of enabling the user to get maximum values from Goodyear products

In these days when tires cost less than at their lowest levels they are especially good men for you to know

There's a Goodyear Service Station or dealer near you. Go see him. He has counsel if you are ready for it about keeping your tire costs down

His service will help you save. It is an important part of the policy that has made more people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind

Good tires deserve good tubes—Goodyear Tubes

A representative Goodyear Service Station: that of Eshenden Tire Service, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Copyright 1926 by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Here the notables of old Dixie came to dine

"In all the South, no other banquets ever quite equalled these," so a distinguished southerner has written of the great dinners held long ago at the Maxwell House in Nashville.

Here from the days of the Civil War the most honored guests of old Dixie were received and entertained. Here, presidents, statesmen and generals were made welcome.

For years the stately dining room of this fine, old hotel brought together the notable men and women of the South.

Many still remember the words of President McKinley when he rose from table at the Maxwell House: "Surely, surely this is southern hospitality."

Throughout all Dixie, The Maxwell House was famous for its food and for its coffee. And in that land of good living, it was its coffee which received the highest praise of all.

Its fame spread rapidly

Year after year a special blend of fine coffees, wonderfully rich and mellow, was served at the Maxwell House. Year after year, visitors returned to their homes remembering its rare flavor. No one who tasted it could forget it.

Soon in all parts of the South this blend was known and talked of. Those who most enjoyed the good things of life took steps to secure it for their own tables.

Today the fame of Maxwell House Coffee has spread from coast to coast. It has pleased more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale. It has become America's largest selling high grade coffee—the most popular brand in a long list of leading cities. And the same firm of coffee merchants who perfected this blend years ago down in Nashville, Tennessee, still blend and roast it today.

"Good to the last drop"

The same coffee that delighted the guests of the old Maxwell House is now on sale in sealed tins at better grocery stores throughout the United States.

What new pleasure you will find in your first taste of Maxwell House Coffee! A full-flavored smoothness, a rich aroma, like no other kind! To you, as to the people of the old South long ago, it will bring a new idea of just how good a cup of coffee can really be. Plan now to serve it for breakfast tomorrow. Ask your grocer for one of the famous blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee. Cheek-Neal Coffee Company, Nashville, Houston, Jacksonville, Richmond, New York, Los Angeles.

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

TODAY—*America's largest selling high grade coffee*

(Continued from Page 74)

At four in the morning the Bagley was going close-hauled on the port tack through thick fog. Captain Gates had had the three whistles from the Open Water Lightship, first on his beam and then on his quarter; and now he felt that he was in the clear.

"Turn in and get a good night's sleep," he said to Mr. Aaron Sparhawk. "This loading job has fagged you out."

"There wouldn't be no sleep for me in a fog," Mr. Sparhawk said somberly. "Fog is my weak point. I feel like a little boy that has let go his mother's hand in a crowd, ever since that collision on the Jonas Jones."

Captain Gates, listening intently to the sound of the foghorn mounted on the bitts forward, and blowing every forty seconds, said nothing in answer to this. Mr. Sparhawk was a cheap mate, who had got his license during the war when it had been necessary to wink at his small navigation. Sun and stars were all one to that man. He took his orders like a common sailor. Steer so and so, and in case the wind shifts or the visibility gets worse, call me.

Captain Gates, looking aloft steadily, called out to Mr. Sparhawk to get in the topsails. It was time to diminish the ship's driving power without actually causing her to lose steerage way. The very rush of water at her prow was like the voice of an enemy, and that enemy was herself.

Mr. Sparhawk, rejoining his captain aft, picked up his discourse where he had left it. The faint light from the binnacle, striking up, gleamed on Peter Bento's wet black face as he conned the spokes with frowning intentness.

"The wind was to the southward like," Mr. Sparhawk whispered, fingering in the pockets of his canvas vest for tobacco. "Dungeon of fog, and that old man had said it was too much for his stomach once or twice; and he kept taking in sail. The lookout reported a horn on the starboard bow, and he said it was fishing boats in the fishing rip. He clewed up the main and mizzen topsails. Well, say, it was about around the Oil Spot off the Windmill, that I saw that steamer's red light jump out of nowhere, like the eye of the foul fiend. One second 'twasn't there, and then there 'twas. Like as if it had dodged out from behind something, and coming right up astern. Looked to me then as if it wasn't the width of a room away, but of course it was more than that."

"How do you tell distance in a fog?" Captain Gates cut in, catechizing.

"I tell it by the way winkers and whiskers show up round the side lights and the masthead light, mostly. They asked me that question in court, and that's how I answered it. They asked me how long a time it was between when I saw that light and heard that crash, and I said when a man is addled, a ship bearing down on him, and he groping around for a torch or a flare or anything under heaven to show a light, a minute is a long time. A minute is a long, long time, captain."

"A minute is a long time, yes," Captain Gates muttered.

"It's a lifetime, practically. There is so much time, it don't seem worth while to make a move. I tell you, anything unexpected just pulverizes a man like me. There we had a horn going like mad forward, fixed to the cavil of the double bitts, but the master of the steamer testified later that he confused it with the bleating of some sheep he had on his own well deck. He was some sarcastic.

"Our old man knew the steamer was hanging around, and for some reason he give orders to put the jibs over from port to starboard. They got caught in the stays. Everything catches and snarls at a time like that, somehow. She had a sluggish helm too. Wheel had too fine a thread. It took seven or eight turns to get it hard over from amidships; and just about then she was into us and shoved out the whole port side of the ship. Rim-racked us. Minute she drew her nose out we dropped right down like as if we hung by a rope and somebody cut the rope."

"There's an eight-wick torch somewhere in a locker forward," Captain Gates said. "Just take a look around for that, will you?"

Mr. Sparhawk departed on this errand. Captain Gates, left alone with Peter Bento, slanted an eye at the greasy water, the softened atmosphere, the enchanted wool through which the ship dragged her lacquered masts and spars. From time to time the fog, thick on the water line, thinned away at the trucks of the masts enough to give him a flying glimpse of the stars. Behind him there was a soothing leathery creak of new rope, like the yielding of saddle leather, and the shadowy movements of Peter Bento preoccupied with the spin of his mahogany wheel, the precise balancing of the ship on a course of south-half-west, magnetic. Both men darted a look at the concave of the mainsail; the boom quaked at a mysterious surge of the invisible sea; Captain Gates recoiled a step or two toward the scuttle butt, and there found the pale apparition of Syl Bagley confronting him. The fog wrap swirled its tentacles about her throat; but nothing, neither fog nor dark, could extinguish the hot shine of her blue eyes, the steel of purpose in them like tiny daggers.

"Beetle-goose," he faltered.

"What will you do with me?" she whispered. "How will you fit me into your precious program? Stuff me into the blowhole of a blackfish the way you did with my mittens?"

"You're crazy-mad. It must be that knock on the head," Captain Gates said.

"Must it? There are worse knocks than just a knock against a stone. I overheard you talking to my father. Pile her up, then. Drown me with the rest, Captain Gates."

"Drown you? Nonsense. The ship wouldn't break up, not at once," he muttered. He would know how to go through the motions. He would strike sail, put down both anchors as if he had done his best to claw off and failed. He knew those bitter sand shoals of the Hue and Cry very well, he had skirted them a hundred times; he knew the character of the water as a beggar knows his dish.

"Even if she didn't break up, how could the men take to the boats?" the girl whispered.

How could they put out across those shoals banded by rings of wicked white water? Nobody knew better than Captain Gates the danger of a ship's crew running before that broken sea in a small boat; the danger was obvious of broaching to, of being caught on the unsafe side of a wave, its foreside; with the bow driven under water, the stern carried high on the rapidly traveling crest and the boat tripped and thrown end for end. Again, with the least slewing of the boat's head, the force of the surf, brought against either quarter, would turn her broadside to the sea, throw her on her beam ends.

"The life-saving station is only a mile away from the Hue and Cry," he reminded her. "There wouldn't be any danger."

The Bagley was strong as a dozen ordinary ships. She had been made upon honor. True, ordinarily a ship cast up was no more than an eggshell. Her weight was against her. One touch of a rock dented her, crushed her, stove her in, snapped her frames and breasthooks like matchwood, and made her keel ripple like a caterpillar. That is, on a rocky bottom. But a sand shoal was different. Captain Gates had known ships to run up on sand like a man going into a stealthy embrace, the shock not felt at once, the damage to the soul not immediately perceptible. A ship like the Bagley could stand any sickening quantity of grief for a time.

Those snakish banks of the Hue and Cry gorged on ships, a-greed; bolted them whole as a snake bolts a rabbit; but they took their time.

"It's safe enough," he urged. "I could put her there, and nobody's testimony would be worth a hoot except mine."

"Except yours. You think they wouldn't worm the truth out of you, these admiralty lawyers?"

With a jocular sweep of his arm, Captain Gates said, with a tinge remaining of his old irony, "Out of me? That's where that astrologer has sewed them up in advance. This is the month that calls for me to join McGinty at the bottom of the sea. It's the twenty-seventh, isn't it?"

"He's got your goat. You're afraid—afraid it's coming true," Syl said with crying bitterness. But his fear, she felt, could not compare with hers. The thunder and snap of wet canvas overhead were not so loud and thick as the beating of her heart. He had yielded to the prophecy. Worse, he had laid his course to take advantage of it, to kill two birds with one stone. Since he must go down, he meant to do what he could for those people who had lost money through him. In a flash, Syl hated them; she would have drowned them all herself, to save out Ezra Gates. After all, he was not so imperturbable. She flung up her head, forced her shoulder blades together, stared into the baffling sky. Terror of the invisible stars seized her. A steamer's whistle sounded.

Captain Gates sprang to life. He seized up a megaphone and, putting it to his ear, swung it in a wide circle. He held it rigid at a point three points off the starboard bow, moved it a little forward, moved it a little aft.

"Might as well listen to the mockingbird," he grumbled. The glittering form of Mr. Sparhawk appeared at the top of the lumber heap. The mate lowered himself, carrying the torch in one hand and a bucket of kerosene in the other. He put the kerosene on the deck at his feet, straightened, and glared at the phantom that was Syl Bagley. It was one of his pulverizing moments. He made a clucking sound in his webbed throat, he moaned, he produced a sound with the tip of his tongue against his teeth. His thumbs scraped helplesly against the canvas of his vest.

Captain Gates, wheeling on him, said sharply, "I believe that fool of a steamer is putting her wheel up and sheering flat across our bows."

Mr. Sparhawk made as if to draw his chin up enough to formulate a reply, but no words came.

"I say that baby's coming closer fast," Captain Gates repeated. "Have that torch ready to dip. Are your matches where you can lay your hands on them? We don't even know what course the fool is on, mousing through this stuff. Tell Tartaglia to blow the horn oftener. Every twenty seconds." Sparhawk scrambled back over the timber heap, but almost immediately reappeared. Captain Gates had taken the head off the binnacle. The faint light of the glass tower over the compass showed Sparhawk with enormous circles under his eyes.

"Where did you hear it then?" Gates said severely.

Instinctively, he strained every nerve to save the ship that, in his own good time, he meant to wreck.

"I thought I heard it more ahead, captain."

"A little finer on the bow, I think, myself. . . . Dip the torch."

Mr. Sparhawk lowered it into a bucket and struck a match. The match applied hissed and went out.

Horrified, the mate raised the wicks to his nose.

"What are you suspicioning that torch for?" Gates thundered. "Fire it, man."

Mr. Sparhawk turned out the whites of his eyes.

"I must have dipped it in the wrong bucket," he gasped. "I've put it in the water bucket."

"Dip your fool head in there then," Captain Gates roared.

There was nothing for it now. A rushing and increasing sound of water rolling under a ship's prow was audible. Captain Gates put out a hand to the wheel, wrested it from Peter Bento's grip, jammed it hard

(Continued on Page 81)

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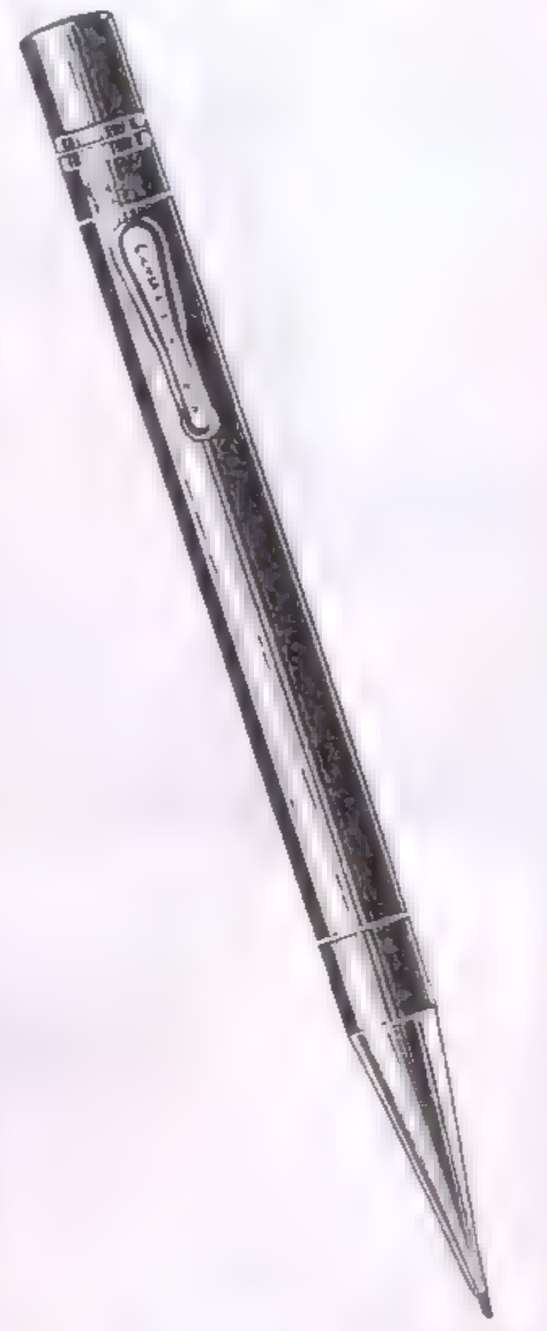

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(Continued from Page 79)

over. He might as well have tried to dodge a bullet. The horn forward went like mad, and in the next second ceased altogether. It was, in fact, surprisingly like the bleat of a sheep, Syl thought; a sheep suddenly strangulated, as Tartaglia, the lookout, fled aft in a panic from that threat of silent death.

Only the silence was not there exactly. The steamer was vibrant with the escape of steam from the whistle valve high up against her big, slightly flattened funnel; she roared a warning, and then took shape, a black wall with a knife edge, an irresistible forward throw. Her red light was so high up that from the Bagley's deck the full surface flame was hardly visible, nothing but a glimmer of the edge rays as a surge of the seas swung the schooner over more directly into the line of the advance.

In the interval before the strike, which prolonged itself into a wire-drawn infinity, Syl felt a suspension of her being; there wouldn't be time, in that infinity, to draw another breath; she didn't waste that energy; the thing was dreamlike, and she felt herself absurdly relying on the breaking of the dream to shatter the immensity of peril. What if Captain Gates were right, what if that knock on the head . . . she had been thrown hard . . . it might be that all this . . .

The deck had suddenly come up to meet her; and she felt as if every bone in her body were broken. The head was all but snapped from her shoulders. The phantom of an oncoming ship cradled in fog like an amassing of powder puffs had at a touch become a steel catapult. The bluff of the big prow struck the Bagley's starboard anchor an angling, terrific blow. Everything must inevitably have been thrown out of whack in that one collapsing blow. Nothing made of wood could stand up to the slavering steel. The Bagley's spine was broken, her keel and keelson dislodged, all awry in its scarves, her fore rigging a kitten's snarl. Some projecting part—the crown of the steamer's port anchor, testimony later showed—had caught the schooner's jib stay.

It tore out everything forward in a twinkling, bringing down the fore-topmast at one crack. This spar, swinging loose with engaging flexibility, caught the mainmast at a point twelve feet from the deck. The deck load had snapped its chains, and loose balks of yellow lumber, sliding out, flew like splinters which were so many battering rams. The port side of the demented ship was rounded out like a coal sack. The Bagley was held on an even keel by nothing more than the entanglement of her rigging with the steamer's outworks.

A puff of wind filled the mainsail which had spilled; the boom going wild, swept the deck with its jerking oscillation; this strain was too much for the weakened mainmast, which began falling aft like the roving of its own shadow. The big stick, of Oregon pine, had unfortunately only too much pith. It tore its own rigging from the chain plates as it went; the mizzen rigging snapped like a carrot under its weight. Syl Bagley lying on her back, saw it coming; she had at the same time a confused impression of a swarming of men in the port rigging, their forms black against the glower of red light from the invader; in the same fraction of a second she was aware that Captain Gates had snatched her up with his fierce strength, which was equal to tearing hundred-pound dogs apart, but could not be counted on to defend her against a ship's mast.

It came on with dreamlike slowness; and before it could fall, a flying block struck Captain Gates' head with stunning force. He grew soft all over. As if she had inherited his strength, Syl took him fast in her desperate arms; she felt him sink; her own knees knocked against the wet deck; she felt a dark cloud hover, there was a downrush, a rasp against her cheek harsh as the stroke of a wood file, and in another instant she was bagged under a mountain of wet canvas.

The mast had missed them, but the mainsail had fallen on them. The Bagley began to roll slowly, like a rheumatic old man essaying to turn over in bed on a cold night, pivoting without leaving the one warm spot to which his affections clung. It wasn't likely that she would sink; a wooden ship with a wooden cargo could hardly drop out from under them like the ship in Mr. Sparhawk's tale, but she was full of dangers notwithstanding. She could easily enough lie on her beam ends with her mizzenmast dipped in the water. The shattered masts, still attached to the hull by their tangle of rigging, had it in them, animated by the sea's action, to charge the ship and batter her to pieces. Worse, she might lie in the water with her keel actually to the stars.

The stars. Syl remembered that she was in conflict with the stars. She thrust against the canvas with her palms, breath fluttering in her throat, her knees gripping the terribly limp body of Captain Gates. The heavy mainsail had no give in it; it did not yield an inch. It snugged about her cunningly, wrapping her in at the waist, entangling her legs, bowing her head forward on her shoulder. Her foot had caught in the eye of a deck ringbolt; and she could not seem to make a move without torture to her ankle.

She yielded, sank down, closed her eyes against Captain Gates' cheek. The stars must have it All these strange contortions of the crumbling ship were too much for the force of her slender body. The seams of the canvas split her nail ends; the pain in her ankle was intense; even breathing was difficult.

High outside was a muffled sound of yelling, screamed orders, like the shrieking of gulls lost in the fog and flying high, and then mingled with these human cries, the deep-throated baying of the Warbler. The astrologer's dog then had not given up the fight. He came closer; he had discovered them; and Syl felt, planted fair in the small of her back through the canvas, the weight of his paw, like a horse's hoof.

Jammed flat against the unresponsive Captain Gates, Syl had a vision—it was painted with terrifying vivid touches against her eyelids—of that sinister little astrologer sitting in a Paris attic, with the house of life on one side of him and the house of death on the other. She saw him there, white-bearded, sandaled, humpbacked, in his scarlet robe, laughing at her efforts. It was that man, no one else, who had come between her and her lover. Captain Gates, convinced of the shortness of his destiny, had not dared to enlist her whole soul, to bare his own, when in the next instant or the one after that he was to be snatched away from her for good and all. All his playful ironies could be laid at the door of that miserable prophecy.

The weight of the Warbler's frantic body, dragged half across her as he tore at the canvas, forced her closer down against the prone man's breast; and now her ear, hard against it, caught the beating of his heart; so much slower than her own. He was alive. Something might be done still. He was lying across a loose plank; and it was possible for her to slide her arms entirely about him. Her fingers dovetailed at the point where the sheath of his sheath knife was fastened to his belt. Though he did little sailorizing about the ship in person, he had a fancy to carry this knife on him, and usually, she remembered, sharpened to a razor edge. When he was sitting aft in his canvas chair thinking out some problem, he would pass and repass that blade over a little bluestone in his possession.

Her fingers closed about the handle of this weapon, but the weight of his body and hers together pinched it in its sheath; she would have tugged in vain if the course of events outside had not suddenly assisted her.

The steamer wallowing like a black boar with its snout into a rotten log, was now drawing that snout out, finding nothing but the sting of hornets. Her engine had been rung full astern.

With the withdrawal of this prop, the Bagley took a more decided list; as the two ships swam apart, the schooner kept on increasing her tilt, with a patient sigh, a banging of loose blocks and booms, a roar from the deck load, a gush of air out of the air spaces in the forepeak. The splintered mainmast, breaking loose from its lodgment on the starboard rail, fell into the water, dragging a part of the sail with it.

The effect of all this was to roll Captain Gates over more on his side; and Syl, snatching out the sheath knife, slashed the canvas over her head into shreds. She struggled to her feet. The Warbler was not to be seen; and she decided that he must have gone into the water with the mast. The steamer's searchlight, striking through the fog, passed along the port rail and whisked astern. In that flash Syl saw that the work boat had left the davits.

Her eye was recalled by the slide of Captain Gates' body for the scuppers. She bent over him to hold him, but his weight, combined with the altering pitch of the deck, could only drag her with him. Her head rolled on her shoulders. A line dangling from the eyes of the mizzen rigging, which swung loose, brushed her cheek. She grasped at it and held it. She was not the daughter of a ship builder for nothing. This dangler she recognized for a small tackle called a fish burton, terminating in a galvanized iron hook, which had been fixed to the mizzen rigging together with a small rope net for swinging ship's stores inboard.

The net was gone, but the rest of the tackle by good luck was all together, the hauling part held to the hook and the standing part by a couple of half hitches. The standing part had been torn away with the rest of the mizzen rigging by the fall of the mainmast; but the hook block in the eyes of the rigging still held. Falling on her knees, the girl found after desperate search the ringbolt in which she had twisted her foot. Through this she passed the standing part and knotted it. The hook she fixed in Captain Gates' belt.

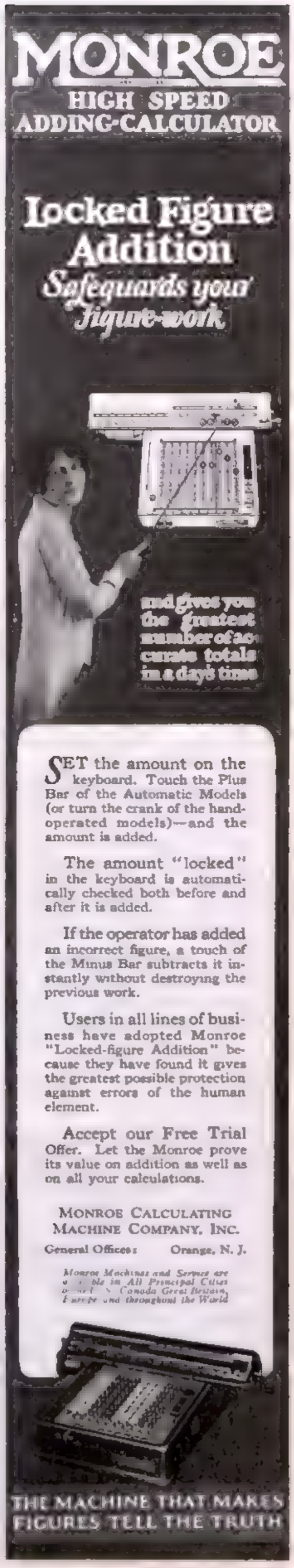
There was no time to lose, plainly, since the complete overthrow of the ship was not far distant. She swayed back on the hauling part; and Captain Gates left the deck, his arms, legs and head hanging limp. The power of the tackle was just sufficient, when combined with her own strength, to lift the man into the air. He hung a second, and then, the ship leaning farther down, he made an enormous swing, clearing the rail, which was practically at the water's edge, and disappearing altogether in the fog.

Syl, forced over the rail herself by the moving out of this plumb line to which she clung, went wriggling and spinning into space and immediately collided with Captain Gates in midair. Her chin came against his knee with stunning force; and her grip of the wet rope was lost. It began to draw through her palms; in vain she tried to grip it with her knees, with twists of her whole body. The captain was sinking fast into that element which the astrologer had assigned as his grave.

At this moment the searchlight threw a dazzling beam of light on them. Captain Gates had opened his eyes; he had regained consciousness, but he could make nothing, evidently, of this mysterious ascension. In fact, if he had died, it was a clumsy mechanism enough for hauling him up into the skies. It was not even succeeding in hauling him up. He was sinking, not ascending. Open water lapped at his heels. The ship was going over fast, rising a little at the stern as water poured into her forward.

A voice cried hoarsely, "Steady. Lower away."

Syl felt her ankle seized by a human hand. It was Mr. Sparhawk in the work boat. The Bagley, with a last groan, went clean over on her beam ends; the sea was full of yellow balks of timber; and the mizzenmast, coming so close past them that they could feel the wind of it on their cheeks, hit the water with a tremendous thwack. Spray drenched them, where they lay tumbled across the thwarts of the



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ship's boat. The Warbler, wet as a sponge, Syl could feel, had already been hauled in by the forethoughtful Mr. Sparhawk.

Captain Gates, struggling to his knees and feeling the tug of the hook at his waist as the fallen mast went under, cried, "How in time is this? What's holding me?"

"You're hooked," Mr. Sparhawk said harshly, tugging the fish burton clear. "This young lady, captain, hooked you."

"Beetle-goose," Captain Gates cried.

Syl, catching the Warbler's shivering fit by contagion, cried hysterically, "Don't call me by the name of that silly star, please. I guess I've just knocked the stars galley-west with this night's work. Ezra, I've saved you from the stars single-handed."

There was triumph in her voice. And it was not until they met later in the steamer's cabin that Captain Gates found time to say, with a return of his irony, "I give you every credit for wrecking the ship and saving me from the criminal side of the admiralty. I give you that, Syl. You turned old Sparhawk's head to that degree he put his torch into water instead of kerosene. But when it comes to that horoscope, I paid good money for it, and I got value received. Syl, there was one item that I didn't tell you. That little beggar in Paris told me there was a likelihood of my drowning twice, sure enough; and the first time I might be saved by a dog, and the second time—by a woman. You see what a predicament it was for me. I couldn't rightly ask you—in advance. And then again, look here, that man told me everything, and still and all he didn't tell me anything because he refrained from naming names. The way things were shaping lately, I began to be afraid the woman meant was Judith Hackleton. But nothing seems so foolish as worry, looking back. The old devil took care of me from first to last. Maybe he knew what my opinion was of you. By George, I'll send him a share of this insurance money, if getting married doesn't absorb it all."

"It will absorb it, though," Syl whispered. "I still prefer to think God rules the stars."

THE HERDER

(Continued from Page 7)

on me. There was sarcasm in the addition: "You can tell her what you've seen."

He turned to climb the stairs and I went on with a new agitation. What did he mean?

My uncle—Henry Clay Wake, to give him his full name—could not be called an impressive person. He must have been five feet six or seven in height and nearly that broad, with a deep chest and a paunch. Cartoonists would have delighted in him. With the squat figure, big face, thick eyebrows and a tousle of curly hair, no one could have failed to get a recognizable likeness.

In a community where practically everybody was a Republican, The Herder was Democratic in politics. It is amazing, as I look back at it now, how passionate Uncle Clay was about his politics. No pious New Englander ever believed more firmly in witches than he believed that the Republican Party, root and branch, was bent upon selling the United States to the devil. No doubt that would soon have become a bore except for Uncle Clay's humor, which was well suited to the time and place—although, strangely enough, humor deserted him when he came to thinking about party politics.

One of the Republican leaders in that district was Colonel Hilton, who came from Kentucky, so his Republicanism was especially obnoxious to Uncle Clay, who held that a man from Kentucky was a Democrat by nature, and could train with the Republican Party only when he was a renegade and traitor at heart. As though to make his politics all the more unbearable to Uncle Clay, the colonel affected a mustache and imperial, broad-brimmed felt hat, low vest and an uncommon expanse of ruffled, puffing shirt front. The Herder said he was the only man west of the Alleghanies who could strut sitting down, and never called him by his proper name, but always the Turkey Cock, or Colonel Shirtbosom, or the Laundry Sign, or the Washerwoman's Joy—finding a great variety of blackguardly terms by which the colonel could be identified.

Mr. Dolon, president of the Merchants' Bank, whom Uncle Clay regarded as the overlord of local politics, was large and unwieldy, with a fat face and popping pale-blue eyes. So when The Herder called him the Bossy Cow, or Old So Boss, or Chief Four Teats, everybody knew who was meant and laughed unless Mr. Dolon happened to be present. They laughed and subscribed for The Herder and advertised in it somewhat. Perhaps that was the gist of the matter, and what happened after the lynching never would have happened except for Uncle Clay's knowing, in the bottom of his sore heart, that what he lived on was the town's laughter—something like the king's jester, who was licensed to make fun of majesty itself as long as he brought a laugh.

I went on home, merely wondering; and at first sight there was something a bit ominous about Aunt Lucinda, too, for she sat in her Boston rocking-chair, with the patchwork cushions, her hands lax in her lap. They were large, capable hands, and never idle. The dingy brown frame house, with a two-story main part and a one-story L, contained eight rooms. Mr. Dolon's house and two others had bathrooms. I think there were only three, for if there had been more I should have heard of so unusual an appendage. Of course ours was not one of the two others. Sometimes there was a maid of all work—a farmer's young daughter—in the kitchen; but mostly Aunt Lucinda did the housework alone. In the evening her hands would be holding a book or a piece of sewing or knitting needles. That they now lay idle in her lap struck me at once.

She was an amply made woman and what I called plump, with a fair complexion and rather scant flaxen hair. I thought she had as pretty blue eyes as I had ever seen. She did not attend church regularly, because Uncle Clay never went, so I had been living in the house five or six weeks when she first put on her best dress and hat to go to church. I was surprised when I saw her that morning. If she hadn't been my Aunt Lucinda, I might have said she was almost a pretty woman, in spite of her bigness and her great age of forty-two. But there was a familiar image of her in a shapeless calico dress, a strand of yellow hair always falling down on her cheek to be brushed back with a patient action of the large hand, that forbade any association with beauty.

Her eyes questioned me as I stepped into the living room, or sitting room, as we called it; and rather like one announcing a victory, I said, "They've hanged them."

"How did it happen?" she asked. Her voice was always low and with a slight huskiness in it; but it struck me that she asked the question sorrowfully. I described what I had seen, concluding with Lem Watkins—the dead grocer's young clerk—holding up the burning matches so that I saw the dead men's faces.

"Poor fellows!" she sighed.

Naturally, I reflected, it would strike Aunt Lucinda that way. She was hopelessly soft to all human afflictions. She had wept over the grief of Bert Potts' widow, but she would pity the hanged murderers too.

"I saw Uncle Clay going up to the office. He said he wouldn't be home till late; he had some work to do," I told her, still wondering what that meant. I had never known him to spend an evening in the office, except Tuesdays, when the paper went to press.

It was evidently bad news to her. After a wistful moment she confessed, "I was afraid of that, Billy. He doesn't believe in lynching, you know. Sunday I wanted him to go to Lon Webster and Mr. Dolon and Colonel Hilton—urge them not to let these men be lynched. He wouldn't do that. He said they'd pay no attention to him. They don't give your Uncle Clay the credit he deserves." She looked into her lap and added regretfully, "But printing anything against it now will do no good. It will only make trouble."

So that was what he meant! The moment I understood it trouble loomed in my startled mind. There had been something fateful in that crowd downtown, and the files of masked men going silently about their job.

A man on trial for his life in a law court might comfort himself with the various chances in his favor; but the fell, swift, irresistible thing that I had seen left no chances. It overwhelmed with the certainty of an avalanche. To think of Uncle Clay exposed to that took my breath.

I could think of nothing in particular to say, however, and sat awhile in the living room, very subdued, with preoccupied Aunt Lucinda, who neither read nor sewed that evening. After a while, Uncle Clay not returning, I went upstairs to bed. For nearly a year this dingy frame house had been my haven, and no idea of insecurity in it had ever occurred to me; but tonight it seemed a rather frail thing. Tuesday at breakfast Uncle Clay appeared quite cheerful, so I became quite cheerful too. At school that day the talk was all of the lynching; gruesome details were repeated in every cluster of boys and girls.

Nate Beck, the livery stable keeper, had an eighteen-year-old son named Fred in high school. There was no organization of athletics then, but we played a sort of baseball called one old cat; there were improvised running, wrestling and jumping matches, and improvised fights too. It was commonly said that Fred Beck was the strongest boy in school, and could lick anybody else. He was a tall, brawny chap, with black eyes, beetling brows and a nose that pinched in at the end. His primitive sense of humor found expression in tripping boys up, snatching a cap and throwing it into a tree and like horseplay. I was afraid of him. At recess I heard Fred telling a breathless group that his father had put the nooses on the murderers' necks and pushed the younger one off the railroad trestle. The elder Beck had served a term as sheriff of the county.

"Higgins, the felleh with a red mustache, had sand all right," Fred explained. "He says, 'You don't need to push me offn here. When you're ready, you say so and I'll jump.' So when dad give 'im the word he jumped. But Miller, the other one, was scared stiff, so dad pushed him off." Fred took a boy by the shoulder, turned him so the group could see, and put a finger behind his ear. "The knot come right there. It'll break a man's neck if it's tied right." He was, of course, bragging about it.

The Omaha Bee was the leading newspaper of the state then. Like Uncle Clay's humble weekly, it was strong for due process of law. Copies of that Tuesday's issue reached McCullom in the middle of the afternoon, with an account of our lynching on the front page, and a long double-leaded editorial denouncing it as a crime against the state, calling on the governor to investigate the outrage in order that the lynchers might be punished. No doubt that threat of intervention and punishment from the outside irritated McCullom, and perhaps alarmed the lynchers somewhat.

The Herder went to press Tuesday evening. Uncle Clay always spent that evening in the office, bringing home a damp, freshly printed copy of the week's issue. At half-past ten, however, he had not come home, and I went to bed. He was quite cheerful again at breakfast Wednesday morning; but Aunt Lucinda was preoccupied and could get up only a ghost of a smile at his joke about the coffee. Usually, Wednesday mornings, the paper having gone to press, Uncle Clay loafed around the house awhile, smoking his pipe, looking over a magazine or a pamphlet; or, in summer, puttering in the garden or watering the lawn. Sometimes he stayed at home all the forenoon. This morning, however, he did not light his pipe, but started for the little hall where his hat and overcoat hung.

Aunt Lucinda looked startled and asked quickly, "Going?"

"Yes," he said.

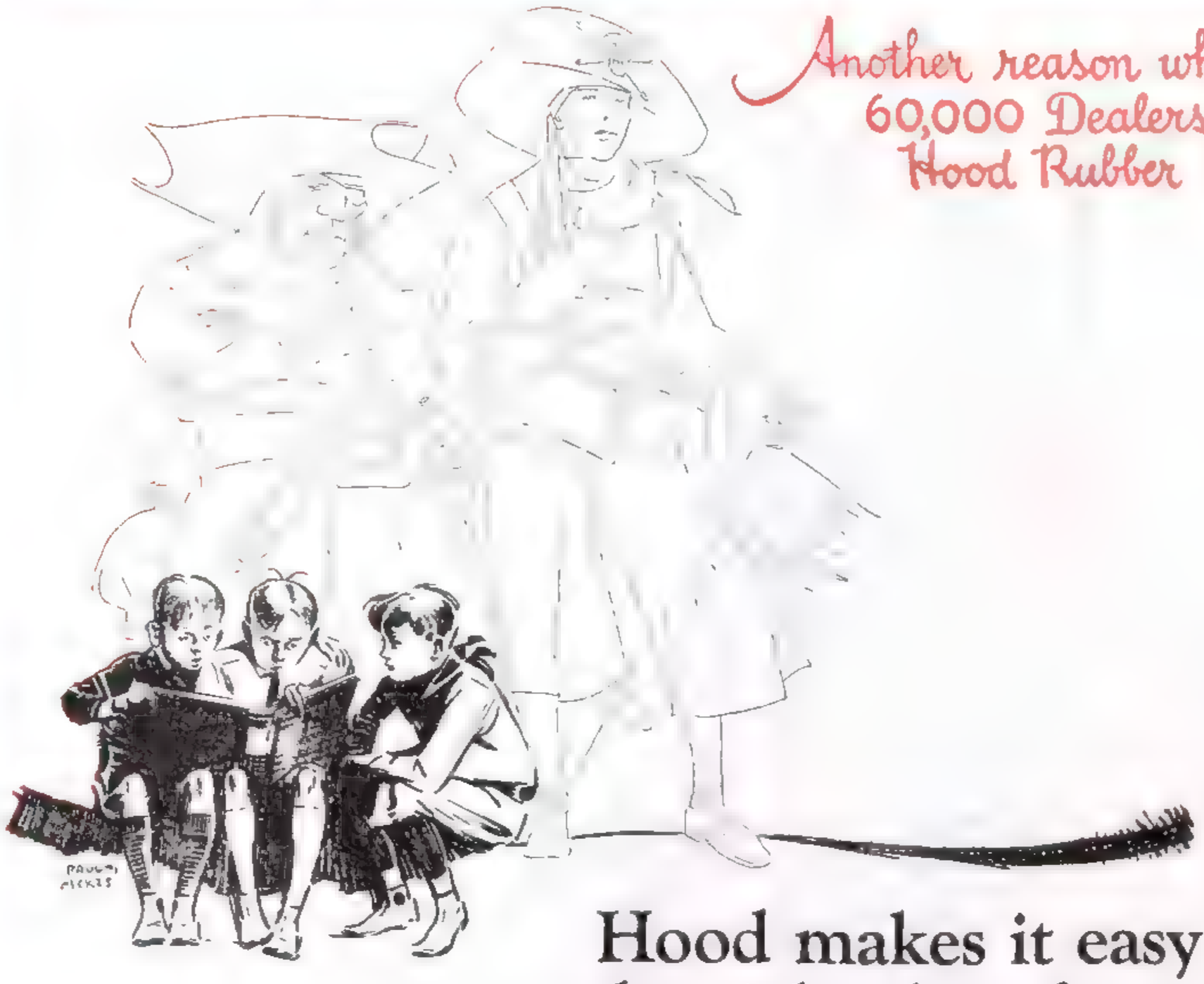
She got up from the table and followed him into the hall, between the dining room and sitting room. The front door opened into it and stairs led to the second story. The door to the dining room was wide open and they were only a dozen feet from me. As he put on his hat she laid a hand on his shoulder. He looked into her face an instant and kissed her—sensational and maybe just a little indecent, for I had never seen him kiss her before. It was as though he might be starting on a long journey. With that he opened the front door and waddled out. Aunt Lucinda came into the dining room and stood by the window, watching him pudge down the street, holding her blue denim apron in one hand, mechanically running the hem through the fingers of her other hand. She watched him quite out of sight, then put back a strand of yellow hair, as she was always doing, and turned to me.

"The paper's in the sitting room, Billy," she said very gravely, in her soft, husky voice.

Of course, I hurried in to get it, and was shocked at first glance. There were big black headlines on the front page, such as I had never before seen there; and turned rules made a funereal border. The account of the lynching occupied most of the page. The Herder said it was a crime against the state and against civilization, without any justification, because there was no doubt that the murderers would have been convicted in court and hanged by due process of law. My startled eyes ran down the double-leaded columns, and my heart missed a beat when I came to what was, after all, the mortal offense. The names of Lon Webster, Dave Beck, Hank Williams and eight other men were printed in blackface type. These men, The Herder charged, had taken an immediate hand in the lynching; any grand jury willing to do its duty as the juror's oath prescribed could easily discover the other members of the mob.

Over on the editorial page, Uncle Clay quoted, with approval, what the Omaha Bee had said. That and the general statements might have been forgiven, I thought; but to print the names of these eleven men certainly meant trouble. At any rate it meant immediate trouble for me. At recess, although I tried to avoid him, Fred Beck found me out, with a rout of boys behind him, and began blackguarding Uncle Clay as outrageously as his command of language permitted. I knew he was aching to give me a licking, which he could do with one hand, and the other boys had come along to see it done. I was a spindling youngster and shy—especially shy of being mauled—so I played a very unheroic part, simply saying that I wasn't responsible for The Herder and then keeping my mouth shut. Probably there could have been little satisfaction in licking so

(Continued on Page 87)



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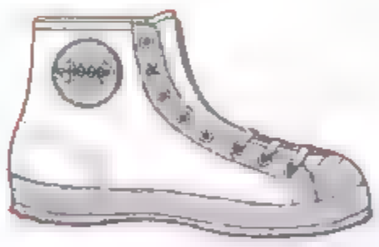

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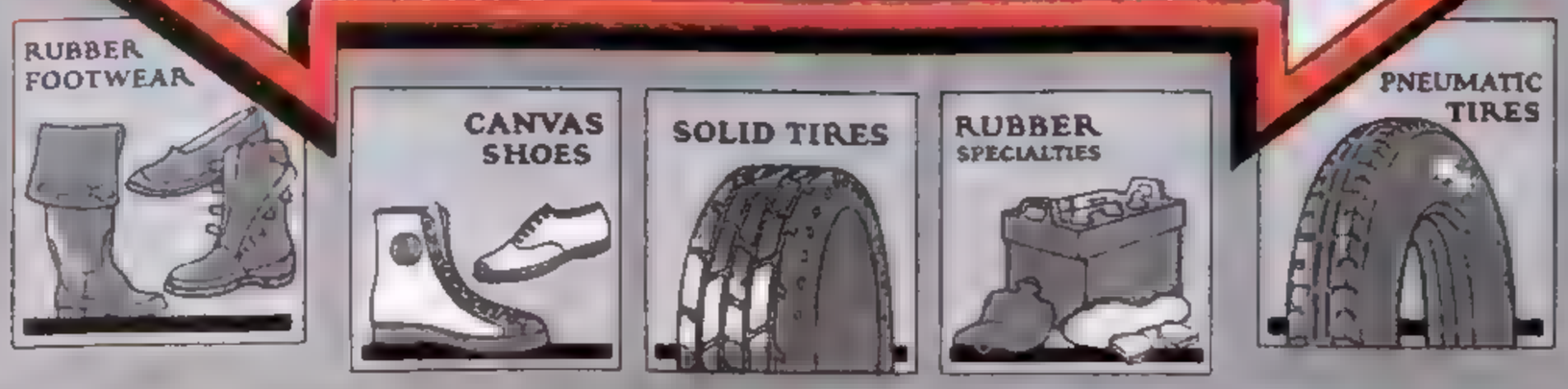

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Fine Steel

In the percentage of Costly Chrome Vanadium Steel used, Dodge Brothers Motor Car outranks any other automobile in the World, *regardless of cost*

It is everywhere conceded that Chrome Vanadium Steel is the toughest and most enduring metal ever created for use in the vital parts of a motor car.

It may not be so well known, however, that Dodge Brothers Motor Car ranks *first in the world* in the use of this costly and fatigue-proof material.

Dodge Brothers complete power assembly is Chrome Vanadium—motor, connecting rods, crankshaft, transmission, universal joint, drive shaft, differential and rear axle.

Even the front axle is Chrome Vanadium—the entire steering unit—and *every* leaf of the springs.

In fact, wherever *any* manufacturer uses alloy steels, Dodge Brothers use costly Chrome Vanadium. And in numerous instances Dodge Brothers employ it where plain carbon steel, even in the costliest cars, is commonly thought sufficient.

This has been true from the day Dodge Brothers built their first motor car.

It explains why the car was selected by the United States Government in time of war.

It explains why more than 90% of the 1,600,000 motor cars Dodge Brothers have built in eleven years are still in active service.

It explains why mileage running into six figures is not unusual for this sturdy product; and why the prices it brings at resale are without precedent.

It explains, too, why the words *Long Life, Safety* and *Dependability* are habitually associated with the name Dodge Brothers wherever motor cars are serving mankind.

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CHASE VELMO

is made in a variety of qualities adapted to the most expensive as well as moderate priced motor cars. Among those using this perfected Mohair Velvet are

BUICK. Master Six Models in 4 Passenger Coupe, Country Club Coupe, 5 Passenger Brougham Sedan, 7 Passenger Sedan

CADILLAC. In custom built models

DODGE. De Luxe Sedan

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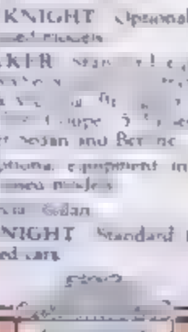

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MOHAIR VELVET UPHOLSTERY *a feature of the Dodge De Luxe Sedan*

To provide this attractive car with a rich looking, travel-proof interior, Dodge Brothers, Inc., have used upholstery of Chase VELMO—the perfected Mohair Velvet.

The beauty of its deep pile surface, its year 'round comfort and resistance to wear have made VELMO the upholstery choice of experienced motorists, and owners of Dodge De Luxe Sedans will find this supreme mohair velvet an invaluable addition to an invaluable car.

CHASE VELMO, *a Perfected Mohair Velvet That Has No Equal for Closed Car Upholstery*

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L. C. CHASE & CO. ~ *Selling Agents* ~ BOSTON

NEW YORK DETROIT SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Free on request an interesting booklet, "A Glimpse Inside"

(Continued from Page 82)

tame an opponent, and Fred presently walked away, leaving me a-tingle with humiliation.

It was mostly as a bit of bravado—a reaction from the humiliation Fred Beck had put upon me—that I decided to go downtown to The Herder office after school. Walking along Jefferson Street with a bold air might, a little, restore my self-respect. Besides, I was much less afraid of grown men than of Fred Beck. Going along the street with at least a straight face, I noticed that several men looked at me in an odd way, as though they had something about me on their minds. Hank Williams and two other men were standing on the sidewalk opposite The Herder office, looking up at the two tall, narrow windows, evidently talking about the paper or its editor.

The front office upstairs behind the two tall, narrow windows was perhaps the untidiest place in town. The editor's desk in the corner was always deep in a mess of letters, newspapers and what not. Dusty heaps of newspapers, books and pamphlets—the usual complimentary stuff that is sent to every newspaper—stood on the floor along the wall. That was Uncle Clay's method of filing them for future reference. He pretended that he could remember in which heap a given publication would be, but it was only a pretense. The trouble of finding anything in the rubbish was so great that he never tried. The only thing I ever heard Aunt Lucinda scold him about was the disgraceful state of his office—scolding in a low, soft voice that nobody could take seriously.

The only ornament on the walls consisted of two large lithographs, side by side above the editor's desk. One was a likeness of George Washington, the other of Samuel J. Tilden. Heavy crape was draped around them and tied in a big bow-knot beneath; but the crape was dingy and full of dust. Uncle Clay had put the ornament up there when the election of 1876 was finally decided in favor of Hayes. He claimed that Tilden had been elected but that the Republicans had stolen the presidency; hence the crape. By this time the joke was as musty and flyblown as the lithographs, but he let them stay on the wall—less because he cared any longer about the gibe than because he hated to have anything moved, dusted or changed in the office. Janitor and scrub woman were his natural enemies.

When I stepped in Uncle Clay was at his desk writing—in a large hand with a blunt lead pencil, as usual. He glanced up, nodded and went on with his composition, only pausing now and then to relight his pipe or to scratch the side of his nose thoughtfully with a thumb nail. A copy of that day's Omaha Bee lay on the desk.

"Don't carry it away," Uncle Clay said when I asked for it. I sat down by a window to read it.

The composing and press room in the rear occupied the greater part of that story. The door stood open and from time to time sounds of the men at work in there drifted through it; also a smell. To think of Uncle Clay's office even now brings back a pungent odor of paste, turpentine, printer's ink, tobacco smoke and dust—chiefly dust, it seems now. It was quite still in the editorial room, Uncle Clay scribbling away.

In such an air I read what the Bee had to say about us that day. Its local correspondent had evidently got a copy of The Herder Tuesday evening, for the mighty metropolitan daily quoted us and printed the names of the eleven men in capital letters, twice over, once in the news columns and once on the editorial page. The Bee demanded that the attorney general of the state proceed at once to McCullom, impanel a special grand jury and take charge of the prosecution, in order that these eleven criminals and their accomplices might be duly punished. Incidentally, it praised the brave Herder and its brave editor; but that obviously wasn't going to increase our popularity in McCullom.

Across the street two other men joined Hank Williams and his friends, looking up at our windows in a significant way. Seeing them, my nerves gave a jump and tightened up. I waited a moment and then arose and sauntered out of their view with an elaborately casual air.

I should like to say, even after this lapse of years, that I tarried in the office that afternoon in order to help Uncle Clay if he needed help. And there were moments when I told myself, not unheroically, that we two should stick together in danger. But the fact is that my broad, squat, moon-faced uncle looked very friendly and protective just then. The outside, where inimical men looked up at our windows, seemed dreadfully lonesome. So I tarried, pretending to be interested in the several weekly newspapers that the day's mail had brought.

Finally Uncle Clay looked at his thick silver watch and said, "Time to go home." I had been noting for some minutes that daylight was beginning to fail. It was one advantage of his office system that there was nothing to put away. He merely got his hat and walked out, locking the hall door with a common cast-iron key. The compositors left by a door farther down the hall, and locked it or not as they chose. I followed Uncle Clay downstairs and we turned up Jefferson Street, where I soon noticed a dozen or so men by the Élite Saloon—a casual gossiping street group such as one might have seen at any time. But my unstable heart gave a bound when, a half minute later, I saw Dave Beck and his son Fred coming down the street toward us. They stopped at the group by the Élite, pausing, no doubt, merely to say howd' do. I think nobody had seen us at that time. Uncle Clay waddled sturdily on, and I kept pace, but my lips were dry. It was a roly-poly little barber named Babbitt who saw us first, when we were two rods away, and said something under his breath, at which Dave Beck turned around in the middle of the sidewalk to face us, truculently.

The liveryman was a big rawboned fellow, with a stubbly, grizzly beard and beetling brows like his son. His small dark eyes snapped as he waited for us to come up. Uncle Clay gave a nod of greeting and would have stepped by, but Beck caught his coat collar and halted him with a jerk.

"So you're the little cap'rol that's goin' to run me out of town, air ye?" he jeered. "Can't mind yer own business, eh? I wouldn't use yer damn newspaper to curry a spavined mule with." Several in the crowd laughed at that sally.

Uncle Clay had lost color, and I noticed with alarm that his heavy lower lip was trembling; but he spoke steadily: "You're not asked to take my paper, or to like it. All I ask of you is to take your hand from my coat."

"Aw-w, hell!" Beck growled, and gave Uncle Clay a push, at the same time tripping him so that he fell heavily backward, his head striking the stone sidewalk.

Then I fairly astonished myself by blurting, "Take somebody your own size!"

Beck turned to me, but Fred was before him and gave me a cuff that fairly loosened my teeth and sent me reeling into the crowd. One of the men pushed me back toward Fred. Having no pugilistic science, I threw up my arm to guard my face. Fred struck me under the arm. I staggered across the sidewalk, caught a post insecurely and floundered down on my hands and knees in the gutter. When I got to my feet, Fred was on the edge of the sidewalk above me, fists balled, eyes snapping, waiting to hit me again.

Then of all possible things the most dreadful one happened, for I was fifteen years old. Looking witlessly up at Fred from the gutter, I began to blubber. I knew I was doing it and was horrified, but I couldn't stop it.

Nobody helped Uncle Clay, but he got slowly to his feet, picking up his hat in the process. Hat in hand, he looked the liveryman in the face and said, "You will answer for this in court, Beck."

"The hell you say!" Beck retorted, reaching out a bony hand to catch Uncle Clay's coat collar again. With a powerful motion he drew Uncle Clay toward him and propelled him onward—homeward—along the sidewalk. But when Uncle Clay was past him the liveryman gave him a kick. The crowd seemed to regard that as a prime stroke of humor, and roared. Meanwhile, without swerving aside to avoid Fred and without attempting to regain the sidewalk, I walked on in the gutter, knuckling my wet eyes, trying to stop blubbering.

Beck sent a parting admonition: "Try mindin' yer own business fer a while!" The crowd gave a hoot. I climbed up on the sidewalk beside Uncle Clay. We walked on homeward. One might, I suppose, endure being burned at the stake with elaborate ceremony; but to be just casually cuffed, kicked and laughed at was crushing. It would have been impossible to find a creature more abject than I was. I had blubbered in front of the crowd.

"Never mind, Billy," said Uncle Clay after a minute. So far as I remember, nothing else was said before we reached home.

By the lamplight inside, Uncle Clay was really pale. There was a lump as big as a walnut on the back of his head. My cheek was swollen where Fred had cuffed me. Probably my eyes were red. To the startled question in Aunt Lucinda's eyes, Uncle Clay answered briefly, "The Becks slugged us." I went to the kitchen to wash my hands and face, so I don't know in what terms he explained the assault to her. But I soon experienced another assault that surprised me nearly as much.

I wanted to be free from human sight—buried beyond the reach of shame—so I loitered in the kitchen, more concerned with my own affliction than with Uncle Clay's far more serious trouble, although that overshadowed me too. Aunt Lucinda came in to see to our supper on the cook-stove. No doubt I looked at her dejectedly, tail between legs. She came up and gathered me in her arms. I was surprised to find how soft and warm her big body was, how soft and warm her lips on my cheek. She laid her cheek against mine and crooned in my ear, "You mustn't mind, Billy. He's only a big bully. It's just like a horse had kicked you. You've got something in your head he'll never have."

The day I came to McCullom to live in their house Aunt Lucinda had kissed me, much to my embarrassment. Since then she had sometimes patted my hand, her blue eyes twinkling at me. I supposed, as a matter of course, that she liked me. One is usually supposed to like one's relatives. But I hadn't thought particularly about it. Being fifteen, I had a million other things to think about. When she took me in her arms it was a rather wonderful revelation, as though I had grown up in sixty seconds. It changed things remarkably and absolved me of my shame. Of course, the affair of Fred Beck was as though a brainless horse had kicked me.

Uncle Clay, with a lump on the back of his head, was preoccupied during supper. Aunt Lucinda furtively watched him. I supposed they would have something to talk about and, as soon as I had eaten, went into the living room. Uncle Clay closed the dining-room door behind me, which unreasonably hurt my feelings a little. But by now I was able to think of him rather than of myself. I tried to read, but without much success; and my aunt and uncle must have been shut in the dining room fully an hour when I was startled away from the book in my lap as by an earthquake, for of a sudden there was the tramp of many feet on the front porch and a peremptory knock at the door.

I started to the little hall, but Uncle Clay had heard, too, and opened the dining-room door opposite me as I reached the hall.

The front door opened inward, and as he swung it wide I saw gaunt old Lon Webster at the threshold and many men behind him.

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Demand YALE Safety Seal Mono-Cells. They fit all tubular cases, make any flashlight better—and YALE Flashlights BEST!

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Cut Your Coal Bill

The Right way to burn Coal is with the Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner:—

—***Saves Coal*** by burning soft coal, screenings or buckwheat, the cheapest coal you can buy.

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These advantages have been *proved* in scores of industrial plants, laundries, greenhouses, dairies, stores, hospitals, offices and apartment buildings. The Iron Fireman Automatic Coal Burner will do the same for you in any type of plant requiring power or heat.

Easily installed under any boiler, new or old, 5 to 200 h. p., steam or hot water, high or low pressure.

Pays for itself by what it saves.

We'll gladly prove this to you. Mail us coupon for illustrated literature. The Iron Fireman Manufacturing Company, 1214 Union Trust Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio. Distributors in 40 principal cities.

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"Come in, gentlemen," said Uncle Clay, and turned to me with a low command: "Go into the dining room with your aunt."

I crossed the hall under the grim eyes of Lon Webster. Beyond him I caught sight of Hank Williams, who was one of the men I had seen mounting guard on the barricade at the mouth of the alley; but I could make out no one else. When I stepped into the dining room, Aunt Lucinda still sat at the table. Her big hands lay upon it and I noticed that they trembled. An instant later, with an obvious effort, she got to her feet, helping herself by pressing on the table.

"Who is it?" she asked breathlessly, her eyes round and shining with fright; her lips apart too.

"I saw Lon Webster and Hank Williams," I answered, low. "There must be a dozen or more." I was thoroughly frightened myself.

Coming toward me, Aunt Lucinda appeared to move with some difficulty. It hadn't occurred to me that she could wring her hands; but she wrung them now, and I found the action strangely poignant, with its suggestion of helplessness. She wasn't at all like herself as she got a hand to my shoulder.

"Listen at the door, Billy," she panted. "Take off your shoes." For the floor in the hall creaked.

I slipped off my shoes, opened our door very carefully and stole across the hall to put my ear to the crack of the sitting-room door. After a couple of minutes, I stole back, vastly relieved.

"Mr. Dolon and Colonel Hilton are there," I reported, when I had our door closed.

That put a different face on it; for Mr. Dolon, president of the Merchants' Bank, and Colonel Hilton, president of the gas company, might lend their tacit approval to a lynching, but in the nature of things they wouldn't take a hand in one themselves. We felt that lawful procedure was guaranteed as long as they were present.

Aunt Lucinda's face lighted, and abruptly contracted as though with an unuttered cry of pain. She drooped heavily against the wall and pressed her hand to her left side. To hold her up was beyond my strength, but I was able to ease her down to the floor, frightened out of every wit, as she lay stretched out, panting, her hand to her side. I did manage to get my coat off, wad it up and put it under her head, and a moment later somehow remembered to get a glass of water from the table. Kneeling and lifting her head, I held it to her lips. Again, a minute later, I had a glimmer of intelligence and would have run for Uncle Clay; but she divined the meaning of my motion to arise and got hold of my hand, clasping it tight to restrain me. Another moment and she smiled up uncertainly. Then she cried, her face puckering and tears running down her cheek, I holding her hand tight in both mine.

"I'm sick, Billy," she said. "It's my heart. You mustn't tell your Uncle Clay—not now." Her fingers gripped my hand as her troubled eyes appealed. "Promise me—not now."

I nodded, saying, "I promise."

She was still a moment and her face puckered again. "Oh, I mustn't be sick—not now!" she moaned, and got her hand up to wipe her wet cheeks with the back of it.

"You'll be well," I said idiotically. But it was no matter what I said. Awe was working upon me. She was a woman of large frame; not exactly fat, but well padded with flesh, her breasts and stomach billowing under the shapeless calico dress as she lay on her back. But as I saw her cry and wipe her cheeks with the back of her hand I comprehended, with an ache in my throat, that she had once been a little yellow-headed girl. It had never occurred to me that Aunt Lucinda might have a physical ailment.

More than an hour later we heard the callers tramping out. When Uncle Clay stepped in from the hall we were sitting at the dining-room table, looking composed, I believe. But Uncle Clay was pale and dour, and abstracted, like a man looking his fate in the face. He came over to the table mechanically and took a seat. While we waited, I remember his folding his hands on the table and tapping the knuckles of one hand with the fingers of the other, as he had a habit of doing.

"They're willing to forgive me—up to a certain point—for what I have done already," he said, eyes front. "But I'm to keep my mouth shut hereafter, not a peep, or be run out of town. That's the edict."

He looked over at us then with something bitter, from the depths of his heart, in his eyes, and dropped his voice a note: "They think I'm a joke. Maybe I am. They can kill me, but they can't muzzle me." He reflected and gave a laugh, sudden as the explosion of a gun, wrenched out, painful: "I'm not to prosecute Dave Beck for kicking me. He can kick me if he wants to. I'm to stop dead in my tracks. I'm to forget everything that's happened since Monday morning. Not a peep, not the wag of a finger." He laughed mirthlessly again. "They say it's for the good of the town. . . . They can kill me, but they can't muzzle me."

The only other thing he said that evening that I remember clearly was: "It's going to be hard on you, Lu; but I can make a living."

"Why, of course you can," she replied, as though to imply the contrary was nothing short of amazing.

Next day she explained to me, with patient admiration: "You see, Billy, he thinks it's his duty. He thinks it would be dishonorable not to. . . . They've never given him the credit he deserves."

That morning Uncle Clay swore out a warrant for David Beck on a charge of assault, which was the same thing as a declaration of war. Before evening half the advertisements in The Herder were withdrawn, and people had begun writing or calling in person to cancel their subscriptions. But withdrawal of half the advertisements meant the loss of all our net income, and Uncle Clay had no doubt that most of the other advertisements would be withdrawn if he persisted.

It was far less dramatic than lynching a man or riding him out of town on a rail. It was also more effectual, and more galling, for it changed the punishment from tragedy to comedy.

We were pariahs, traitors—not to be lynched, but to be ignored. At school, Fred Beck and many other boys conspicuously turned their backs on me; but I knew any of them would lick me at the slightest provocation. Thursday afternoon Aunt Lucinda repaired to her one fixed social dissipation—the fortnightly meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society. Several women openly snubbed her, and finally Mrs. Hank Williams pitched into her so that she had to leave.

When I came from school that afternoon I knew something had happened, for the meeting of the Aid Society usually lasted until five o'clock or after; but Aunt Lucinda was already at home in her calico work dress, taking down the kitchen stovepipe. She'd mentioned several times that it needed cleaning; but Uncle Clay hated doing such chores and I had vaguely hoped that the pipe would get itself cleaned somehow, without my going into the sooty, sweaty job. I ran for my overalls and helped her. Getting the pipe together again required a great deal of stretching, pulling, pushing and hammering with one's fist. Whether that had anything to do with it, no one can say.

Drowsing Friday morning, I was brought out of bed by a sharp cry from Uncle Clay—"Billy! Billy!" I ran across the hall and found him in his nightgown, distracted, sitting on the edge of the bed, chafing Aunt Lucinda's hand. "Run quick for Doctor Barnum," he babbled. "Something's wrong with Lu."

I ran, but knew in my foreboding heart it was no use. Doctor Barnum said she had died sometime in the night—making no fuss about it and giving as little inconvenience as possible.

Next afternoon, a little before the funeral, I went wretchedly into the living room where the coffin was. Uncle Clay was sitting beside it, tears running down his cheeks. No doubt he instinctively felt close to me as I did to him, we two agelessly huddling together for a little comfort in the cold.

Presently he said, "We men are terrible brutes, Billy—tearing one another's hearts out, fighting tooth and nail over nothing. . . . She was the only one who knew what the world is for."

Then it developed—to my surprise, at least—how many friends Aunt Lucinda had, now that she was dead. The crowd at the funeral not only overflowed the house but the small front yard, even standing out in the street. Afterward, in my hearing, many people recalled kind things that she had done; and the great issue of McCullom versus Henry Clay Wake sort of went by default. For the time being Uncle Clay had no more fight in him. The Herder dropped the matter and so did everybody else. Some subscribers and advertisers came back. The illogical town turned the warm side of its heart toward the bereaved man.

But it was never again the old Herder. I had supposed, as a matter of course, that Uncle Clay and Aunt Lucinda had a decent conjugal regard for each other. But a fat, squat, untidy man aged forty-three, and a big woman aged forty-two, usually in a calico wrapper—why, at the age of fifteen, the notion of their being really in love like the characters in poems, dramas and novels, would seem preposterous enough. But her death made a great change in Uncle Clay.

He stopped calling Colonel Hilton the Laundry Sign and Mr. Dolon Chief Four Teats. Instead, he called them by their proper names; and in place of blackguarding his political enemies right and left, he wrote long, earnest editorials on charity, forbearance and brotherly love. That was all very edifying; every right-thinking person acknowledged it. But it took all the thrill out of the paper. The smug and conventional weekly Republican presently changed to a daily and people gradually stopped taking the very good—but dull—Herder. As subscribers dwindled, so did advertising. We were on short rations; Uncle Clay sold the dingy brown frame house on Niobrara Street and we took a couple of back rooms on a side street downtown, eating at a cheap restaurant.

When I was working my way through the freshman year in the state university at Lincoln, Grover Cleveland became twenty-second President of the United States and Uncle Clay was rewarded for his long devotion to Democratic principles by the postmastership at McCullom. He sold the book accounts and hard-used mechanical equipment of The Herder for nearly enough to pay its debts. Press and type were moved to a village five miles away and used for another paper.

The two-story brick building on Jefferson Street and the frame house on Niobrara Street have long since been pulled down. I last saw them when I was as old as Uncle Clay had been at the time of this narrative. The lynching, the Becks, the boycott and all the rest of that stuff had faded out to mere inconsequential memories in which there was no significance.

Only a big blond woman in a calico wrapper was still in any vital way a part of my life. At judgment day it may turn out that all the rest never was anything but more or less animated rubbish.

G-E Quality

Dependability of make and certainty of service stand behind the world known G-E monogram. On little switches and gigantic motors—it means *quality!* Look for it on your fan. It means a fan always ready to do its job—to swing noiselessly from side to side and freshen a whole room. And it means economy of current consumption—a ten hour breeze for a nickel!

The 9-inch Oscillator
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Be cool

When air stirs—it's a cooling breath. When air moves—it's a breeze. The G-E oscillator searches the simmering corners for lazy air—stirs it up—moves it along—makes it a breeze!

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Plenty of room at the wheel and deep seats for the leisurely journey to wherever you want to go. A handy, compact, personal car for the busy man or woman, yet large enough for touring as well.

JORDAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Inc.*, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Isn't it wonderful that some people never grow up? Why there are even a few at the age of sixty who are still young enough to welcome the hurdy-gurdy and the tambourine in a quiet street.

FOUR YEARS IN EUROPE MADE ME AN AMERICAN

(Continued from Page 27)

hour. There is apathy in the opera house and silence in the theater.

Whereas America, in comparison, satiated with prosperity, can, if it wants to, relax from the grind, and read and think and dream and create.

The poorhouse rarely is conducive to the production or the appreciation of culture, especially a poorhouse where the inmates are kept toiling from sunrise to sunset with no other inducement than the promise of bony living. Europe has become such a poorhouse.

Europe is in stagnation, consequently. Its industry is pressed to the wall, hopelessly antiquated in comparison with the American. Its finances are still disordered. Without money there can be, unfortunately, no great activity in the scientific laboratories. Great plays cannot be produced without money, and when great plays cannot be produced they have a faculty of not being written. Poorhouse inmates do not buy books, attend concerts, visit the art galleries; not only because they have no money but because their minds are too full of the problems of the day.

They have not the energy or the desire for such appreciation as will stimulate creation.

America has already taken from Europe all that it has to offer in culture—its best composers, dramatists, writers, musicians, painters, scientists. Of late, because the war and restricted immigration have made America a more compact national unit, it has added its own distinctly national culture to the welding of the European importation. America, you feel and you know, is in movement.

Europe is standing still. It is looking backward. Victor and vanquished alike in Europe ask nothing more from the future than the return of a glorious past. America is content with the present and anticipates a new future.

At least this is the way I see it after four years in Europe. Certain personal and professional details will, I trust, be forgiven in this frank age of I'll-tell-you-what-happened-to-me. They are justifiable, I think, because they contribute to the strength of my case. On the basis of environment alone, I should be the standard bearer of the on-to-Europe movement.

Finding America Last

I was born in Europe. I speak the languages. I had a childhood background of Europe. I was brought up to regard Europe with glamorous eyes. At an early age it was drilled into me that all that was fine in the world could be found in Europe. Only Europe had culture, ideals, breeding, tradition, leisure. I continued to live in Europe after I came to this country, from the age of six to fifteen. I read foreign-language newspapers long before I did more than glance at the strange American publications on the stands. America to me then consisted of the essentially foreign colonies of the East Side, Harlem and the Bronx. Brooklyn was unexplored territory, populated, I imagined, by strange beings who spoke only English.

At fifteen I began meeting these new American tribes and drifting away from Europe. I read English books, newspapers, magazines. Then I discovered there were other cities outside of New York, not mere names in geography books, but actually inhabited. I saw some of these cities; I discovered there were dialects of the South and West, just as there are dialects in Germany and Russia and France. America took on form and substance and variety. Gradually I became part of the country. Russian and German were relegated to foreign languages. I began to divide people into two classes—those who spoke no English, or with a noticeable foreign accent; and those who took their English straight. Because I spoke without an accent, I decided I was an American.

The schools got their work in. Hitherto I had regarded the leading figures of American history in much the same light as the departed idols of other countries. The schools managed to give me a proprietary interest. Before I got to college, I was, from any possible standard, American. For it is easy to change the nationality of youth. In Europe I have seen the children of Mayflower stock who lived permanently abroad more German than the Germans, more French than the French or more English than the English. Because my formative years were spent here, I became, as I say, definitely American. I remember when the country was troubled with the problem of hyphenates. Labels were important to me then.

I debated whether I was Russian-American or American, and decided in favor of the latter.

Foreign, Therefore Good

But I had certain reservations, which I discover now still persist in the subconscious of the intelligentzia. I was American in the sense that I knew, loved and belonged to the country. My principal reservation was the automatic assumption that a European label upon what is known as the worth-while in life made it superior to anything American. A German or French or Russian play or book or musician or painting found me much more receptive than an American work, which I was prepared on snap judgment to think essentially raw, crude, primitive, unfinished. Mind you, I might like the American work. I might think it sincere, honest, moving. But it could not then compete against the rich color of a far-away Europe. Given two interesting books, one by a Russian, one by an American, I would be tempted to invest the Russian book with greatness, with permanency; while I would dismiss the American as an interesting experiment or a pleasurable means of spending a few hours.

I was not alone in this. When I return today I still see mediocrity glorified because it is foreign. The hack work of an adroit Hungarian playwright is searched laboriously for traces of genius, while, had the work been American, it would be dismissed as part of a playwright's routine. I see theater organizations, devoted to the pure in art and low salaries for the artists, persistently resurrecting German plays for American consumption; while German managers, apparently despairing of the native product, indulge in new American plays and old English revivals. I still see lecturers who could not gather two hundred people in their own countries turning them away here, simply because of an Oxford accent and a superior if vacuous smile. I still see a latent prejudice against American musicians, although this prejudice is apparently one of the first to disappear.

Possessed of this unreasoning worshipful attitude toward everything European, I returned to Europe at the age of twenty-two. I went with high hopes. Now I would really live. I had a splendid post. I was in the center of one of the most interesting periods of European history. I spent six weeks in Italy, when, at the Geneva Conference, the statesmen of the world sought to solve problems still unsolved. I followed them to The Hague. I went to Russia and saw it in its period of famine and at the dramatic height of its gigantic social experiment. I saw and talked with Nikolai Lenine and Leon Trotzky. I left Russia during the religious war and watched the French occupy the Ruhr. I saw the Separatist revolt in the Rhineland, the Communist uprisings in the Ruhr. I was with the Bavarian rebels during the abortive Fascist Putsch. I saw men die, and heard politicians speak, from Lloyd George to Von Hindenburg.

This was not Europe. This was really a side show of the war. Then revolutions stopped. Normalcy struggled through somehow, and peace descended. At twenty-four I was appointed head of a news bureau in Berlin for a New York newspaper, and from that moment I began living in Europe—really living. So I searched for an apartment. This is an inevitable preliminary toward really living in Europe.

Now when I wanted an apartment in New York, I looked up the papers and marched the streets, found one and moved in. Not so in Europe. You look up the papers. But there are no apartments. The war has created a housing shortage, and the government has absolute bureaucratic control of all apartments—on paper. Actually, you pay the tenant who wants to move a bonus for permitting you to take his place. Slightly illegal, but usually done. Legally, you should wait for the housing committee to give you an apartment. In that case, you must wait at least six months, and I have known those who have waited two years. This, you may argue, is a passing condition. London is comparatively free of housing difficulties—for those who can pay high rents—and apartments are obtainable in Paris. Only Berlin, Vienna and Moscow offer real obstacles.

But wherever you go in Europe, whether it is London, Paris, Berlin, Budapest or Moscow, twenty-four hours after you move into your apartment you must report to the nearest police station. I don't mind going to police stations as a reporter in New York. I have always found policemen here willing to accept me as an equal. But when you appear in Berlin as a resident who has the amazing impudence to live in an apartment, you are confronted with an inquisitive and contemptuous police official armed with many papers. You give him two passport photographs. Then you tell him your name, age, religion, occupation, where you lived before, and why you moved. He writes it all down. Before he dismisses you, he warns you that should you move again, you must come and tell him so, and fill out other papers.

Too Officious Officials

It so happened that the day after I moved in I was compelled to go out of town on business. So I did not report to the police station for two weeks. When I got there it was three o'clock in the afternoon, and the police official said surlily I should come back tomorrow. He did not care to work so late in the afternoon. A bold air and production of various official papers softened his wrath somewhat. He consented to take my confession then, but he cautioned me I was liable to a fine for my delay in appearing before him.

Somehow this visit to the police station smacked of tyranny. After all, I was not a criminal. My status in the country was definitely established. I saw no reason why the police department should be interested especially in my movements. I remembered that in New York I had never come in contact with the police as a private citizen, aside from greeting my favorite cop around the corner.

So I went home. When I got there I found one of my neighbors waiting for me. She presented herself as Frau Oberzahlmeister—Mrs. Head Paymaster—Schmidt, and she said she was chairman of the house committee. There were certain rules that the house committee, composed of all the tenants, had formulated and wished me to respect. To wit:

The front door to the apartment house must be closed at eight o'clock each evening. There were no bells for any of my friends who wished to call after that hour. They do not believe in individual bells in Germany. If my friends chose to shout loudly, and if I heard them, I could come down and open the door. The *Portier* also

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"It saves our eyes," Eastman inspectors explain. "We can see better with it. It makes water stains, scratches, 'bubbles' and other tiny defects easy to detect."

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could open the door at her discretion, and in return for nightly toll rates. If she should be out at the moment they called, there was nothing for my friends to do but wait or go home.

I discovered that Mrs. Head Paymaster Schmidt, who received no salary for her labors and was a public-spirited woman, assumed that my main business in life was to confer with her on the actual running of the house. The other tenants agreed with her; for they, too, were always in conference with her, and expected me to follow their example. If coal must be bought—conference. If repairs were to be made—conference; for repairs were in the hands of the house committee, not the landlord. We conferred over the condition of the faucet, the fuses, the state of the ceiling in the servant's room.

I knew more about that house than the average owner of an apartment house knows of his here. And the sad fact is that other people's houses bore me. It mattered little to me why the fat angel on the façade had lost its right thumb. I ventured the comment that the lost thumb gave it a distinction otherwise lacking, and was rebuked by stony silence.

The anomaly of the situation was, however, that although I was expected to confer, it was only to agree. The other tenants might protest decision. Not I. For I was a foreigner, as it was explained to me on several occasions. I was tolerated because they could not rid themselves of me. This disturbed me. I had no wish to be German. But I also had no wish to be seen exclusively as an escaped animal from the zoo, a foreigner, an American, a barbarian. Should I object to high-handed decrees of the house committee, I was a foreigner and had no right to object. Should I ask the *Portier* with due humility to open the door for my friends who came to the house at the unheard-of hour of nine in the evening, I was a foreigner and had no right to ask the impossible.

I attach no significance to the fact that it is considered good form throughout Europe to cheat foreigners. I understand foreigners have taken advantage of the low rate of exchange and the natives hunger for vengeance. I have always been willing to be cheated. I am disappointed when I am not cheated. But I did expect, in return, to be accepted as a human being, and if not accepted, left alone.

Woes of a Perpetual Foreigner

Being a foreigner three hundred and sixty-five days in the year gets to be annoying. On the streets, in the restaurants, in the theater and in your own home, you grow tired of being surveyed as an outlander, a freak. You grow tired of craning necks when you speak English, coupled perhaps with a gesture of contempt. You grow tired of being told on trains that America has all the gold, and you grow tired of explaining that you did not write the Fourteen Points; nor are you personally collecting the French debt. You are, you assure the harassed British commercial traveler, also not responsible for the heavy British income tax.

I know Americans who enjoy being foreigners. They like to be pointed out. Thus they acquire distinction and satisfy vanity cheaply—by simply existing. Personally I can find little pleasure and considerable annoyance in the business of being a perpetual foreigner.

The fact is that no matter how long you live in a foreign country, you are never part of it. You remain an outsider. While you are getting further and further away from America you are getting no nearer to the country of your more or less permanent residence. A foreigner can be Americanized because America has a definite tradition and even machinery of expatriation. But the reverse is not true. No matter how flawless the laboriously acquired Oxford accent, the Anglicized American is a hybrid in the eyes of his own countrymen and of the English. No matter how strong a capacity for beer you may have, a Germanized American is a subject for contemptuous if tolerant comment by the Germans.

I know an American in Berlin who is strongly pro-German and pro-monarchist. There are no antecedents to explain his convictions. They just happened. He has set out upon the task of making himself a German, even to the upturned bushy mustache. He drinks beer in enormous quantities because drinking much beer is the proof of a good German. He can click his heels and bow with Prussian precision. He has taught himself to speak and write German almost as well as a German. He dotes on heavy German food and despises all American food. He admires the German domestic scheme, where the wife trails after the husband in meek submission, and is always sheltered behind her husband's broad back and double neck. And he is a profound monarchist, convinced that only a king can save Germany. He sports a monarchist button in his lapel on ceremonious occasions.

No Fun for Your Taxes

When Von Hindenburg was inaugurated my acquaintance was gloriously happy. The election to him signified the return of the monarchy. Now that inauguration was a delicate affair. For reasons of state the monarchists were determined to show to all the world that Von Hindenburg's election did not mean the return of the monarchy. Having gained power, the monarchists were content with the republic. All this my acquaintance did not know. He appeared at the inauguration with a monarchist button in his lapel. He was the only man in the Reichstag thus adorned, although that ponderous building was crammed with convinced German monarchists. We—the outsiders—laughed at him, and the Germans were annoyed. If I were a German I, too, would be annoyed. I would regard this man as an outsider who tinkered with the politics of my country.

In short, you do not belong. You can never participate. You can only observe and withhold comment, which is irksome. For example, you pay income tax in Germany. The question of taxation affects your pocketbook. You go to the income-tax collector and file your return. He shakes his head.

"We can't let you off so easy," he says. "You gave us the Dawes Plan. The Dawes Plan made high taxes."

You protest that you don't want to be let off easily, but you don't want to pay more than you should. He counters by telling you that you ought to be delighted to pay heavily, because as an American you should have paternal pride in the Dawes Plan.

Then you meet a German friend and he begins wailing about the taxes. You have your own complaint.

"But you are responsible," your German friend says. "At least, your country is."

So you find yourself suddenly espousing high taxes which you must pay to a country to which you owe no devotion.

You can, as my acquaintance in Berlin does, endeavor to make yourself part of the foreign country by renouncing your own in word and thought. You can proclaim loudly that all other Americans are mad barbarians and only Germans know how to live. But you must be pathologically blind to reality to do it.

Pass by, however, this tangible feeling of not belonging. Pass by, too, the mental and physical discomforts of the immediate problem of living in a European home. True seekers of culture should not be disturbed; not even when the boiler bursts, and the house committee must meet with bureaucratic leisureliness before taking the momentous decision to repair it. Pass by, too, the problem of food, which should interest no one who really wants to live—such trifles as the quality of coffee or bread.

(Continued on Page 94)

A PLAIN STATEMENT OF FACT

TO THE MILLIONS WHO WILL BUY TIRES IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS

When a great company knows within itself that it has accomplished something outstanding, it has a duty to the public, to its past customers, and to itself, to let that fact be known.

So we make this statement: there is more mileage in Goodrich Silvertown Cords this year than in any tires this company has ever built.

To have surpassed all previous standards of excellence is an accomplishment. For Silvertowns have always been the sum total of tire excellence.

This accomplishment is one of patience and careful attention to small things—small things which make a tremendous total. It is based, not on the introduction of any revolutionary new principle, but upon consistent improvement in the tire which has already proved itself "best in the long run."

With full realization that the word involves comparison, we pronounce the present Goodrich Silvertowns the finest tires ever made by Goodrich; finest in design and construction.

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To you who are now considering the purchase of tires, we urge that you consult the Goodrich dealer and let him apply the Silvertowns best designed for your personal motoring requirements.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST · IN · THE · LONG · RUN"

(Continued from Page 92)

You can acquire new food habits and still the hunger for old.

You are not in Berlin, as a friend of mine is fond of saying, for your pleasure. You are seeking culture. Berlin is accepted as the music center of the world. There is good music in Berlin. Unfortunately most of the best conductors, singers and musicians have gone to America.

I spent two years in Berlin. In all that time there was but one concert I should have missed had I remained in New York—the Rose quartet. Every other singer, every instrumentalist I heard in Berlin, had either just returned from America or was on his way to America. One solitary conductor—and an excellent one too—Oscar Fried, remained behind. And he told me frankly he had not been offered sufficient money to come here.

There were at one time four opera houses in Berlin. The Volks Opera failed a year after I began my *Kultur* hunt. The Charlottenburg Opera dwindled. The very stately State Opera gives excellent conventional productions of time-tried operas and is well attended by those who take their opera as an orthodox duty. But ——

Where are the new musicians in Germany, the new composers, new singers, new instrumentalists, new conductors? After all, those who come to America are of the old school, long recognized. You make another discovery. There is no effort—there cannot be under the circumstances—to encourage the new German musicians and composers. Most of the great teachers have been snapped up by ambitious young American students, who come to Berlin in truckloads. German youth is too hard pressed in the economic struggle. Recognition is grudging and tardy. The opera houses and the concert managers are busy staving off bankruptcy.

Their one means of recuperation is a successful deal with America. For America has become the pivot about which the Berlin musical mechanism revolves. Now America will not accept young and unrecognized talent, unless aided by skillful press-agenting. Consequently the Berlin music machine brushes aside the unknown and the untried. Given no incentive to produce, German youth is discouraged. Those hardy souls who are still holding out dream of saving sufficient money for steerage passage to America.

German patronage of music had shriveled with the new era of high taxation and the struggle for bare existence. Without subsidy, even the State Opera House would be in difficulty. The concert halls are rarely full. Certainly I found no greater appreciation of good music in Berlin than in New York. And whereas in New York experiments in new music are welcomed eagerly, they arouse little excitement in Berlin.

Narcotic Jazz for Germany

Again you must grope into the economic causes. Jazz has conquered Germany in the past few years, as you will discover in German restaurants, theaters and homes, because the German is too tired at the end of a day of the fight for a living to think in music. He wants narcotic music, if any. He wants to be stimulated easily. There is at least in America an attempt at musicianly treatment of jazz, an effort to make jazz vital music.

In Germany jazz is still played crudely, in the My Wife's Gone to the Country school. Jazz becomes the escape from the general stagnation, from the cold sogginess of the Prussian soil, from the creaking measured heaviness of existing.

Go to Paris. A fifth-rate opera house, with fifth-rate singers. Mediocre concerts. Again you find that those singers you want to hear are on their way to America or back from it.

Go to Italy—for the advantages of living in Europe, really living, include the ability to travel to the European capitals with little difficulty. Milan is less than a full day's ride from Berlin. The pride of Milan is Signor Toscanini, the conductor, who has been frequently in America. The Scala is an excellent singing institution. But you find no better exponents of the Italian singing than you do in America. And of the new works produced I can recall only Boito's Nerone, which is not a modern work, but was resurrected. And again in Italy, where the lira is low, America remains the magnet. So if you travel hard and fast you may get in all Europe, musically, that which you can obtain in New York in an area of six square miles.

You go to the theater. Begin with Berlin. Last year Berlin produced Shaw's Saint Joan; Galsworthy's Loyalties; a few old trifles by Jerome K. Jerome; Rain; Pirandello's Six Characters in Search of an Author; Man, Beast and Virtue, and Henry IV; the usual quota of Shakspere; The Monkey Talks, from the French; a few old Italian plays and a few old German plays. Yes, they played Camille too. There was only one conspicuously new German play, a comedy drama of old China, a shoddy theatrical piece. Whereupon the newspapers howled: Where are the new German playwrights?

There aren't any, said the managers. Hauptmann has done with plays. Sudermann is old and absorbed with the politics of the day. What has happened to Georg Kaiser and Ernst Toller, the new playwrights who came into being after the war? They are the futurists, the moving spirits of the new German theater.

A Nation of Tired Business Men

The fact is that the new German theater is dead. It died with the stability of the mark. Kaiser and Toller flourished in that tense, confused period when all Germany was in ferment; when the rich became poor and the poor became rich overnight; when the spirit of revolution was in the air and people went mad with vague excitement and the terror of uncertainty. Then they would search for philosophic truths on empty stomachs and listen to the wails of stage mobs, and be thrilled by new symbols, new lights, new movements.

But the moment that uncertainty passed, the moment stable money returned, futurism fell flat. Futurism was a revolt. The German people are tired of revolting. They want to be comfortable. They don't even go to good conventional plays. They want revues, leg shows, with jazz music. So Max Reinhardt, who built the Grosse Schauspielhaus as a people's theater, rented it to German Ziegfelds. While his theater next door—the Kammerspiel—tried Shaw and Pirandello with only fair success, the Schauspielhaus played the Follies type of show to standing room only. There were five revues running when I left Berlin; while manager after manager who still thought money could be made with good plays, foreign because there were no German plays, barely kept heads above water.

Again the only and the inevitable explanation: Germany had become a nation of tired business men. The Dawes Plan means high taxation, and high taxes mean a hard struggle for existence. Credits are scarce. Unemployment is growing. As in music, there was no patronage and no incentive for the production of honest art. There is an army of theatrical agents in Germany looking for German plays which could be transplanted to America. Their work is heartbreaking. Should a good German play arise, they will pounce upon it, and I shall see it in New York, better mounted and better acted.

But thus far the prospects are not encouraging. Kaiser's last play, Gas, dealt with birth control, and was dished up in both futuristic and conventional mediums. It was a hodgepodge and deserved failure. It was the funeral toll of the new German theater. Toller is still laboring under the communist psychology, which is entirely out of tune with the mood of the day. He is living in the year 1918, and writing propaganda, which is not, unfortunately, good dramatic material.

The standard of acting is good in Germany, but I can name three competent American actors or actresses for every German. Elizabeth Bergner, who will eventually come here, is well worth the trip to Germany, but I can think of no other outstanding figure. The productions themselves are inferior to American. Rain, for example, became a monstrosity in German hands.

Paris is notoriously a poor theater city, and America has imported bodily whatever Paris has to offer. Rome gives you the newly formed Pirandello company, with Pirandello producing Pirandello acceptably; but there is nothing to cable home about, and Pirandello has been shown here as well and better.

Moscow generally is not included in the Europe that really lives. I happen to have lived there. Several months after I arrived in Russia, the Moscow Art Theater went to America under the persuasion of Morris Gest and remained there all during my stay in the Soviet capital. Recently the Musical Studio, with rewritten operas and new conceptions of music dramas, came here and was studied by those who were interested. Had I remained in New York I would have missed the mediocre Kammernie theater, and the fantastic revolutionary theater. The latter is an effort to convert the theater into a pulpit for communism. Actors climb up and down ladders in futuristic exaltation, extemporize and otherwise disport themselves as inmates of any insane asylum. I do not wish to be didactic. Perhaps this is the new theater. Perhaps it is the true, unalloyed art. Even if it is, the revolutionary theater is the only new thing Russia has to offer to the seeker of culture who has remained in New York. It is compensation for waiting three weeks for a visa, a week of railroad traveling and several weeks more of discomfort and perhaps danger.

But this much can be said of Russia: There is, despite all government efforts to prevent it, a movement of vigor and activity, diverted perhaps into weird channels, but inevitably bound to produce something sometime. Men are writing—although they're hungry—painting, composing.

It is too early yet to put value upon their works. They live in a strange topsy-turvy world. There is at least no trace of stagnation.

Youth Reaching Backward

But in Europe—for Russia is semi-Asiatic—there is a definite stagnation. Only gentlemen of the old school still read books. Cheap illustrated weeklies run into a million-odd circulation, but magazines that print good fiction barely reach ten thousand. Very little is being produced to be read. Jacob Wassermann, Heinrich and Thomas Mann—and you have exhausted the list of distinctive writers in Germany—Schnitzler in Austria—what else does Central Europe offer? Those magazines that devote themselves to literature print a disproportionate quantity of foreign writing.

And no sooner does Wassermann or Schnitzler or Mann produce an interesting or an important book than it is forthwith translated and sent to America. Even in philosophy, here in Germany, the land of philosophers, there is stagnation. Spengler's Untergang was the pessimism of a defeated nation and has been discarded. Count Keyserling is far better known in America than he is in Germany. He is essentially not a part of the country or the people or of the times.

There is activity in the universities because there is a desperate effort to maintain the German tradition of thoroughness in scholarship. But it is an academic and not a creative activity, and it has been hampered further by the undue penetration of politics into the universities. The bulk of German students are antirepublican, reactionary. Curiously enough, therefore, the intelligent youth of Central Europe is reaching backward for monarchy, militarism and Prussian *Ordnung*—order. You cannot expect new things from a younger generation that is fighting for the old.

I remember walking down Kurfürstendamm recently when a shot rang out. A young man with a student's cap fell to the ground. Other men leaped into a taxi and vanished. The student had been a republican. He was shot and killed by fellow students who were members of student monarchist organizations.

Here was a younger generation wasting itself upon an issue that no longer confronts half the civilized world. So acute was the futile struggle of a time-worn issue that it had developed into ugly murder. I cite it as an illustration of the fact that all over Europe the economic and political distress of a country blocks and chokes the youth of that country. When there is no money, fewer students attend the university.

Those who do are diverted by essentially meaningless politics, and little of real value is thought or produced.

Nothing shows more vividly the stagnation of Europe than the stagnation of German industry. Germany became an industrial empire under the Kaiser, so that you would expect here, at least, a trace of virile aliveness of the past. Again you are disappointed, and you can easily understand why.

Germany Learning From America

For four years German industry was a war machine. Then came the inflation. Enormous profits were made—on paper. All this paper was at once converted into something tangible, for money lost its value overnight. Therefore the big plants bought real property and expanded. There was no system in this expansion. Complete chaos reigned. There was, of course, talk of vertical and horizontal trusts, various ways of combining the source of raw material with the actual sale of the finished product, all in one enterprise. But the fact was that these trusts were paper-money trusts and collapsed as soon as what the Russians call hard money came into existence.

All this time America was busy standardizing and improving methods of production; was busy in industrial research; was busy bettering the quality and lowering the price of its products. German industry, forced to compete upon an equal basis with the American, found itself hopelessly antiquated. It could not produce so cheaply as America, despite longer hours and infinitely lower wages. Further, German industry lacked money, credit, and was burdened with high taxes. The same condition, though less aggravated, holds throughout Europe.

What is the result? Instead of startling the world with new methods and inventions, the Germans are compelled to come to America to study American methods. There is at present a bitter debate in the union of industrialists—Reichsverband der Deutschen Industrie—on the direct issue: Shall Germany scrap her present methods and install the American, or shall Germany wait and develop her own?

When an industry is panting for breath, as is the German, it is not in a position to splurge upon industrial research. It cannot spend millions of dollars in laboratories in the gamble that something may be produced that will prove of value. There is too much close, hard figuring of overhead and profits. Of course there could not be absolute death in so magnificent a research machine as the Badische Anilin. Chemists are still occupied evolving new Bayer products. But the country that was once supreme in industry has taken a back seat, and isolated exceptions only accentuate the general stultification. The will is there. It is stifled by circumstance.

In aviation, for example, the Germans have been summarily choked. The Zeppelin plants are under foreign military

(Continued on Page 99)

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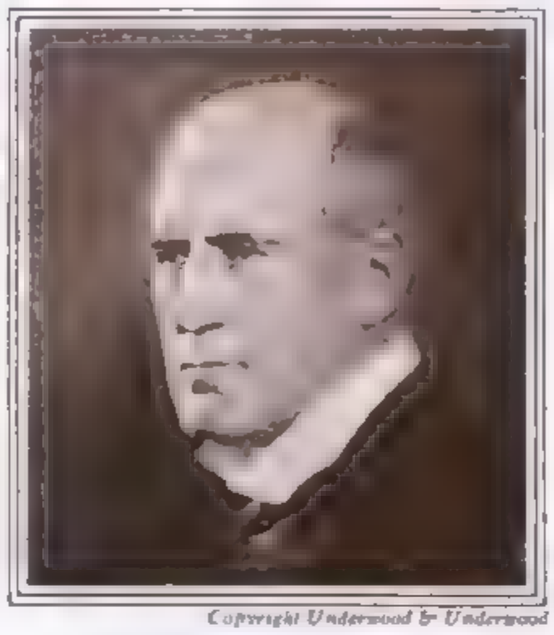

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EVERYWHERE!

Everywhere you go, you will see, touch or walk on some kind of Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product; so widespread is the use of P&L finishing materials for architectural, industrial and household purposes.

This business was founded in 1849 for the purpose of meeting the exacting requirements of the master painter, who, after all, is the final judge of quality in finishing materials, and today there is probably no brand of high grade varnishes and enamels more widely used by painters and specified by architects, than Pratt & Lambert Varnish Products.

Whether you are finishing a chair or a sky-scraper, let the expert guide you in the choice of varnish and enamel.

A recent example of the character of structures finished with P&L materials is the new Stevens Hotel in Chicago — which will have 3000 rooms. The woodwork of this latest "world's largest hotel" is being finished with Pratt & Lambert "38" Preservative Varnish.

Change of scene — Hinsdale, New Hampshire — an auto painting company (name on request) put some of its five-day paint jobs on exhibition at the Valley Fair last fall, in order to advertise the Vitralite Automobile Enamel System. Most folks thought the cars were new. The exhibitor soon set them right with two big signs saying that the cars were *not* new, but were *re*-newed in 5 days by the Vitralite Automobile Enamel System. Looks like a busy painting season in Hinsdale!

New York, three o'clock in the morning — Borden's 2843 milk wagons and 1071 trucks making their rounds! Protecting the surface of each wagon and truck is a Pratt & Lambert finish, in service in all kinds of weather.

A Pensacola, Florida, automobile paint shop (name on request) sends word of a veteran car finished 51 months ago with Vitralite Automobile Enamel and "still in good condition"—also of another finished 37 months ago.

Mr. O. C. Rowe, auto painter of Cambridge City, Indiana, writes that he has refinished 57 automobiles with Vitralite Automobile Enamel. No kicks, no arguments and no come-backs except to praise —customers all pleased.

There is a Pratt & Lambert Varnish Product for every need and if, for any reason, your local dealers can not take care of your requirements, write us. When finishing problems arise, it is our wish to serve and satisfy.

PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 94)

supervision, if not suppression. The commercial air systems are still hampered by military regulations. The only reason commercial aviation still flourishes in Germany is that it is subsidized. Industry generally cannot be subsidized. But the government, knowing that aviation is of military as well as commercial importance, sees to it that the Junkers' system survives the sad fact that commercial aviation at present is not a paying business. Generally the cry in Germany is to keep going rather than to keep going ahead.

In medical as well as in industrial science war and its by-products have hampered progress. Germans now concede openly that Americans are the best surgeons in the world, and that American medical apparatus deserves study. The Rockefeller Institute has taken first place in institutions of medical research by the simple expedient of taking from all other countries and adding America's contribution. Dahlem was revived by the Rockefeller Institute. American physicians still go to Europe to study the clinics, but most of those I have talked to agree that the trip taught them little. For what took place in industry took place in medicine. Inflation, scarcity of real money, brought development to a standstill, while America went ahead.

There are, it seems to me, only two good reasons for Americans to live in Europe permanently: Dipsomania and laziness. If the expatriate wants to drink himself to death Europe is, of course, as good as any place I know. Or, if given small income and a taste for good living in the purely physical sense, Europe has still remnants of inflation for this class.

Personally I was faced with the problem that confronts everyone to a greater or lesser extent whose work calls him to Europe to live. My problem was more difficult, or easier, as you wish. I could have turned European more quickly and more successfully than the average American. But, as a matter of fact, I found myself without a country.

I found myself a foreigner abroad, and I was afraid I would be a foreigner when I returned.

I came back. I appreciate that when one is far from home there is a tendency to endow the most commonplace with enchantment. Allowing for this, I have not been disappointed.

There is strength, movement, freshness here. There is bewildering activity. More, there is youth. Youth is inclined to jump off at tangents. If it jumps sufficiently it will get there, no matter how devious the direction it chooses.

To me it seems America knows how to live. Too often those who repeat glibly that Europe is the place really to live in speak from a tourist's observation. Being on a holiday themselves, they imagine all Europe is on a holiday. Too often a slow tempo of life—Europe dragging its feet to work—is confused with the picture of cultured leisure.

I can put it more briefly: America not only knows how to live but is living. Europe is dying. It may recover. I am no prophet. I am only reporting Europe today, and Europe certainly for the next five years—and for all anyone knows, the next fifty.

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No longer do you have to stumble down cellar stairs or fumble around in a dark closet to change fuses. With BULL DOG Safety FUSENTERS installed upstairs you can replace a fuse as easily as putting a light bulb in a socket. And BULL DOG Safety Fusenters are truly ornamental, with their lustrous LUMINIZED finish.

You have additional convenience, safety and beauty with no extra cost, because BULL DOG Safety FUSENTERS are priced below the old-time fuse boxes and cut-outs. *Listed as Standard by Underwriters Laboratories.*

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SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Hozay, who is wheezy,
Is taking things easy
At home with their child—it's a gal—
And often it wriggles
And gurgles and giggles
While he sadly sings "Fal, de, lal, lal."

The moral, if any, is merely that many
Would-be's who want wealth and renown
Sit stupidly grieving and vainly believing
That home ties are keeping them down.

—S. E. Kiser.

Bugaboo

Song of the Insect World

HOE your gardens, start your seeding,
Spring has come and we need feeding.
Every plant that flourishes
In the long run nourishes
Some bug—
Some lady bug, some shady bug,
Some beetle, cricket, snail or slug,
Some insect or some crawling thing,
Some on the ground, some on the wing.
In unison we sing in spring:

We're the pests who sleep throughout the chilly winter,
Yet we revel in the sunshine and the heat;
So you'll really have to pardon table d'hôting in your garden,
For a hungry bug finds garden grubbing sweet,
And,
A hungry bug has nowhere else to eat.
There are millions in the crawling bug battalions,
There are billions on the insect-laden breeze,
There are moths and bugs and grippers, there are gnats and gallinippers,
There are famished flocks of undernourished fleas,
And,
Anæmic caterpillars in the trees.
We're the pests who sleep throughout the chilly winter,
But the winter's gone and now we're feeling spry;
Though you swear at us and spray us and a little while delay us,
We will eat your fancy flowers by and by.
Why,
We'll all be fat and healthy by July!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

The Critic's Weakness

A CRITIC met a business man
And promptly started in to scan
The B. M.'s intellectual plan
In terms of perfect frankness.

"You are," he said, "as crude as crude;
You think too much about your food,
And hold that paintings in the nude
Are fruit of moral rankness.

"Your taste in literature is low;
You see each girl and movie show,
But what is good you do not know,
Nor what the serious stage is.
You do not read important news
Nor helpful comment or reviews,
But passionately you peruse
The sport and comic pages.

"Your pride is all in fat cigars,
In houses, clothes and motor cars;
You'd like to put behind the bars
The man who thinks a minute.
In fact, my friend, your mind is fraught
With stale and vulgar stuff, and naught
That's vital, new or fine in thought
Can find a place within it."

The business man was most polite.
He said, "It may be you are right;
But seeing that you are so bright
And good at long recital,
I beg you, ere we end our chat,
Propound the thoughts on this and that
Which ought to lodge beneath my hat
To make my thinking vital."

The critic paused; he racked his brains;
He put them to unwonted strains,
But what he got for all his pains
Would never grease a skillet.
The business man, he winked an eye
And said—what no one can deny—
"A fool can see a well is dry;
It takes a rain to fill it!"

—Gorton Carruth.

Ballade of the Butterfly

THE art of bridge I've mastered well,
I kick a Charleston truly rare;
New traffic riddles I can spell;
I park in many a bosky lair;
I dodge the speed-cop's subtle snare;
I pluck the uke with artful quirk;
I have the true dramatic flair—
I'm skilled in everything but work.

I dance to beat the light gazelle;
I golf with most patrician air;
In khaki every heart I quell;
In tennis togs I'm debonair;
My fencing is beyond compare,
And tournaments I never shirk;
My hats are envied everywhere—
I'm skilled in everything but work.

Who's who and why I glibly tell;
I know what socks and ties to wear;
I herd the lobster in his shell;
My floral gifts delight the fair;
To crash the social gates I dare;
I shun the ways where bounders lurk;
I've worn some vine leaves in my hair—
I'm skilled in everything but work.

Envoi

Prince, why do crass employers glare
And take me on as shipping clerk?
Why scorn me thus when I declare
I'm skilled in everything but work?

—Corinne Rockwell Swain.

Old Lady Necessity

WHEN Homer was writing his epics and such
As part of his poet's vocation,
I'll wager at seasons he didn't have much
Of what people call inspiration.
He probably said, "By the gods, what a life!
If I had my way I'd not jot a
New line for a year—but I've kids and a wife;
I don't wanta work, but I gotta!

"I gotta, I gotta!
And so Do It Now is my motto.
The job of a bard is most terrible hard—
I don't wanta work, but I gotta!"

With Shakspere and Dante and Goethe and all
The rest of the pets of the Muses,
Be sure there were days when 'twas wormwood and gall
To write what the world now peruses.
Columbus and Cæsar, Napoleon too,
And other great men would cry, "What a—
Oh, what a darn bore are these jobs that I do,
I don't wanta work, but I gotta!

"I gotta, I gotta!
I'd rather play marbles or lotta.
But the job must be did, so it's 'Hop to it, kid!'
I don't wanta work, but I gotta!"

The moral I'll slip you is simple and plain,
For this is a song with a moral;
There are plenty of times when your hand and your brain
Are prone with hard labor to quarrel.
Yet most of the work that is truly worth while
Is done by the birds who will not a-
Llow moods to upset 'em; who say with a smile,
"I don't wanta work but I gotta!

"I gotta, I gotta!
I gotta be right on the spot; a
Vacation must wait till this job's off the slate.
I don't wanta work, but I gotta!"

—Berton Braley.

LOOK FOR THE RED DIVING GIRL LABEL

Jantzen-time is here again!

HOLIDAYS . . . happy week-end outings . . . lakes and rivers; beaches; pools. A call for swimming suits. *Jantzen-time is here again!*

Yes, for thousands, Jantzen-time is *all* the time. At Palm Beach, Havana, Miami, California, Hawaii, Jantzens are seen all-year on those who like to look their best and feel "at home" in the water

Jantzens are made for *action!* The original Jantzen-stitch, knitted from special Jantzen yarn, gives permanent elasticity. The *non-rip* crotch and *bow-trunk* pattern are Jantzen features (patented). Every inch of the suit conforms to that part of the body it covers—and "gives-and-takes" accordingly

478 out of 517 leading physical instructors said the suit originated by Jantzen is ideal for swimming

See the new Jantzen colors and stripings. Men's, women's, children's. Perfect fit *guaranteed*, if you give your *weight*

Ask your dealer for red diving girl sticker or send 4c for two; or 6c for four sizes of paint transfers of same for tire covers, rain slickers, etc. And send for catalog and sample of Jantzen-stitch fabric

1 *Unbreakable rubber button*

2 *Shaped to fit the body perfectly*

3 *Patented [illegible] give perfect fit across hips*

4 *Jantzen Patented non-rip crotch*

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, Portland, Oregon
JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS OF CANADA, LTD.
(Canadian Corporation) Vancouver, Canada

Jantzen

The suit that changed *bathing* to *swimming*

THE MAN WHO HIT 1.000

(Continued from Page 21)

"What a flop he now turns out to be!" I exclaims. "This boy of mine harasses the horsehide for a mere 1.000."

"I'll pay him twice that," growls Bull, "if he does .350."

"I'm talking about his pace, not his price," I snaps. "He hits 1.000."

"Up how many times?" queries Grogan.

"Around eighty, so far," I replies, and then I tells him all about Tolliver and the perfect batting eye he's developed in Joe with the help of Dumb Nature.

"I guess," remarks Bull, when I finishes, "you're getting a little too old to send into those high altitudes. Do you have pains in back of the head and a kind of buzzing in the ears?"

"Yes," I yelps; "but I only gets 'em when I meets up with a wisenheimer who can tell there's no sugar in the coffee without tasting it. Here, take a look at this clipping."

Grogan reads over the averages, shaking his dome dubiously all the time.

"Besides," I goes on, "I saw him in four games and I tried him out myself. That lad can place a ball in your mouth at a hundred paces without knocking out your store teeth. I know he's a busher and he's been playing against bushers, but how many of your deck hands could hit the bat boy eighty times in a row? Remember, Joe doesn't cash on errors or hard tries. His shots would be safe and clean in any league and with any scorer."

"It just isn't possible," mutters Bull.

"Was it your Aunt Sarah or your Uncle Josh," I jeers, "that stood in the zoo, petting a kangaroo and telling everybody there wasn't such an animal? It was your father, I believe, who called up a friend on the telephone to bet him that such a thing as a telephone couldn't be invented. Anyhow, what do you stand to lose? Bland's here on piecework—so much per hit. If he flops, I'll pay his fare back to Tetona out of the raise you're going to give me for finding him."

"If he flops," grunts Grogan, "you can split a box car with him on the way West."

There's a game that afternoon, but Joe's not in the line-up—not to start with. It's the boss' idea to give the kid a few days to get used to his new surroundings, to which I agrees; but in the eighth inning a spot comes up that's just built for Bland. There are two out, three of the Blue Sox on, and the Lizards leading five to four. What a chance for Joe to make a grand entrance with a wallop that'll at least tie the score!

"Let Bland bat for Harley," I whispers to Bull.

"All right," he returns, without any objections. "There's a train out tonight he can get."

"Where," I asks, reckless, "would you like him to place the drive?"

"There's lots of room," snarls Grogan, "between Gordon's head and the sky."

"Safe over second," I orders Joe.

I still have the marks in the palm of my hand where I digs my nails while Bland's ambling to the plate. The boy's as cool and calm as Coolidge. Picking up the first bat he sees, he takes a crouch and waits the first heave at him from a big-league arm. The pitch cuts the rubber—that is, it would have had it got that far. Joe swings at it kind of lazy, dropping one of the prettiest Texas leaguers I ever saw between second and center. Two runs are scored, the second on a bad throw home; but Bland remains on first, though he could have crawled to the next bag easy on the fielder's loop to the plate.

"What's the matter with that fat-head?" growls Bull. "Has he the gout or a pair of diver's shoes on?"

"There are in the United States," I smiles, "according to the next census, 18,685,459 people who can make two bases on a two-base hit, but only one person who can make a two-base hit when and where ordered."

"Just an accident," snorts Grogan.

"Perhaps," says I, all hopped up with Joe's debut; "but it's his eighty-first straight accident. I suppose you figure it's an accident that your birthday comes around regularly every year. Don't forget, my buxom bucko, I told you he positively could do nothing but hit. You'd be surprised, for example, how poorly he plays the bass tuba."

A weak fly retires our side and Bull sends Bland out to right field despite my objections

"Why take a chance?" I argues. "We practically have the game sewed up, and I'm telling you Joe can't field."

"There's not a chance in a hundred that anything will come his way," returns Grogan. "Besides, I got to try him out sometime or other."

The first two Lizards open the ninth with strikeouts and my chest is taken away from a load. The next lad, however, doubles through short. A scratch single pushes him to third. Two out and two on and a southpaw slugger at bat. Well, why drag it out? A high fly is shot to right, the kind you've got to catch to keep from getting hit in the head with the ball. To the Blue Sox it seems all over and they start coming in, but I'm not even breathing. Bland gets his mitt on the pill, juggles it up and down a few times and finally lets it drop. He stoops to pick it up and again it gets away from him. By the time the center fielder reaches the red-hot ball the two Lizards have got home, taken a bath and seen a double feature at the movies.

"Did you say," remarks Bull to me coldly, "that Bland could do nothing but hit?"

"I did," I tells him, defiant.

"'Nothing,'" he comes back, "is an exaggeration."

"He fields," says I, comfortingly, "much better than he throws or steals bases. He goes down to second only when the bags are filled."

"No head, eh?" grunts Grogan.

"That thing you see on his shoulders," I gags, "is just a pimple. It hasn't come to a head yet."

"What'd you bring him here for then?" yelps Bull. "I got enough rookies on the bench raising warts."

"He hits 1.000," I answers, "and if you can't use that kind of a soloist, you'd better send me out scouting again."

"What for?" he demands.

"A new manager," I answers, short.

"That 1.000 stuff," grumbles Grogan, "is, of course, the prominent pish and the important tush. Besides," he adds, too sore over Joe's juggling act to think straight, "I need a man who can do something besides bat."

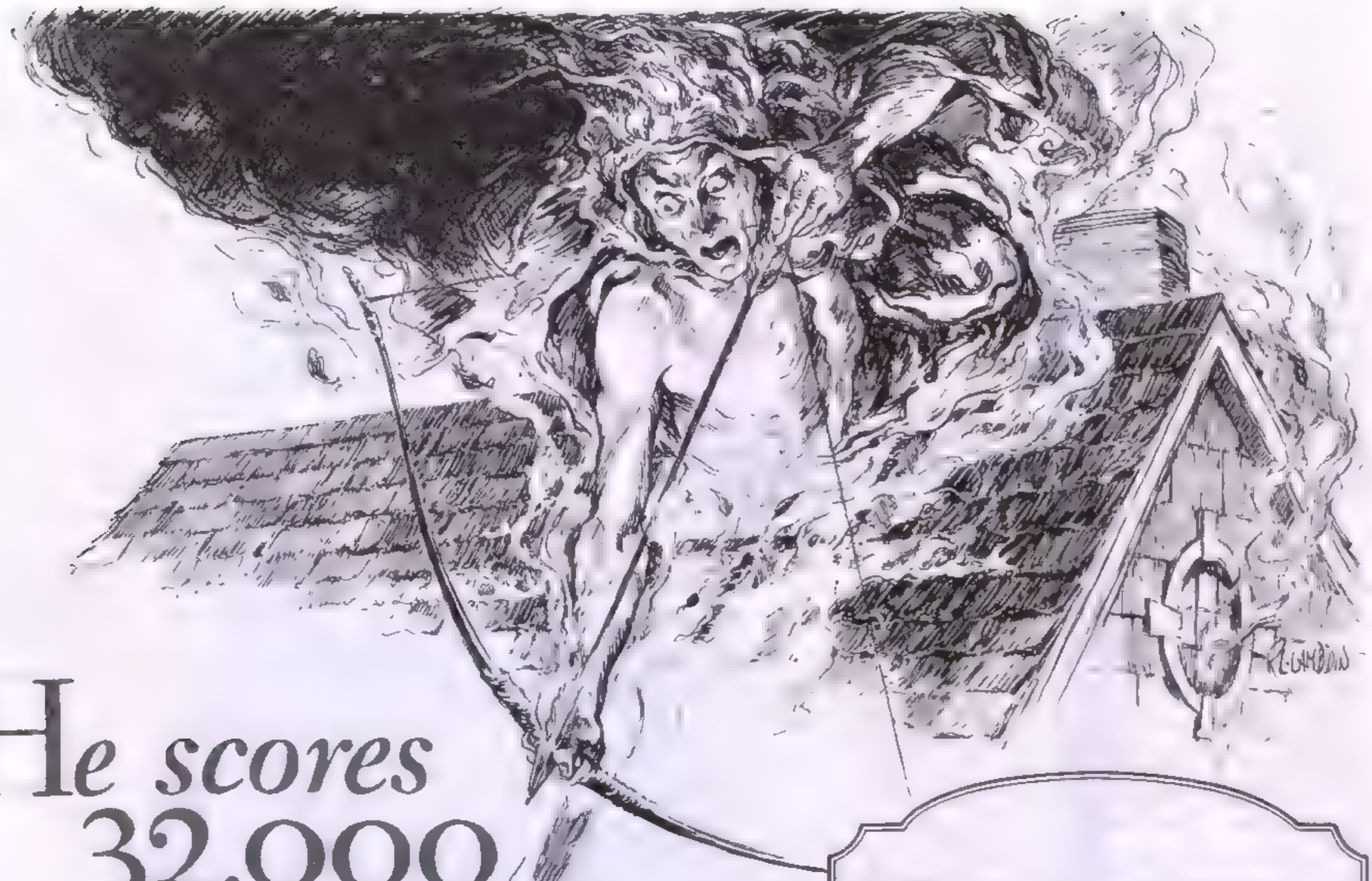
"You ought to keep a copy of your telegrams," I barks, getting kind of riled myself. "You mean to tell me that a pinch hitter who delivers every time he goes up wouldn't do you any good? How many games have you lost for want of a hit at the right time?"

"This one, at least," says Grogan, as our side is zeroed in the last of the ninth, "and we owe it all to that ultra-rapid eyeful of yours. It was on ice in the eighth."

The way Bull's feeling, there's no use pointing out to him that we'd never have been in the lead in the eighth but for Bland. Grogan's a bug on brainy players, and it's pretty hard for him to realize that a guy might be stupid and still break the record at shot putting or trapping Siberian sables. He feels better about Joe the next day, however, when the kid steps up in the ninth and breaks a perfectly good tie with a shot to right center that bounces into the sun seats.

"I think," says the boss, "I'll work him for a whole game tomorrow. The Tigers aren't going so good and I figure we can spot 'em about six outfield errors."

(Continued on Page 102)



He scores 32,000 hits every year

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Kind of Building	Type of Asbestos Roofing	Brand or Trade Name
Small buildings	Slate-surfaced asbestos ready roofing or hexagonal asbestos shingles	Flexstone roofing No. 20 rigid asbestos shingles appropriate colors
Dwellings $5,000–$7,000	Hexagonal asbestos shingles	No. 20 rigid asbestos shingles appropriate colors
Dwellings $7,000–$15,000	Hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles	No. 20 rigid asbestos shingles or Multi-Color appropriate colors
Dwellings $25,000 upwards	Rigid asbestos shingles—rectangular	Rough-surfaced Multi-Color Shingles (Blue-black or Blue-red or gray ornamentals
Factories, shops and mills—monitor and sawtooth roofs*	Asbestos ready roofing or asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Ready Roofing or Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Flat roofs—all buildings*	Asbestos built-up roofing	Johns-Manville Asbestos Built-up Roofing
Skeleton frame buildings—standard for severe temperature or condensation conditions*	Corrugated asbestos roofing	Johns-Manville Transite Corrugated Asbestos Roofing and Siding

*Note—Industrial buildings call for expert advice. A roofing expert is available at all Johns-Manville Branches.

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When re-roofing an old house, you can lay either hexagonal or rectangular asbestos shingles right over the old roof. This saves tearing off the old shingles which remain in place to insulate your home against heat and cold.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER *until you have a*

JOHNS-MANVILLE
ASBESTOS ROOF

(Continued from Page 100)

"A great idea," I agrees. "The other teams are going to get wise pretty soon that the boy's got something besides a watch and chain and they'll be sending him on walks for their health. If they'd have paraded him today you'd never have won in the ninth. At the plate, Joe's a demon; on the bags, nothing but a clutter. Of course, using him only in the pinch, you can pick your spots; but the proper spots don't always show. In a full game a walk is likely to be just as sweet as a clean bingle."

We considers the matter back and forth and the next afternoon Bland goes into the line-up. Up four times, he doubles twice and singles twice, helping to push five runs across the pan; which is just about the number he cost us with his dumb fielding and dumber base running. But Grogan's more than satisfied.

"I never saw such placing of hits," says he. "Willie Keeler could smack 'em where they weren't, but this baby lays 'em down where they couldn't possibly be. I thought Haffer's fast one would get by him."

"Remember," I returns, "it came only at half speed to Joe. The Walter Johnsons are just slow balls to his ultra-rapid camera eye."

"Bland's not so slow, though," remarks Bull, with a peculiar expression.

"How do you mean?" I asks.

"He's been here only a couple of days," grins Grogan, "but he's already pried Harley's gal loose from him. I saw him at the picture show last night with Sissy Mason."

That doesn't please me so much. I don't imagine movies are particularly good for milk-fed batting eyes and I know darn well that frills aren't—anyways, not dawn-steppers like Sissy. I passes a helping of my fears to Bull.

"Don't worry," he laughs. "She may be a fast worker, but don't forget, the fast ones only come at half speed to Bland."

"I guess it's all right," says I. "If she's a little fly, he's sure to drop her."

III

IN A FEW days we leaves for a swing around the circle to last two weeks, and I goes along to look over the sand-lotters in the other towns of the league. Also I wants to keep a lamp on Joe. Since Grogan's told me about Sissy, I've noticed a coldness between Bland and Harley and I wants to be handy in case of trouble. The kid's not been particularly happy in the big top despite the hurrah the papers have begun to make about him, and I figures it won't take much to sour him on the Blue Sox, especially in view of the razzing his fielding's bound to draw from the sun gods on the circuit. On your home lots, the fan sees the doughnut; on the road, only the hole.

However, nothing much happens excepting that Joe turns the league inside out with his willow work. The boys try everything to stop the safe clouting—rearranging the infield, attempting to slow-ball him to death, pulling in the gardeners to make a solid wall on the edge of the grass—but it's all just eggs for Bland's cake. Walks he gets galore, though it's a tough job even to present him with Annie Oakleys. He reaches for and pounds out wide ones that are stopping choices between the catcher and the first baseman.

His fielding remains at par—par in this case being zero plus dividend. Occasionally Joe does grip his hooks around a fly ball, but when he does shoot that ovis poli he's almost certain to follow it up with a throw that pulls the piers from under the bridge. Luckily, in Bud Harley we have a center fielder with hot hoofs and often he's able to snatch high ones off the rim of Bland's glove or pick 'em up after a muff and get 'em away proper. All of which saves games for us, but doesn't cause Joe to send his playmate any orchids.

The only disturbing thing I spots besides the growing grouch of Bland toward Harley is the desperate efforts Joe makes on the base paths. He tries to stretch hits beyond the capacity of his feet, attempts foolish steals and pays no attention to coaching. One day—the last of the trip—when he dives through the grit into second, a couple of years after the baseman's caught the ball, and gets himself all scratched up in the pan, I takes him off to a side.

"What's the idea?" I growls. "Trying to get your nice uniform all dirty?"

"I want to make runs," mumbles Joe.

"Make runs!" I exclaim. "You've driven in more than any ——"

"I want to make some for myself," cuts in Bland. "I'm tired scoring other people."

"Forget it!" I snaps. "You keep hitting. Anybody can get runs—even stockings get 'em."

Joe mutters something I don't catch, scowls and walks away. It doesn't take much two-and-twoing for me to dope out that it's Harley he's tired of driving home. The center fielder's our lead-off man, and Bland being in the third spot, it's natural that Joe's safe clouts should score Bud often; but I can't figure out why the guy that brings about the result should grow a peeve over it. Quite the contrary, it seems to me, should be the case. Nevertheless, I have a notion to advise Grogan to switch Harley to fifth or sixth in the batting order just to calm Bland, but I don't go through with it on account of the holler Bull's certain to raise. Bud's by far the best bet we have for the Number One turn, being a tough baby to pitch to, and besides having the swiftest pair of spaniels in the league.

We gets home with a record of eighteen won and two lost and a game out of first place, which is another ovis poli as far as the Blue Sox are concerned. There's a mob of fans at the station, among them Sissy Mason. Being as she's the gal who gets the wrong numbers at the hotel where most of the single ball players stop when in town, she knows all our tossers; but I notices she makes a bee line for Bud Harley.

"You're going to win it, aren't you?" I hears her gush at him.

"Sure," grins Bud. "There's only one game left."

That doesn't mean anything to me. It can't be the pennant they're talking about, since there are still about seven weeks of the season to go. However, it does mean something to Bland, judging from the scowl he decorates himself with, a scowl that doesn't lift much when Sissy comes over to slip him the glad gurgle.

I don't imagine the Blue Sox park ever held more cash customers than it did the next day, with a 1.000 hitter and a chance to take the league lead as the card. In the dressing room, I notices that Joe is unusually sulky and I decides that I'd better not say to him what I was going to about playing the bases safe.

We gets off to a good start. With two out in the first inning, Bland meets a fast one that the Panther pitcher hoped to sneak across and drops it over the short right-field fence.

Nothing unusual happens until the third. Harley walks with one out. The next man flies to short and Joe starts for the plate. It looks like another run. With Bud's long lead and his speed it wouldn't take much more than a snappy single to bring him around.

"Drive him home!" I yells to Bland.

"Why should I?" he snarls.

There's no time to take a straw vote on the matter, but he doesn't score Harley. Batting left-handed, Joe looks at four dubious ones and ambles, though it strikes me he'd often made safe hits off worse hurls, swinging the other way. A pop to the pitcher ends our part of the session.

In the first of the sixth Bland and Harley collide chasing a fly and the Panthers tie the score, but it doesn't look as if it was going to stay tied for long. Bud singles and goes to second on a bunt, fielded so badly that an offered sacrifice is turned into a gift base hit. Two on and Joe up. Money in the bank.

There's a mean glitter in the kid's ultra rapids as he moves to the rubber. This time I say nothing to him, figuring, anyways, that the pitcher'll probably walk Bland, filling the bases and making a possible double play at every corner. My guess is wrong.

A low fast one is shot at the plate. Joe swings back slowly and drives one on a line between second and third. Harley halfway between the bags is struck in the leg by the ball with such force as almost to knock him off his dogs. It's a hit for Joe, but an out for the runner.

"He kind of slipped on placing that one," remarks Grogan.

"I don't know whether he did or not," I comes back slowly.

A hefty double scores Joe and he no sooner crosses the pan than I grabs him.

"Figure it out for yourself," he growls before I can loose my question, and yanks himself away. I decides to check my curiosity until after the game.

An error by Bland and a set of boners in the infield gives the Panthers three runs in the ninth and they're one up when we takes our last stand. Our first man picks this as a grand spot for striking out, but a pinch hitter we sends in for the pitcher manages to get to first on a bad throw to the bag. That brings us to the top of the batting list and Harley. With the count three and two, Bud crosses the opposish with a beautiful bunt and we have two on, with a certainty that Joe will get a chance at the plate. You can draw your own picture about the way the fans were acting along about this time, and what they were doing a minute later when the next batter walks, filling the bases.

As Bland stoops for a bat I grabs him by the arm.

"You hit a runner this trip," I grates in his ear, "and I'll have the mob here tear you to pieces. The crowd's just ripe to murder a double-crosser."

Joe turns a scared look at me, but I just walks away without any more words.

There never was a pitcher in a tighter place than the Panther southpaw. To walk Bland meant a run, with three left on. To let him hit meant a run, and probably two or three.

"That," grins Bull, while the rival heaver and manager are chewing the rag, "is having the pick between jumping into a vat of melted lead or falling into a tank of boiling oil."

"They'll walk him," I opines, and at the start it looks like I'm right.

The first pitch is so wild it hits the ground at least three feet in front of the plate. The next heave's something different again. It's a slow, very slow, loop, the kind you can't lam very far even if you punch it in the nose. Joe waits quietly until the ball gets within a bat length; then he draws back and smacks it—right into the shortstop's glove! A toss to third and the game's in the record books.

A perfect batting average, first place in the league and a game practically cinched—all gone up the spout in a flash. And why? The crowd's in a daze and I'm a little dazy too. When I comes out of it I looks around for Bland, but he's not in sight.

"He run through that gate there," screeches the bat boy in my ear, and points to the main entrance.

Owing to the clutter on the field and outside the grounds, an hour goes by before Grogan and I gets to the hotel where I'd parked Joe.

We're too late. He'd been there, grabbed his duffel and beaten it.

"What do you make of it?" asks Bull, with a puzzled frown. "Think he went cuckoo on account of failing to hit safe?"

"No," I returns, short. "He put the ball just where he wanted to put it, just like he banged into Harley because he wanted to do just that."

"Huh?" pop-eyes Grogan.

"My idea's this," I goes on: "That Sissy skirt made more of a fuss over Harley than she did over Bland and the brainless kid thought it was on account of Bud making more runs. Then Joe figured he was cutting his own throat driving Harley across the pan."

"That's buzz-buzz from Bloomingdale," growls Bull. "Why ——"

"Here's somebody who might know more about it," I cuts in, noticing Sissy coming from behind the counter where the switchboard is. Before I has a chance to say anything, she passes over a note and this is what I reads:

"I'm through with baseball and am going back to Tetona to stay. Tell Grogan it's no use sending after me. You can have the radio set I won."

"Radio set he won," I repeats dully. "What radio set?"

"You know," comes back Sissy, "the one the Phœnix company offered."

"Offered for what?" I asks.

"For the member of the Blue Sox scoring the most runs in July," she explains. "Bud promised to win it for me, but ——"

"Scoring the most runs?" mumbles Grogan.

"Yes," says Sissy. "Today was the last of the month and I guess Bland must have won. Yesterday Bud was leading by a run, but I see by the ticker that Joe made one in the first and one in the sixth this afternoon. I didn't get the finish. Who won the game?"

"You!" I barks.

"I still don't understand," mutters Bull, "why he's quit. Do you?" He turns suddenly to the phone filly.

"No, I don't," answers Sissy; "but it was awfully sweet of him to stay until he won the radio for me. Don't you think so?"

"Gosh!" moans Grogan. "For a cheap radio set ——"

"It's not a cheap set," flares up the frill. "It's a three-tube Ultra—uh—Ultra ——"

"Ultra Stupid," I finishes.

Bloodthirsty Fight Fans: "Attaboy! Go On—Knock Him Out!"

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More and more people are coming to realize the value of high quality in the familiar utensils of daily use. More and more they appreciate *unusual* value in the *usual* things.

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SERVEL

The Ideal Wedding Gift

HOW much easier modern electric appliances have made home management as compared with the few conveniences to be had when Mother and Dad were "just married".

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New York

SERVEL may be installed in your present refrigerator—any size—any type—any make.

Model L-5—Four and one half cubic feet food capacity; hardwood refrigerator; genuine sheet cork insulation; white Duco finish.

A MODEL *for* EVERY HOME

THE SERVEL models illustrated on these two pages constitute more than a line of electric refrigerators of different capacities and at various prices. Each model is an engineering achievement in itself, specially designed for most efficient performance and built to give many years of service.

Every SERVEL refrigerator is insulated with genuine sheet cork. The SERVEL refrigerating and chilling units are unsurpassed in mechanical perfection and simplicity of operation. The SERVEL refrigerant is 42° colder than ice!

It is features like these that enable SERVEL Ideal Electric Refrigeration to keep foods fresh and wholesome so long—to provide such an abundance of ice cubes—to make so easy the preparation of the many delicious new frozen and chilled delicacies.

And so, whichever model SERVEL you select, you are assured of an electric refrigerating device that embodies the highest standards of its type in convenience, dependability and economy.

Model A-12—Twelve cubic feet food capacity; sheathed with heavy-gauge metal; white Duco finish; genuine cork insulation; glass or solid doors optional.

You may obtain SERVEL complete with SERVEL refrigerators in various styles and sizes—or you may install SERVEL in your present refrigerator—any size—any type—any make.

The purchase price is surprisingly small—and the actual operation of SERVEL saves you money.

Your nearest dealer will be glad to demonstrate SERVEL and explain the convenient plan for payment out of income.

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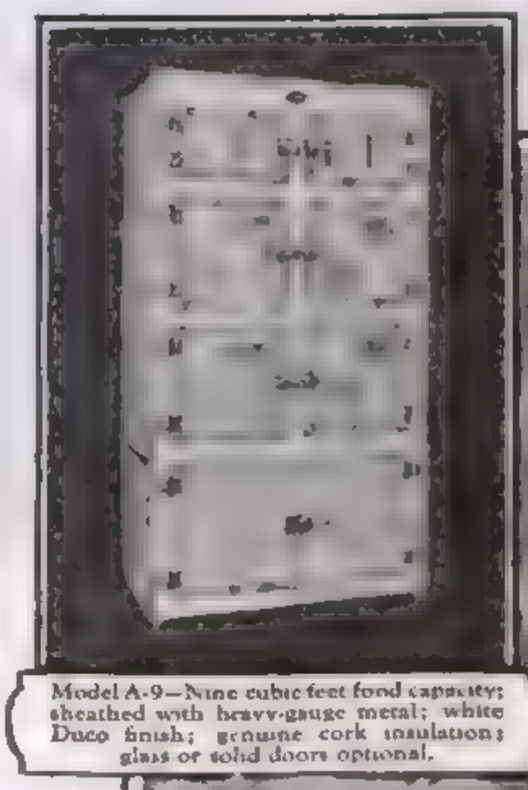
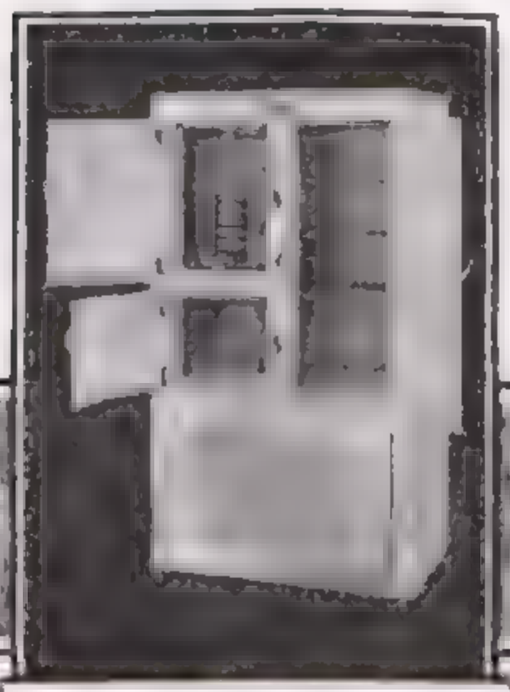


Model A-9—Nine cubic feet food capacity; sheathed with heavy-gauge metal; white Duco finish; genuine cork insulation; glass or solid doors optional.

Model A-6—Six cubic feet food capacity; sheathed with heavy-gauge metal; white Duco finish; genuine cork insulation; glass or solid doors optional.



Model L-6—Six cubic feet food capacity; hardwood refrigerator; genuine sheet cork insulation; white Duco finish.

Model E-6—Six cubic feet food capacity, highest grade wooden refrigerator; genuine sheet cork insulation; white Duco finish.

Model E-9—Nine cubic feet food capacity; highest grade wooden refrigerator; genuine sheet cork insulation; white Duco finish.

THE ROYAL SCHEME OF THINGS

(Continued from Page 5)

made. It was then learned that, having despaired of ever growing taller in the natural course of events, he had somehow procured two enormously heavy weights and surreptitiously tied one to each foot every night before going to bed, in the hope that in spite of the great discomfort he might thus stretch himself to more kingly inches.

Princess Elena was tall; her large eyes were brown and her hair was black. In appearance she was just the opposite of her husband. In many fundamental things, however, they were alike. Their shyness, their shrinking from publicity, their love of country life and simple pleasures, must have been great bonds of attraction—bonds which would strengthen, moreover, as their lives continued. There was a difference of religion; the House of Montenegro were Orthodox or Greek Catholics. Three weeks before her marriage in Rome, in the autumn of 1896, Princess Elena, as she was called in Italy, became Roman Catholic.

Four years later, when King Umberto was assassinated and the Crown Prince became ruler of Italy, there were still no children in the new ménage. The next year, however, when it was known that the young Queen was to have a child, the excitement was intense. If it were not a boy, the direct line would be without an heir. The accouchement took place in the royal palace in Rome, which the child was destined never to inherit, for it was a girl—Yolanda—who was destined to disappoint Italy again twenty-two years later, when she married according to her own wishes.

The next year there was another child; again a girl, the Princess Mafalda this time. She, too, was to decide upon her own course after she was grown. Perhaps the same star which caused the two elder children to be of the wrong sex for purposes of state also influenced their future lives.

Rural Royalty

Two years later, in 1904, the long-desired son was born at the royal villa at Racconigi. He was called Umberto after his grandfather, the second King of United Italy. He was given the title of Prince of Piedmont, just as his father, before ascending the throne, had been known as the Prince of Naples.

There were two other girls to complete the royal family—Giovanna, born in 1907, and Maria in 1914.

The marked personality of Queen Elena began to show itself with the birth of her first child. It is commonly supposed that motherhood means an effacement of a woman's individuality; but in her case, maternal care has been not a negative quality, but a strongly positive one.

The birth of a royal child, particularly when, as in this case, an heir is so ardently desired, has been in many historic cases the occasion for dramatic episodes. One thinks, for instance, of Marie Antoinette being surrounded not only by men and women of the French court but even by people from outside, who in their curiosity so crowded about her bed that she fainted from lack of air.

Nothing could more markedly indicate the contrast between royalty of that epoch and modern rulers than the fact that Queen Elena, with calm good sense and practical foresight, arranged to have this great event presided over by the matron of a big London hospital.

This able Englishwoman, Miss Brown, was destined to have a great deal of influence on the future of the Italian royal family. The Queen liked her; it is possible that the interest in medicine which the royal mother has always held formed one of the bonds between them. When it was a question of Miss Brown leaving the royal palace at Rome and returning to her duties in London, Her Majesty asked her to stay on. During the first four years of her service, three children were born. Miss Brown was made head of the royal nurseries. Each child had its own special nurse; these were carefully selected young women from the northern part of Italy, who spoke both French and Italian. German governesses were added later. From the very beginning therefore the children began to learn four languages.

Miss Brown supervised all the under nurses. She it was who read and spoke English to the children. The Queen once said, "I don't dare speak English when my children are around; they always laugh at my mistakes, because they speak it so easily."

One of the many excellent ideas which Miss Brown evolved to further this end was the memorizing of good poetry. She believed that even when the children were too young to understand more than mere sounds, they might better learn excerpts from Wordsworth or Shelley than mere jingling rimes. She made an anthology for them, beginning with a translation of the Iliad, and embracing all the best of the English poets.

In addition to the languages and literature of several countries, the education of the little royal highnesses began to include instruction in music, painting, history, dancing, and for the princesses, sewing. In the summers, moreover, when they went up to their beautiful northern estate at Racconigi, they learned to cook in a little play house equipped with stoves and all the tiny kettles and dishes which have delighted the hearts of little girls at all times.

But although the Queen, aided by the competent Miss Brown, supervised this well-rounded education, the royal mother never forgot that the first necessity was for them to have a foundation of sound physical health. With this in view, while the children were quite small, the royal household moved away from the palace—that vast yellow structure which had served in former times as the home of popes when Rome was under control of the church. The King bought a villa with magnificent gardens just beyond the city, and this has been their home ever since.

"We only come in here to receive people or to entertain," the Queen said the other day, looking around at the stately formality of a drawing-room in the royal palace. "But we live in the country."

She spoke of the view of the Albanian hills which they enjoy from the Villa Savoia—as their home is called—of the park where the children have learned to ride horseback, and she talked with especial enthusiasm of the profusion of flowers which grow there.

One who sees the King and Queen in the Quirinal, or royal palace, has the feeling that this background is no more their natural taste than so much cardboard scenery would be. The magnificent royal guards, the giants of Italy, in their scarlet livery and shining helmets, give the impression of a splendidly staged opera, in which the King and Queen, in their simplicity and naturalness, are not actors. Except for the notable collection of rare coins which the King keeps there, one feels that the Quirinal is merely an impersonal setting.

His Majesty once said, in speaking of this palace, "This belongs to the state. It is not mine. But the Villa Savoia is."

In this country home their real life has been led for many years. It does express their own tastes. The grounds, larger than those of the Villa Borghese, are filled with a great variety of giant trees and with rare shrubs and plants. It is said that there is a delightful competition among the children as to which one can find the first blossoms of the Queen's favorite flowers when they open in the spring and take them to her. The house itself is always filled with flowers; the sunlight streams in; books are everywhere. There are several pianos, so that each child may practice without waiting for another.

The nursery is, as the Queen says, an English nursery. It is hung with chintz, as are the smaller individual bedrooms of each child.

Self-Help

Surely no children could have had a more enviable background than this home of books and flowers and a few intimate friends coming informally from time to time. Their playmates were usually the children of the Queen's ladies in waiting, who, on the occasion of a birthday or some especial celebration, would come out to the Villa Savoia or occasionally go to the royal palace for a small dancing party.

The principle of education which had underlain all their bringing up, however, was formulated the other day by the Queen herself.

"One must begin when children are tiny to teach them things which they themselves can do. They must learn that happiness can never be obtained from external things, but can only come from within." She added: "One can easily see that children who are brought up on the other theory—that of being constantly amused—are never contented. Always they seek some new diversion. They demand every day a new toy. One day they insist upon going to the moving pictures; on another they want some other diversion. Nothing ever satisfies them long."

She described with maternal pride the way in which the royal children had enjoyed the simplest pleasures: "For instance, we were all motoring in the country one day when, some accident having occurred to the motor car, it became necessary to stop at a very small inn for luncheon. I myself can usually enjoy simple fare, but this food was dreadful. Even the butter was rancid. But the children ate everything, including the rancid butter, declared

(Continued on Page 111)

The Crown Prince and Countess Prasso Dentice (American) at the Meet at Oriolo. The People on Horseback are Warren Robbins, Counselor of the American Embassy at Rome, and Mrs. Robbins

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with an invisible "inner-foot" and garter tops of lisle for wear

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for men, women and children

Underwear
Spring needle knit and athletic type—for men and boys only

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$1.75 *the pair* *full-fashioned*

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CLEAN, CLEAR, GOLDEN OIL
for your Ford engine

Give it the right oil. The oil that insures your engine against undue wear and keeps it free from carbon.

Texaco Motor Oil F, clean, clear, golden, is a *double duty oil*

It is pure—clean and full-bodied like all Texaco Motor Oils. That means a clean engine, with the added life and power of perfectly sealed piston rings, quiet bearings, reduced wear—no wet plugs and no carbon

This is the first duty of Texaco Motor Oil F.

Texaco Motor Oil F is *all* oil, with never a trace of the dark carbon-forming impurities.

Stop at the Texaco Red Star and Green T. Then notice the better engine work—immediate and unmistakable.

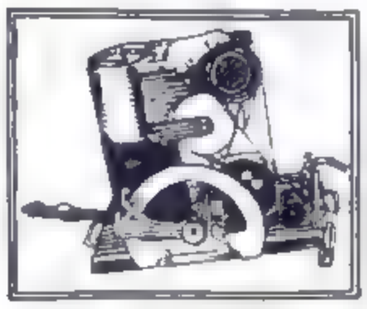
THE TEXAS COMPANY, U. S. A.
Texaco Petroleum Products

TEX
MOTOR OIL

and—

smooth pedal action too!

This is the apparatus used by The Texas Company in its study of Ford lubrication. It was devised by the U.S. Bureau of Standards to picture automobile brake action. A pencil traces the motion:—smooth with Texaco Motor Oil F in the crankcase—ragged and irregular with unsuitable oil.



Give your Ford transmission the right oil. Texaco Motor Oil F, without a trace of animal or vegetable oils or soaps in its make-up, keeps the brake and transmission linings free from glaze

This is the second duty of Texaco Motor Oil F.

No Ford, *if properly lubricated*, need vibrate, and grab, or buck on reverse.

Texaco Motor Oil F has ten times the penetration of any oil not specially made for Fords. It gets into every last fibre of the linings and keeps them at their proper softness and pliability.

At 5000 miles or 500—brake, low or reverse—new bands or old—your Ford with Texaco Motor Oil F in the crankcase has the smooth positive action of a new car

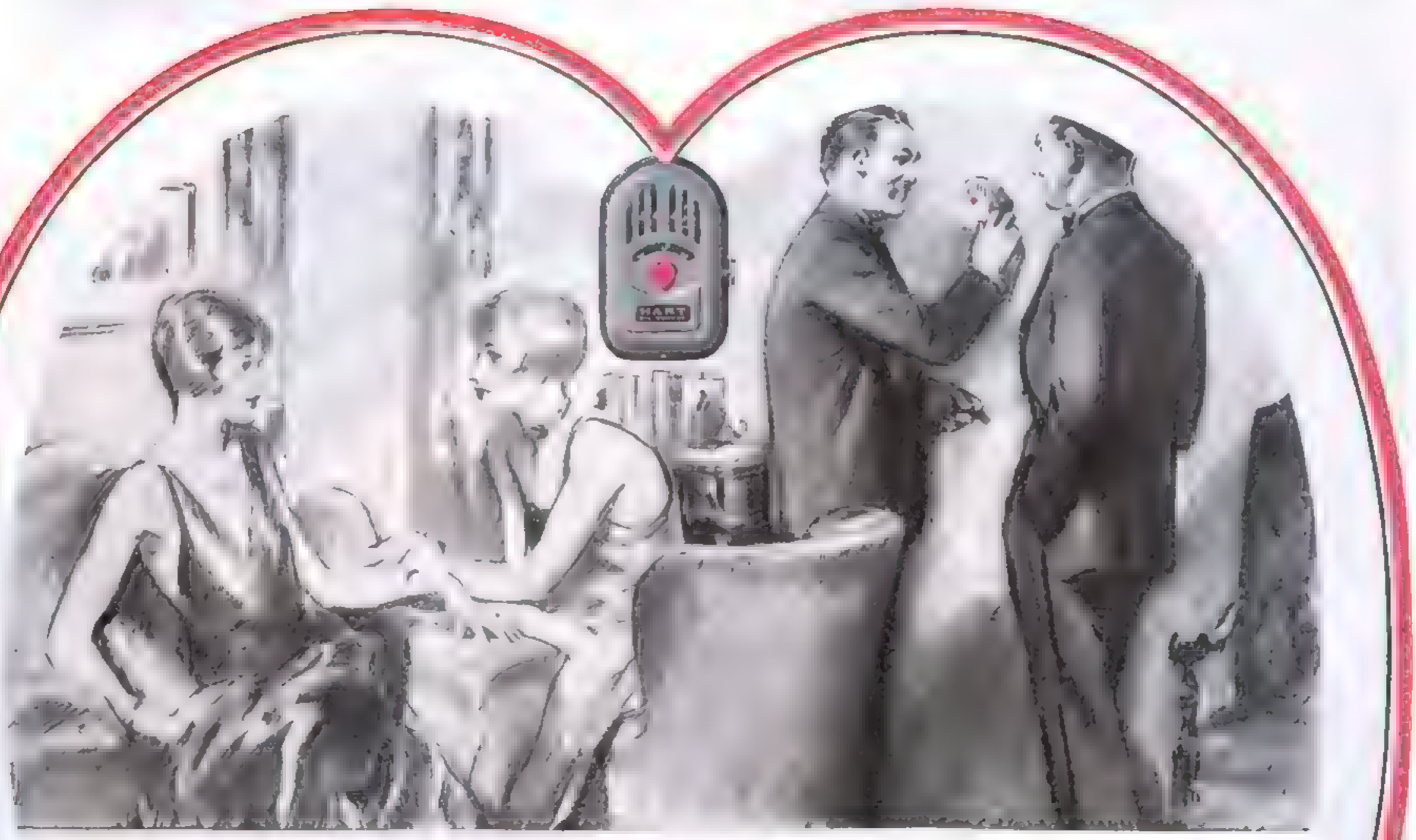
A vibration picture with ordinary oil

How it looks with Texaco Motor Oil F in the Ford crankcase

AC

FOR FORDS

HOME IS WHERE THE HART IS



HEART TO HART

On Home Heating

THOUSANDS and then more thousands have bought the Hart Oil Burner largely because of high reputation. Its right to your confidence rests squarely on its record of good heating. Printed here for your guidance are a few typical owners' comments on Hart performance.

Coming rapidly to the fore, is a nation-wide Hart dealer organization. This parallels the fast mounting demand for a burner which marks the foremost advance in use of oil for heating homes.

Dealer preference for Hart is based on surpassing convenience, economy and cleanliness, but above all on its one-hundred-point reliability. Endorsed by Underwriters' Laboratories.

"I have been using one of your Hart Oil Burners for about six months and this is to advise you that it has given excellent results. It has given us uniform heat, particularly when we had zero weather."

* * *

"This has probably been the most severe winter experienced in this locality for years, yet, I believe I have had the best heated house in St. Joseph. With outside temperature of 16 to 20 degrees below zero, the Hart Oil Burner kept my house at a temperature of 74 degrees without any attention. Its automatic controls have functioned perfectly."

* * *

"Am pleased to report the operation of the Hart Oil Burner has proved 100% satisfactory and it now looks as if my oil bill will be less than what I paid out for anthracite coal for the winter of 1923-24."

* * *

"It has been gratifying to me to realize how much cleaner it is to burn oil than coal. My cellar is more like one of the other rooms of the house since I installed the oil burner and the dirt that we formerly had from coal is a thing of the past and especially pleasing to those who are responsible for maintaining a clean house."

Send for free booklet on Oil Heating

The Hart dealer will tell you about satisfied owners in your town, also about the budgeting of easy payments. He provides factory-trained men ready for prompt service if required.

W. B. WILDE CO., *Peoria, Illinois*
Dealers in all principal cities of the United States and Canada

Hart Electric Icer, a new and improved type of ice-less refrigeration for homes. Send for free booklet

"During the very coldest days of the past winter when the mercury was 20 below zero, the temperature was maintained at the usual comfortable point without difficulty. We are so well satisfied with the operation of your burner that we would regard it as a calamity indeed should we ever have to return to burning coal again."

* * *

"Service: The winter and early spring months just past have been unusually cold but so effectual has been the work of the Hart Oil Burner that I can safely say that the house has been more comfortable and evenly heated than ever before, and that too with labor and dirt of firing with kindling and coal and the removing of ashes eliminated."

* * *

"I have never had to touch or adjust my burner in any way since it was installed. My house is always heated to an even temperature and my cellar as well as my whole house is free from dust and dirt. I have just returned home after an absence of two weeks and my house is just as warm and comfortable as when I left."

* * *

"The Hart Oil Burner has been entirely satisfactory; in fact, it does much more than we expected. The Burner has not failed to give us the required heat at the time we desired it."

Names of these owners given on request

HART OIL BURNER

© 1926 W. B. W. Co.

(Continued from Page 106)

everything delicious and looked upon the incident as a delightful adventure!"

One who listens attentively while parents talk of their progeny will discover usually the keynote of the parents' ambition for them. There are mothers who boast of their children's phenomenal progress at school; fathers have been known to bore their acquaintances with descriptions of their sons' prowess in bloodying the noses of larger boys. As the children get older the stories vary, but in most cases they seem to be concerned with the superiority of the speakers' children to others, in some demonstration of physical or mental skill.

Queen Elena, however, does not talk of the many accomplishments of her children; the quality she emphasizes is their kindness of heart.

"When Giovanna was quite a little girl, she came home one day after she had been riding in the country and began to pack a large basket. She found food and a good many old clothes to put into it, and then she began to look for panes of window glass. When we questioned her about this, she told us that she had seen a family so poor and desolate-looking that she could not rest until she had taken provisions to them. When we asked her about the glass she replied that the little tumble-down house in which they lived had no glass at the windows, and she was going to take them some with her own hands before she went to bed that night."

The Queen's dark eyes shone with pride as she told this story. "They have sympathy for the needs of others, my children," she went on. "I remember on one of my birthdays, when I was conducting my hospital for crippled children, they brought to me a large package, carefully tied up, as a surprise. 'It is what you would most want, mamma,' they said. When I opened it I found all manner of little garments for my poor children, which my girls themselves had made."

The régime of the Villa Savoia is more strict than that of most ordinary households. When the Queen declared that she believed in children being kept busy she meant it literally.

Trials of a Young Prince

Their breakfast hour is approximately half-past seven; this meal is most informal and each child gets its porridge and eggs when it arrives in the breakfast room. There is not much time for loitering, however, because at eight o'clock a professor of gymnastics has arrived from Rome.

At stated hours other teachers appear. There is no interval until luncheon at half-past eleven. This is really the family dinner. The King, who rarely has more than a cup of coffee before this time, presides at the family table.

After luncheon, according to the ages of the various children, their time is again filled. They will rest, study, practice, have extra lessons, ride, play tennis or walk in their own park.

The dinner of the royal family is at eight. As the children grew older they were allowed to join the King and Queen at this simple meal. Afterward they were apt to sit together in the library, which is filled with books in all languages, although those in English predominate. The Queen usually worked at some embroidery, or some sewing for her poor children, in which the elder princesses often joined her. Sometimes one of them might play the piano or sing. Mafalda, the second daughter, is especially interested in music. But the King, who has confessed, like many other fathers, that he detests the sound of children practicing, is said not to be fond of music at all, so one assumes that the several pianos of the Villa Savoia are usually closed during the evening.

The routine of the crown prince has been even more strenuous than that of his four sisters. One might have thought that as he was the only son, as well as the heir to the throne, he would be somewhat pampered. Nothing could be further from actuality. His day began at six in the morning. At this hour—which to ordinary boys would seem unbearably early—a fencing master arrived at the Villa Savoia to put him through a strenuous hour or two before he had even eaten. After that, with short intervals for breakfast and luncheon, his day was filled with work. The ablest professors from various schools and universities in Rome were his instructors. But supervising them all and guiding the young prince was Admiral Bonaldi, his *governatore*.

The English translation of this word—governor—does not convey its exact sense, because in its Italian meaning it describes a relationship applicable only to royalty. The *governatore* is a member of the court; he must be a man of personal distinction and wide knowledge; in this case he was also a strict disciplinarian. He is not in any sense a tutor or teacher. His great responsibilities not only included the superintendence of the formal education of his royal charge but extended into those more important undefined realms in which character and outlook on life are formed.

A Queen and a Woman

There have been people who have declared that Admiral Bonaldi was too severe—that in fact he was a martinet. There are critics who still insist that Miss Brown, able and intelligent as she was, had too much authority in the royal household. As the children grew older she became more and more the companion of the Queen. It is said that she grew to be more in the confidence of her royal mistress than were the ladies in waiting.

The war gave great impetus to the program of simplicity on which the royal parents had insisted; moreover, the young prince and the elder princesses must have been affected by the untiring labors of their mother.

The extraordinary work which the Queen performed during the war is one of the few things which are generally known about her. The royal palace in Rome was transformed into a hospital for wounded soldiers; Her Majesty worked there every day.

"Other monarchs visited hospitals; in certain countries the mere sight of a queen walking into a ward was enough to arouse the patriotic gratitude of the convalescent," said one of the European diplomats who had been stationed in Rome during the war. "But the Italian Queen visited the sick not as a queen but as a nurse." He added: "She has always been famed for her simplicity, but at this time of suffering and distress she became more of a woman than ever—a woman whose days—and nights when necessary—were given to assuaging the pain of those who were in need."

Her interest in medicine, and particularly in surgery, stood her in good stead at this time. She assisted at many operations; she was especially interested in the X-ray treatment of certain wounds. At times when she found that the hospital kitchens could not supply just the kind of food which she thought certain of the patients needed, she would have her own cook at the Villa Savoia prepare these dishes and she would bring them with her when she came in early the next morning to start her daily rounds.

"Sometimes she would pick up a spoon and feed the men," this same diplomat declared. "She does not like to have her really wonderful war work talked about, but nevertheless one cannot help saying that she was magnificent—especially so, it seems to me, because she so completely lost herself in it. She is the very embodiment of the maternal type."

Perhaps the reason that everyone who discusses the royal children centers the conversation around the Queen may be found in just this fact. Ordinary mothers who are keenly interested in the development of their children complain that when their children begin to go to school and associate with other children the influence of the home is lessened and in some cases overshadowed completely. Queen Elena, however, was able to keep her family under close supervision. They did not go to school; they were not subject to random friendships or the casual words of undesirable acquaintances. They lived in a world especially designed for their own interests.

In an atmosphere of this sort the importance of example and unconscious imitativeness reaches a height which would not be possible under ordinary circumstances.

"Of course the royal children are kind-hearted," said someone who has had unusual opportunities of knowing them. "And, of course, they are simple and unaffected. How could it be otherwise when they have been in such close association with their mother, whom they adore?"

In the realm of personal taste and outside interests, however, the five children have varied greatly as they have grown older.

Princess Yolanda, the eldest of the family, led the way toward an independent life. While she was in her early teens the war so absorbed everyone's attention that the question of royal alliances through marriage was too trivial to be discussed by even the inveterate gossips. In her eighteenth year, when she had become a very pretty girl, with large dark eyes and dark hair, peace was made, and gradually interest again turned away from grim matters of life and death toward worldly affairs.

In the meantime various eligible suitors from reigning houses had been automatically eliminated, although there were still enough young princes left to cause a great deal of conjecture and many rumors to arise from time to time.

If dinner-table gossip ever represented the true state of affairs, one would assume that the kings and queens of Europe were actively engaged in a supergame of poker, using their sons and daughters as stakes. The glib people who discussed Princess Yolanda's future seemed to assume that one of two things was bound to happen: If the King of Italy played the game astutely he would procure a husband for her from a reigning house with which it would benefit Italy to be allied. If, on the other hand, the King should be outbluffed by other monarchs, the princess would be married to the prince of a country which sought to gain something from Italy.

Italy's Unknown Fiancé

The great royal *parti* of Europe was then, as he still is, the Prince of Wales. If the Italian princess should marry him, that would, of course, be a great stroke of luck.

Yolanda, then about twenty-one, went up to London, accompanied by a small suite. The newspapers announced that she had been entertained by the British King and Queen. The gossips now were tremendously excited. It seemed almost certain that the match would come off. There was even a great deal of talk about the striking contrast in appearance between the blond heir to the British throne and the dark-eyed princess from the south.

Readers of the daily press might have noted another item which appeared at the same time as this announcement of the meeting of royalties. This item referred to certain Italian cavalry officers who were exhibiting their extraordinary skill in riding at the horse show then being held in London.

One of these young officers must have been amused and secretly pleased when he heard the conjectures about this brilliant marriage, for shortly after that time all Italy was electrified by the news of the engagement of Yolanda, eldest child of the King, to Count Calvi di Bergolo.

"But who is he?" everyone asked.

One of the wittiest of the princess' young relatives answered one day, "We've always kept it a great secret, but he is really Italy's unknown soldier."

This sobriquet, Il Soldato Ignoto, fastened itself upon the new fiancé. That he was a remarkable horseman, that he was

Be sure to read the 36-page illustrated free booklet, "Seattle and The Charmed Land," before you plan your 1926 summer vacation! It tells how to enjoy vacations in cool comfort in a playground unmatched on this or any other continent—a land of majestic snow-capped peaks, green mountains, Puget Sound (America's Mediterranean), [illegible] and age old forests.

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This clever invention is creating a sensation wherever introduced. Dealers are making big money handling the quick-selling Ingersoll Stropper. Dealers are urged to write for our liberal proposition. Write today.

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Every man that works will appreciate one of these Jiffy Suits, as it slips on and off over your clothes in a jiffy with no chance to soil them. This buttonless front work suit opens and closes dust-tight.

If your dealer does not have it in stock, we will ship postpaid on receipt of price - $4.45

Send for free circular showing styles for men and boys.

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good-looking, that his family connections were excellent, were facts which were never mentioned. There is a certain love of splendor in the Latin blood which caused many Italians of all classes to feel a sharp resentment against this marriage. It was considered bourgeois and commonplace. Northern people are more sentimental; when Princess Mary was married in England, for instance, no such antagonism was expressed.

"A love match" is a phrase to which some people react with enthusiastic applause. But in Italy most people merely shrugged their shoulders in disapproval.

Shortly after the betrothal, the mother of Queen Elena—the Queen of Montenegro—died.

"At least the wedding will be postponed," said the critics hopefully. "Perhaps Yolanda will get over this fancy of hers."

But in this they reckoned without Yolanda. Court mourning was suspended temporarily; a reception attended by the diplomatic corps and various members of Roman society was held at the royal palace. Count Calvi was formally presented to the world as the fiancé of the royal princess.

Their marriage took place not long after that, but it was a simple affair, witnessed only by members of the royal household and the highest officials of state. Mussolini signed the register as Notary to the Crown, to which position he is entitled as Prime Minister of Italy—the first occasion on which he officiated at a royal wedding. It was interesting to observe that most of the news photographs which appeared afterward featured Mussolini rather than the bride and groom.

It was only three years ago that this happened, but one who goes to Rome today will find a great deal more interest expressed in the Countess Calvi than was ever manifested about the Princess Yolanda.

"She is even prettier than she was before," someone said. "Partly, I think, because she looks so much happier."

A Royal Good Time

In her rôle of royal princess, Yolanda led a much more restricted life than that of most girls even in Rome. She has always been fond of riding, and it was said that she ardently desired to hunt on the Campagna, but this was forbidden by the King. As Countess Calvi she hunts three times a week when she wants to. She has always been fond of dancing, but was somewhat bored by the very small and limited group who were invited to the infrequent parties at the royal palace. Now she dines and dances with the crowd which she finds most congenial. It is no longer important that they should be affiliated with the court.

She has had two children, one of which, to her deep distress, died of pneumonia shortly after its birth. She made many of their tiny garments herself, and it is said that if she wants some simple article of clothing for her own use, rather than take the time to find someone else to make it, she will do it herself with unusual skill.

After Princess Yolanda had disappointed the international matchmakers, they centered their hopes upon the second daughter, Mafalda.

"She resembles her grandmother, Queen Margherita," they said. "Moreover she not only looks like her but she has something of her social gift. She will surely make a brilliant marriage."

Again they spoke of the Prince of Wales; they named over the other eligible scions of ruling houses. Every royal visit started a new rumor. Finally it was agreed that, of course, she would marry the Belgian crown prince. This was pronounced a really suitable alliance. The champagne prophets were delighted.

Princely Independence

But again they were doomed to disappointment, for Princess Mafalda married last year Prince Philip of Hesse. The wedding took place at Racconigi, the royal estate in Piedmont, and was a most picturesque affair. The actual ceremony was performed in the private chapel with medieval pomp. Mussolini again signed the register.

As Prince Philip is a close relative of the German Kaiser, there was great opposition to this marriage on the part of the public at large. People close to the royal household maintain, however, that Prince Philip and Princess Mafalda have many tastes in common, beginning with their love of music, and that they are admirably suited to each other. They now live in a small house of their own in the extensive grounds of the Villa Savoia.

Of the five bedrooms in the main house at Villa Savoia which were once occupied by the prince and the four princesses, only two are now used. Giovanna, who is in her nineteenth year, and little Maria, who is twelve, are the only children who are left there. Royal nurseries have a way of becoming emptied as quickly as all others.

One can imagine the sense of elation with which the crown prince, Umberto, attained his majority last year. At one stroke he lost his stern *governatore* and began an independent existence at Turin, which is the capital of his princedom of Piedmont and the seat of his regiment.

One of his first acts was to refurnish and decorate his new quarters in the royal palace there. He has keen interest in antique furniture and an excellent eye for color, as his skill in painting has shown. Everyone who has seen his new home declares that he has shown extraordinarily good taste in its decoration.

"Moreover he has made it not only beautiful but he has produced that rare combination of a palace and yet a comfortable place in which to live," said one of his friends.

One of his first visitors was his sister Giovanna. She went up to stay with him, shortly after his place was completed, accompanied by the Duke di Cito and his charming wife, both of whom are in waiting at the royal palace in Rome. The young host gave a ball in honor of the occasion, as Princess Giovanna shares his enthusiasm for dancing.

In Turin, Prince Umberto has gone out socially much more than he did in Rome; and as he is not only the heir to the throne of Italy but a handsome boy, whose manner is all the more attractive because he seems a little shy, the Piedmontese girls must find him a great addition to their entertainments.

"And whom will he marry?" is the inevitable question.

It has not only been rumored but stated positively by the European press that his bride would be the Belgian princess, Marie-José. She has been a great deal in Italy; in fact she spent several years at a convent in Florence, the Collegio Nobili, which is attended by Italian girls of the aristocracy. Everyone said that she was being prepared to be the wife of the heir to the throne. During the summers she has sometimes visited the royal family at Racconigi. The religion of the two is the same, they are said to have many tastes in common, as they are both fond of outdoor sports, and also share a fondness for books and pictures and music.

Just this spring the newspapers announced that the Italian royal family were going from Rome up to their northern estate to entertain the Belgian princess, "the fiancée of the crown prince." The news item added that neither of his married sisters, Princess Yolanda and Princess Mafalda, could go because both their husbands were suffering from injuries received on the hunting field.

Then an official pronunciamento from Mussolini stated that there was no engagement between Princess Marie and the heir to the throne. So the matter seems to be still undecided.

A Parent's Great Gift

But whatever may be the matrimonial fate of the crown prince, there is no one who denies that in himself he shows promise of achieving all the qualities which are to be desired in a ruler. Those critics who said years ago that Princess Elena of Montenegro brought little with which to grace the House of Savoy must be confounded by their error when they regard this tall fine-looking boy, who has the kindly dark eyes of his mother. Moreover, the very simplicity and economy which she has practiced and which the worldly minded have condemned has undoubtedly played a part in keeping intact the throne which symbolizes the power of this ancient dynasty in an age of democracy.

Just before the death of Queen Margherita, which so saddened Italy a few months ago, it is said that she talked to some intimate friend about her grandchildren. She admitted that like other mothers-in-law she had not always approved of the way in which her son's wife had brought up her children.

"My daughter-in-law had her own ideas," she is quoted as saying. "And especially at first I was not sympathetic with them."

She paused and then summed up a philosophy which years had taught her: "But during my life I have seen so many changes in the world, and I have observed such radical differences in the position of royalty from one generation to the other, that finally I have concluded that perhaps after all Elena was right to train her children for a simple life. One never knows what the years may bring, and she at least has given them the only thing a parent can ever be sure of giving a child—happy memories."

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INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from Page 13)

the sugar beets. A wagon would be weighed, dump its beets into the receiver, take its position under the tare chute; the beets would be carried aloft to an inclined grating; as they rolled down this, the tare would be sifted out, the wagon with its tare would again be weighed. The difference in weight represented the net weight of the load.

"Need any help?" he asked the weigher, who seemed to have authority.

"Ask the big boss," he was told.

"Where can I find this big boss?"

"In the office behind the factory. But it won't do you any good asking. We're full up."

The stranger drew his worn coat more tightly about him, then began thrashing his arms to warm himself. After a little he wandered down the yard. This consisted of a sloping area paved with concrete, through which deep and narrow sluices led to a trunk sluice at the lower end. The yard was partly empty, but toward the rear it was stacked with beets almost to the height of the carrier rails overhead. The beets rested upon short boards laid crosswise on the sluices.

The man in the worn coat paused to watch a further yard operation. One of the sluices, filled to the brim with swift-flowing water, was floating beets down the slope to the trunk sluice, which in turn bore them at ground-floor level into the factory beyond. Two men at the beet pile kept the sluice supplied.

"Need any help?" he asked again.

"You can ask the boss, but I know we don't," replied the older of the men.

"The boss in the office?"

"That's the one. You'll know him—the man with the trimmed beard."

He walked on down the sluice, watched the beets as they boiled out into the main current, and then as they disappeared into the building. They were borne against the lower side of a huge elevating wheel, partly submerged, but he could not know that, nor that the sluice water passed from the wheel pit into the outfall sewer. After a moment he walked on round the corner toward the office.

He did not at once, however, go to this office. Instead he turned his back upon it while he felt in his coat pocket for a sealed letter. The letter bore the name of the superintendent of the factory, and inside, as he knew, the name of Colonel O'Day of Redelos Indemnity in Chicago. It also bore his own name, but this was toward the middle of the letter. The name in the letter did not correspond with the name he was using.

He looked at the envelope a moment; then, finding a match, he leaned over the sheltered angle formed by the factory wall, struck the match, touched its flame to the paper and watched the envelope and its contents curl into ashes. When it had completely burned he ground the ashes beneath his foot and strolled leisurely away.

He strolled in the direction of the office door. This he opened timidly, like a man not sure of his ground, although he was sure of it.

"Need any help?" he asked of the only bearded person in the room.

"No help today," came the reply.

"I'm a good man," persisted the newcomer.

"Sorry, but I just laid off four good men. The beet season is nearly over."

"Factory men?"

"Yard men and loaders."

"I'm an inside man," said the other.

"Full up. The only chance of getting a job now would be for somebody to die for you, and nobody will."

Drawing his worn coat about his throat, the applicant softly opened the door and stole out. As he passed the point where he had burned his letter he paused to grind his heel once more into its ashes. A few steps farther on he turned the corner of the building. Instead of retracing his path through the beet yard, however, he now sought the farther corner, and beyond it, on the side farthest from the office, the sliding door that served as one entrance to the factory.

A sugar-beet factory always uses great quantities of milk of lime in clarifying its beet juices. This it makes itself by slaking burned lime; and because it uses the lime in quantities, and afterward uses the carbon-dioxide gas driven off by the burning, it usually burns its own lime.

A pile of this limestone lay beside the road at the present moment, and against it stood the wheelbarrow used for carrying it to the kiln elevator for charging.

The man in the worn coat did not again ask for work, but instead walked boldly over to the rock pile, stripped off coat and hat, and began loading the wheelbarrow with limestone. When he had filled the hopper he trundled the load through the sliding door into the building. A glance showed him his farther route. The kiln, extending in a great column, its elevator at its side, stood directly opposite. To the right of the elevator lay a pile of limestone, to its left, a pile of coke. The man with the wheelbarrow added his load to the limestone, then went for another. No one stopped him. For a while no one noticed him. The way to become inconspicuous in the sugar business is to become busy.

He wheeled in four barrows filled with limestone, and was about to start for the fifth, when a man wearing glasses, apparently a foreman, stopped him.

"That's enough to make the charge," he said, "but you might add a few barrows of coke. What did you say was your name?"

"Dan Riordan," replied the other promptly.

"When you're through come to me."

During the remainder of the forenoon the new man busied himself variously, helping to load a car with sugar, then another with the dried beet pulp that dairy men feed their milch cows, or, in the front end of the building, cleaning the long-toothed combs hung in the trunk sluice to catch weeds. So completely was he accepted by the foreman in charge that the question of his right to be working was not raised. He had given his name as Dan; Dan he became.

Most of his fellow workmen likewise accepted him, though few showed any desire to know him. Among the exceptions was the errand boy, Conrad.

Conrad knew every man in the factory by name and had formed exceedingly sharp impressions of each. He told Dan Riordan that he meant to learn the sugar business and become a boss boiler. He already knew something of the factory processes. He may have become drawn to Dan because of the new man's explanation of the limestone circle.

"Limestone is something like coal," said Dan. "When you burn coal you change the coal into ashes and gas. When you burn limestone you change the limestone into lime and gas. Coal burns by its own heat, limestone not. If you could take all the gas driven off from coal and combine it again with the ash you could have coal. The same is true of limestone.

"The substances driven off from limestone by heat are water and carbon-dioxide gas. When you add water to the burned lime to slake it you restore its water. All you need to do after that to turn the slaked lime into limestone is to restore the carbon-dioxide gas."

"When you slake lime it makes milk of lime," said the boy. "They put it in the sugar juice."

"Do you know why?" asked Dan.

He went on to explain that lime clarifies the sugar-beet juices much as an egg will clarify coffee. In addition, some of it combines with substances in the juice that are harmful and forms harmless compounds that can be filtered out in the filter presses. This leaves the juice clarified, but instead of the impurities, it now contains milk of lime. To remove this the milk of lime is turned back into limestone by forcing through the juice the same carbon-dioxide gas that was driven out of it in the first place. Then the limestone powder is filtered out.

Not all the workmen in the factory, however, accepted Dan Riordan as one of them. Conrad's gossip may have been responsible; Dan's appearance may have been. At noon hour, after he had eaten his sandwich, a red-faced blond from the top floor sought him out for a questioning, and when he remained reticent, displayed a certain hostility.

Dan spoke of the incident later to Conrad.

"You don't pay him any notice," said Conrad. "That's Ole Johnson; he runs with a gang of bootleggers or something. All he wanted was to sell you some booze."

"Where does his gang hang out?"

"Sometimes one place, sometimes another. They keep it dark where they work. He runs pretty thick with that candy maker."

"What's Ole's job here?" asked Dan.

"He helps around the boiling pans upstairs," said Conrad.

"I'd like to work there myself."

Whether Dan Riordan would have survived the day is doubtful, regardless of Ole's hostility; the mere acceptance of a man by mistake does not put him on the pay roll. But toward the middle of the afternoon the new man looked up from his wheelbarrow, to which he had returned, to find a trickle of water flowing across the pavement. Even as he saw the water he became aware that the floor had fallen into a tumult of cries and movement. A moment later he saw the man with the beard, already known to him as the big boss, come splashing through the door. The boy Conrad, smelling trouble, had already arrived from the other direction.

"What's wrong?" asked Dan.

"Sewer stopped up," said the boy. "They got to shut down the works, like they did last year."

A sugar-beet factory consumes a great deal of water; hardly a department can run five minutes without it. This water, after serving its use, passes into the outfall sewer.

The trouble did not need further explaining. If the water-using departments through the factory continued to discharge water into the sewer, the first floor would become flooded. The fires would thereupon be put out under the boilers. That would mean no more steam and no more power. The plant would be forced to shut down. On the other hand, if they ceased to use water they could not operate, and the plant would likewise be forced to shut down.

The superintendent whistled sharply for attention.

"Volunteers!" he cried. "The outfall sewer is clogged. I want a man to climb down through the beet wheel and open her up."

Probably if they had expected the request, or had foreseen its reason, many workmen would have stepped forward. The work was dangerous, but the men were not cowards. Made so suddenly, it startled them. They were not used to the idea. No one responded.

"I'll do it," said Dan quietly, when he saw that.

"What's your name?" asked the superintendent.

"Call me Dan Riordan. I can swim."

"Let me go with him," pleaded Conrad. "I know that sewer like a book. I'm a good swimmer. I went down there last summer."

"Want the boy?"

"We'll both go," Dan replied.

The outfall water had already been shut off. Inside of three minutes he was able to climb through the wheel pit into the sewer beneath. The clogging proved to be due to gravel that had washed down through the sluices. Other material, such as beet leaves, splintered boards from the beet yard and the straw used by some farmers to protect their beets, had helped to bind the gravel together. He did not try to remove this detritus, but merely broke channels through it and loosened it up, so that the water would carry it away.

"Aren't you the man who asked me for a job?" asked the superintendent, after the factory was again running.

"Yes, sir."

"Didn't I tell you I had no job for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"I was mistaken. I have a job for you. Report in the morning to Mr. Avery, at the diffusion tanks."

III

DAN RIORDAN had been explaining his diffusion tanks to young Conrad. Sugar beets do not have their juices squeezed out in a press like cane, but are sliced into thin V-shaped strips and their sugar removed by diffusion or soaking.

"When your mother soaks a salt mackerel in water overnight she soaks out the salt. When she puts watermelon rind in sugar sirup and sets it away, she soaks out some of the water in the green rind and soaks in the sugar. That's the principle. If your mother changes the water on the mackerel she gets out more of the salt. That's what they do with the beet pulp in the tanks—they change the water on it."

Conrad was impressed.

"Can you get kerosene off of rock candy?" he asked.

"Certainly. Why?"

"I found a piece, but I can't eat it because Ole Johnson got kerosene on his hands when he filled his dark lantern."

"What had he to do with it?"

"Ole lost it." Conrad produced the rock candy, a well-nourished fragment some three or four inches long. "I know, because he wants it back. I showed it to Dutch Werner and he told Ole I found it. Now he wants it back. It's candy he got from that candy maker he runs with."

"Can't he get another piece?"

"Sure he can. Finders is keepers. He's just mean-headed. If you can get the kerosene off of it I'll give it to you, but don't you give it back to him. He didn't buy it. That candy maker gave it to him."

"What's this candy maker's name?" asked Dan.

"They call him Frog Bruyton. He's a Frenchy."

"If Ole Johnson lost it, it's his, isn't it?"

"How do I know he lost it? Finders is keepers. Let him prove his property and maybe I'll give it to him. It's only a piece of the Frenchy's candy with kerosene on it. If you don't want it throw it down the sewer."

"I'll see what can be done," said Dan, thrusting it into his pocket.

Although he now worked upstairs, Dan Riordan saw nothing further of Ole; but toward the end of the afternoon Conrad slipped him further information about the man.

"Ole Johnson just went through my clothes looking for that kerosene candy," he said. "He made believe he was looking for a plug of tobacco, but I know. He makes me tired."

"Did he expect you wouldn't eat it?"

"That's what I said to him. 'Tobacco?' I said. 'How do you know I didn't chew it?' 'Let me see your teeth,' he said. Then he said, after he looked: 'You didn't chew it. The tobacco I want is hard stuff.'"

"What did he mean by that?" asked Dan.

"Search me. Rock candy is only sugar. It's hard, but anybody can eat it."

"Do you want me to give it back to him?"

"You throw it in the river first," repeated the boy.

"Then I won't."

(Continued on Page 119)

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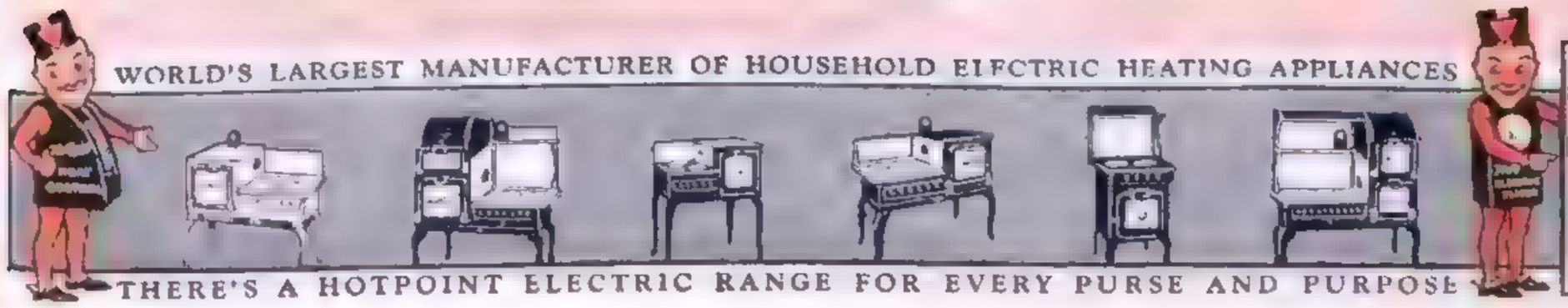
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84%

of 982 tire users say

Michelins are best

Other Tires Used	Number of Motorists Replying	Number Saying Michelins Give Better Service	Number Saying Michelins Give Worse Service	Number Saying Michelins Give Same Service
Tire A	127	115	6	6
" B	109	92	10	7
" C	102	92	8	2
" D	78	67	9	2
" E	61	55	4	2
" F	51	41	4	6
" G	38	30	5	3
" H	26	22	4	. .
Miscellaneous	390	309	32	49
Totals	982★	823	82	77
Per cent	100%	84%	8%	8%

★In addition to these answers, sixty-three replies were received praising Michelins but making no direct answer to the question whether or not Michelins had given better service. Forty motorists said they had not yet used Michelins long enough to vote. Forty motorists did not vote because they did not use Michelin Tires. Thirty-seven votes were not counted because these motorists used only Michelin Tires. Twenty-one replies were entirely inconclusive. Wherever a reply was open to several interpretations it was classified according to the interpretation least favorable to Michelin.

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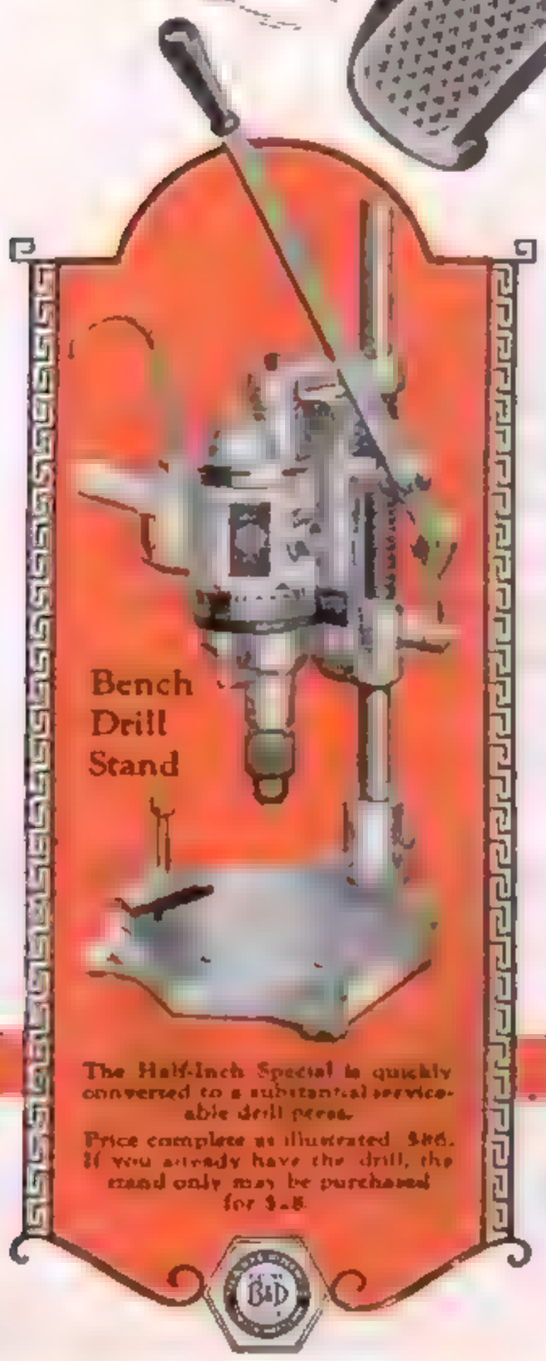

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(Continued from Page 114)

Nevertheless, he very nearly did give it back without intending to do so. Upon going to his nail for his coat when the whistle blew, he caught a glimpse of somebody fumbling in his pockets. From the size of the man, and from his walk as he slipped back into the shadows, he decided that it was Ole Johnson, but he did not see him clearly enough to be sure.

"All right," he thought. "Then find it."

Stepping to the nearest open window he looked out. No one was in sight as yet. The window opened between two tanks—no one inside could see him. The lump of rock candy had been thrust into his trousers pocket. Gouging it forth, he hurled it through the window into the field beyond the road. The missile struck in soft ground in line with a distant telephone pole—he was barely able to see it in the dim light. He thought he could recover it by the light of Vega and Altair that evening.

"Now find it!" he muttered aloud.

"I saw him go through your coat," he heard Conrad say at his shoulder. "That's the best thing to do—just throw it away. It's nothing but a piece of rock candy nobody can eat anyhow!"

Dan Riordan boarded on a side street halfway across the little town. As Conrad lived on the same street they walked out together. Ole Johnson proved to be waiting for them; but either because he did not wish witnesses, or lacked the nerve, or was not sure of his ground, or did not regard the cause as worth quite this trouble, he did not accost them. His vitriolic glance may have been intended as an unspoken warning that he wished his rock candy returned, but it seemed foolish to interpret it so. Dan suggested that he was merely seeking to pick a quarrel.

"I don't think so," said the boy. "He's just mean headed."

But all that was negated six hours later by the actions of Ole Johnson himself.

Dan was awakened by the feeling that somebody was in the room—somebody other than himself. He lay very still, but through the slit formed by his partly opened eyelids he caught the play of a flashlight momentarily directed upon this object and upon that, as if the person behind it were seeking some particular article believed to be present somewhere. The room, he remembered, opened upon the lawn. The intruder made a thorough search. After a while he softly climbed through the open window and became as if nonexistent.

"He's placing a deal of importance upon that lump of rock sugar," thought Dan.

He waited a few minutes, then himself rose and softly dressed. He did not climb out through the open window, as he might have done, but instead stole to the front door to leave by that entrance. He managed to turn the knob without wringing from it a throaty protest, managed to swing the door inward silently, then to close it again, managed to cross the narrow porch without stepping upon the boards that creaked, then to descend the three treacherous steps without awakening them. His care was for the people in the house, not those outside. He merely wished not to awaken anybody from his earned slumber. Sleep is a kind of trial death; after a man goes to sleep he ought not to be awakened too soon.

He felt the solidity underfoot of the bricks of the walk, and was about to step off upon the grass, when he saw a movement among the shadows in front. The house was watched.

"More importance than I should have guessed."

Very well; if Ole Johnson wished to watch his movements, he should have movements to watch. He stole across the grass to the street like one afraid to breathe; but instead of turning in the direction of the factory, as he had intended doing when he rose, he turned toward the business section of the town. Every store, soda fountain, restaurant in the little place was closed, as he knew, but he walked on. He passed the Frenchman's candy shop, also dark, the seeming birthplace and home of Ole Johnson's anxiety, without giving it an open glance. But he looked at its dim lines covertly.

He walked on until he came to the bridge spanning the river and then out upon this bridge until he stood upon the central span. He stood there until he thought he saw a shadow steal forward to the edge of the river behind him.

During the afternoon he had picked up a loose stay bolt to keep his pocketknife company. This he now tossed into the water. It struck with a splash about twenty feet from the rail.

He had not intended throwing anything into the water when he started forth; rather he had meant to give Ole Johnson a touch of exercise. The opportunity, however, could not be resisted. Ole, he knew, must hear the splash; and probably he would guess that it was made by his four-inch length of Frenchy Bruyton's rock candy tasting of kerosene.

Dan stood on the bridge for a while, then reverted to his first thought and walked on into the country across the river. He walked for nearly an hour before he turned back. He was interested to notice that Ole followed him the whole distance, and that he did not leave until he saw the front door open and close.

When Dan next saw Ole the big blond had just taken from his pocket a large and grimy handkerchief; and he was standing expectantly beside the boss boiler watching the strike pan, which was almost ready for seeding.

The strike pan is the vacuum pan in which the sugar in the boiled-down sirup, known now as massecuite, is caused to crystallize out into sugar grains. The crystallization is commonly started upon minute grains of sugar already crystallized, such as those of powdered sugar, blown into the sirup by air pressure. These grains, or seed, are then fed by fresh sirup until they attain the desired size.

Ole was merely an unskilled helper, performing certain routine tasks under direction. Sometimes, however, he, too, pretended to test the massecuite after the boss boiler had pulled out the proof stick. The test is of the stringiness of the boiled mass.

Dan had reached the strike pan as the boss boiler was about to take a sample. He saw him draw the proof stick, pinch the sample delicately, and then, separating thumb and forefinger, observe the length and tenacity of the resulting thread. Then he saw Ole Johnson likewise test the sample. The boss boiler wiped his fingers upon his handkerchief. Ole Johnson likewise used his handkerchief to wipe his fingers.

When he saw that, when he saw the big blond wipe the all but crystallized massecuite upon the grimy square of handkerchief, Dan whipped back into his errand with a suddenness not at that moment required.

That noon he spent a portion of his hour in throwing rocks in the road. Mostly his target was some post or telephone pole. When the rocks gave out, he went farther afield for them. He was thus able to recover his lump of crystals, now somewhat soiled, under the eyes of Ole Johnson himself. He pretended to throw it at a post, like the others; but the stone he threw was another and the crystals went into his pocket.

He did not feed his curiosity longer, but, taking advantage of a hot-water tap, melted away the beautiful cubes until he arrived at their heart. This heart was the strand of coarse thread upon which the sugar had crystallized; but against it and touching it, invisible until freed from their crystalline matrix, lay three blue-white Wesselton diamonds of over-carat size, each cut as a perfect brilliant.

He went at once to his foreman. "I'm quitting," he said. "Called out of town."

"Tonight, Dan?"

"Now," was the reply.

"Sorry to see you go. The office will fix up your time."

At the office he asked permission to put in a long-distance call to a friend in the neighboring city. He used a cipher, so that none in the room would have guessed the occasion for the call, nor what was said, even had they overheard it. Then he went to his room.

He suspected that his absence from work worried Ole Johnson more than his presence had done.

That evening he went for his walk before the stores of the little town had closed. In his pocket he carried his three loose diamonds. He strolled down the principal street boldly, but also idly, here and there gazing at a window display, including that of the candy maker, until he came to the post office, where he mailed a thick letter addressed to a name in Chicago. The letter was a mere red herring.

He strolled on as far as the bridge, and then as far as the canal on the farther side of the river. As he reached the bridge over this he looked at his watch. Then he stood with his elbows on the rail, gazing out over the black water.

"Riordan is no longer a reasonable name for me," he thought. "I think I had better return to my own."

He stood there for a while, but at the sound of an approaching car he turned. A moment later it swept its headlights across his face blindingly. A moment later still it drew up at the curb; whereupon the inside man on the front seat leaned out and spoke his name.

"Donovan?" he asked.

"Donovan of Redelos."

The inside man moved over. Donovan crowded in beside him. The car contained men on the back seat—how many could not be seen. The man who had spoken to Donovan passed him a pistol. The driver shut off the lights.

"They're not very bright, these country crooks," said Donovan. "We'll have no trouble."

They found the man they sought conferring with the other in the rear of the candy maker's store.

"Ole Johnson, and Frenchy Bruyton," cried Donovan sharply, "this is Deputy Sheriff Stevens. He will tell you what he wants."

"I hold a warrant for your arrest," said the officer.

IV

DONOVAN looked up from the scratch pad, upon which he had been drawing trunk checks by twos and by pairs; then, taking his pipe from his mouth, he emptied the bowl into the office ash tray and refilled it from his pouch.

"Mr. Carl Wiedman, Jimmy? Are you sure that was the name?"

"He said Mr. Carl Wiedman," the boy replied into the blue air of the room. "He said you asked him to call."

A man at the window looked up, but he did not speak.

"Does Mr. Wiedman look prosperous, Jimmy?" asked Donovan.

"Pretty prosperous."

"Does he seem to you to be a gentlemanly person?"

"Pretty gentlemanly."

"And honest? Does he look honest, Jimmy?"

"Pretty honest."

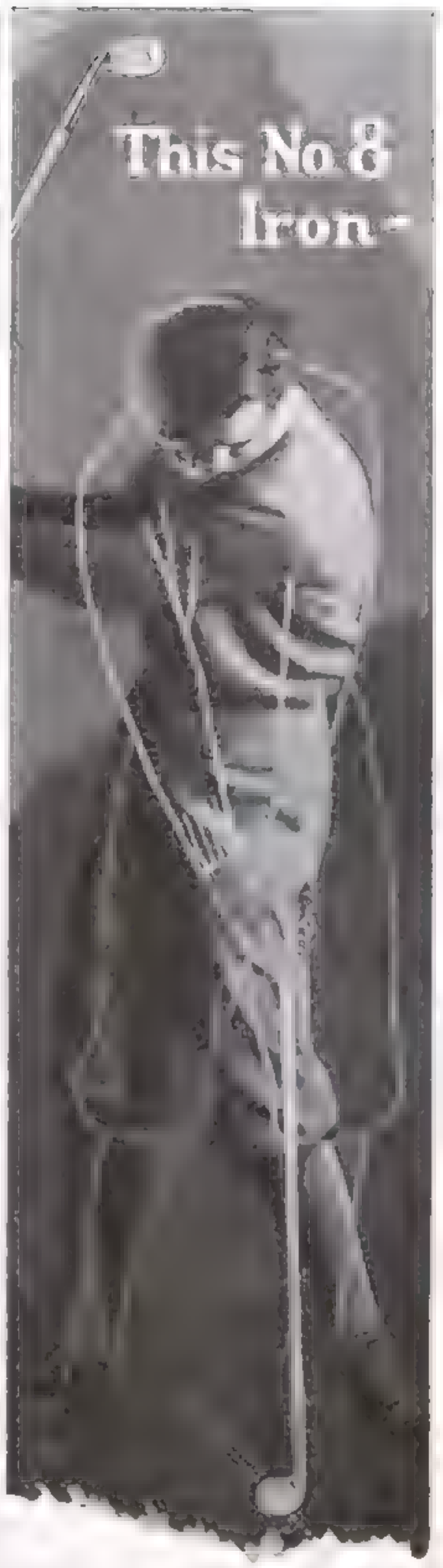
"I'm very busy, Jimmy. In fact, I'm in conference. Wait five minutes and then show him in. And Jimmy! After you tell him I shall soon be free, slip up to the chief's office and say that Mr. Donovan is expecting Mr. Wiedman in five minutes. You can tell the chief what you told me about Mr. Wiedman's appearance of honesty, if you like. The chief will probably run down, or send."

As the door closed upon the boy, Donovan whipped to his feet and crossed in a dance step to his roll-top desk.

"Don't get up, Wilton. I want you here. I'm just transferring a few desk ornaments. You never can tell how a man like Wiedman will take you."

"I'll stick," said the other.

(Continued on Page 121)



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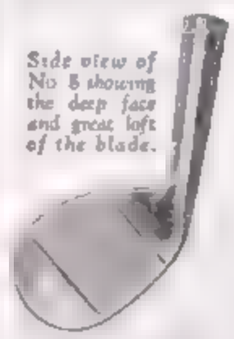

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(*Partial List*)

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* * *

Free—Write for a special new leaflet called, "Tasty Touches"—and for any personal help on recipes, menus, entertaining, etc., you may want. Address Mary Hale Martin, Dept. 505-A, Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, Ill.

(Continued from Page 119)

One of the articles Donovan took from his roll-top desk was his black pistol: he needed it as a symbol of power. It he slipped into his right-hand coat pocket. Another article, that clinked like a chain when he lifted it, he stowed in his left-hand pocket. Still another article, a numbering machine set to number consecutively, he tried on a sheet of paper, then placed upon his scratch pad. The old-mine diamond was not included among his exhibits, but it, too, had a place at the ringside. He wore it upon the little finger of his left hand.

A side door opened and O'Day slipped in.

"Hello, Wilton!" he said. "Glad you could get off."

"Something's happened to that railroad of mine, colonel. First they fired me. Then they came around and went down on their knees to get me to go back. Since then there isn't anything they won't do for me. When I asked them they took it as a favor."

"A favor! Hear that, Donovan?"

"You've probably saved them money that you don't know about," said Donovan.

When Wiedman entered he found Donovan engaged upon the study of a transcript as of questions and answers.

"'Morning, Mr. Expert," he began breezily.

"'Morning," replied Donovan.

"You wished to see me?"

"I don't know that I would put it that strongly. I asked to see you. I'd just as soon not."

"Donovan," O'Day interrupted, ignoring the caller, "I've just been talking to a crazy man. He says that his car was licensed later than mine. What's your opinion?"

"What's his license number?"

"He drew 145,678. Mine is 525,342. . . . Oh, hello, Wiedman! Didn't see you! You know cars. What do you think?"

"What's his argument?" asked Wiedman.

"He said the larger numbers always represent those registered first and the smaller numbers those registered later."

"He's crazy."

"I'm not so sure," said Donovan softly. "He may have been a crook with a changed license plate. He may have stolen his car."

Wiedman flushed to the ears.

"I'm here at your request," he sputtered. "Ask me questions or don't ask them. Make it snappy."

Donovan looked at O'Day, who nodded an almost imperceptible affirmative. Then he looked at the old-mine diamond. He had been fingering it idly. As he looked down upon it he ceased fingering it and his right hand sought his coat pocket as if to reassure itself about the symbol of power. You never can tell what a man will do.

"I have here your answers to the police with regard to the trunk you lost. You told the police that the check on your trunk had been exchanged for that on another. Am I right?"

"I said that—yes."

"You said the owner of that other trunk checked it after you had checked yours."

"He must have. How could he know I was going to check a trunk?"

"You said he checked his trunk from the same hotel."

"The police said that. They ran back the checks."

"If your trunk was checked first it bore the lowest check number—assuming that the porter's checks were numbered serially. Isn't that true?"

"That's right," said Wiedman.

"In that case, the man who changed the checks took your lower-numbered check and placed it on the other trunk, and then took its higher-numbered check and placed it on yours."

"That's right too."

Donovan smiled, and his voice when next he spoke took on a new softness. Wiedman had given what seemed the obvious answer without considering its implications.

"If you had been bright enough, Wiedman, you might have covered your tracks. But you weren't. I'm not speaking of your disposal of the diamonds. They've been found. I'm speaking ——"

"My diamonds? Found?"

"They've been found," repeated Donovan evenly, and his hand did not forget to remain in his pocket. "I'm speaking of the crime itself. If you had been bright enough you would have checked your trunk last, instead of first. You forgot to figure on what trunk would bear the low number if the checks had actually been changed."

"I don't get that."

"The dummy trunk would have borne it. But instead it bore the higher number. What's the answer?"

"The answer is—you're crazy."

"The answer is the checks were not changed from one trunk to another. The trunks from first to last bore their original checks."

Wiedman made as if to rise. "That's all from you. I'm ——"

"Sit down!" commanded Donovan.

When the other had sunk back into his chair Donovan went on in his soft tones:

"The other day I saw two diamonds in a show window. One of these, much the smaller, bore much the higher price. The diamonds had been laid on the wrong price cards. But don't you see, the price cards might just as well have been laid under the wrong diamonds? The checks on those two trunks were not so much as touched. The checks that were exchanged were the claim checks given to their owners. You gave your check to the man who claimed your trunk and he gave you his. Such an exchange is very hard to uncover."

Wiedman made not the least trouble. Whether because he saw the folly of resisting, or because he was dazed, he awaited quietly the arrival of the police. He did not insist very much on his innocence. His accomplices would have betrayed him in any event.

When he had gone Donovan led Wilton to the door of the vault.

"On the floor you see stacked a pile of twenty candy pans. Each pan is laced across with twelve threads on which sugar crystals have formed. I poured off the sirup. The crystals would have grown to three times their size in another four days, but already they completely hide the diamonds inside."

"How did the man get the diamonds inside those crystals?" asked Wilton.

"Laid them on a ledge against the string until the sugar crystals would hold them, then took away the ledge."

"It was a fool idea," said O'Day.

"Oh, I don't know. It made a handy package."

"What I don't see," said Wilton, "is how you found the right town just from sugar on a strip of cloth."

"The sugar was not yet purified—that helped. We knew it came from a factory. We knew it was beet sugar. I had a hunch that Wiedman was mixed up in the deal, so I looked up his route. Mostly, he made the large cities. Mostly, the larger cities contain no sugar-beet factories, for the sugar beet is a country vegetable. In that way I brought it down to the one factory. It stands near one of Wiedman's cities."

"Another thing I don't see. Why did you do all of that yourself?"

"To find the stolen diamonds," replied Donovan promptly.

O'Day snorted. "Captain Donovan, are you and I going to take this hungry young man out to dinner, or aren't we?"

"I'll get my hat and we'll go."

THE BLAME OF YOUTH

(Continued from Page 9)

"Oh, Mabel!" he said in an ironically gentle tone. "Mabel!"

The girl with the yellow hair wriggled. She seemed to wriggle from her shoulders to her toes.

"Why, pa!" she cried. "I didn't see you."

"This," said Mr. Benton serenely, "is my daughter, Mabel. I told you we were getting on. This is Mr. Gleason, dear, an old friend of mine."

She had detached herself from her fellows and stepped toward them with swinging arms, awkwardly and yet not awkwardly. Armitage could never describe it.

"Pa," she said, "isn't Willie just excruciating? He says I look like the bobbed-haired bandit, the one that's still at large. . . . And why don't you call me Belle, the way I asked you, or Mab, if that sounds better?"

It seemed to Armitage that her voice was something like a bell, fresh and vibrant like a bell, swinging gently yet bravely like a bell's note, to be swallowed up in space. It had been a long while since he had heard a voice like that, so young and true. It had been a long time since he had seen any girl like her; and this, combined with the shock of her being Mr. Benton's daughter, made him uncertain what to think or say. Was it his inexperience or the truth that made her awkwardness seem wistfully beautiful, like one of his own half-formed thoughts? It seemed to him that her hair had the glow of a six-o'clock sun in it, and yet he could not be sure. Could it be possible there was powder on her nose, and that she had used a lipstick? He was almost positive she had. Yet nothing could mar the softness and the freshness of her, because she was so young.

As he said sometimes afterward, he was afraid to look at her, afraid to meet her eyes, because at last he knew that he was old. Could Mr. Benton have suspected it? He was afraid that Mr. Benton had, for he smiled cruelly at Armitage and lighted his cigar.

"My daughter," he explained, "is —— Well, I've got to be going along; but just talk to Mabel a while and see how young you feel—old man."

Mr. Benton rose puffily and chuckled in a needlessly loud manner, and ever after Armitage knew why the whisper went around that Mr. Benton was sharp in business and a misanthrope in private life.

Armitage hitched himself forward. He felt almost foolish, sitting facing her; his lean tanned face, under the shadow of his panama, felt drawn, and even his hands seemed shriveled. She looked so young and so insolently conscious of her youth, he thought, and she kept looking at him without embarrassment, without even bothering to smile. He tried to remember her, Mabel—had he ever heard of Mabel Benton?

The curve of her bare elbow resting on the table, graceless, yet graceful; her filmy blue silk dress, everything about that slim cool child was puzzling, until it occurred to him suddenly that she could not have been more than seven when he had last seen Pentecost Point. The thought brought him sadly to himself.

"Hello!" she said.

"Hello!" he answered, and somehow he seemed like a child talking across a backyard fence, except that the distance was larger than any known back yard.

"What are you doing here?"

And then, before he knew enough to stop, as though the fates were in it, he was committed to his folly.

"I've come in search of my youth," he faltered. "I had an idea—I hoped I might find it over the week-end."

He never knew why—it was all too impossible toward the end ever to unravel—but after he had spoken he seemed to have fooled old Mr. Benton. He did not feel so old—not quite.

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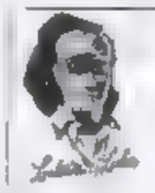

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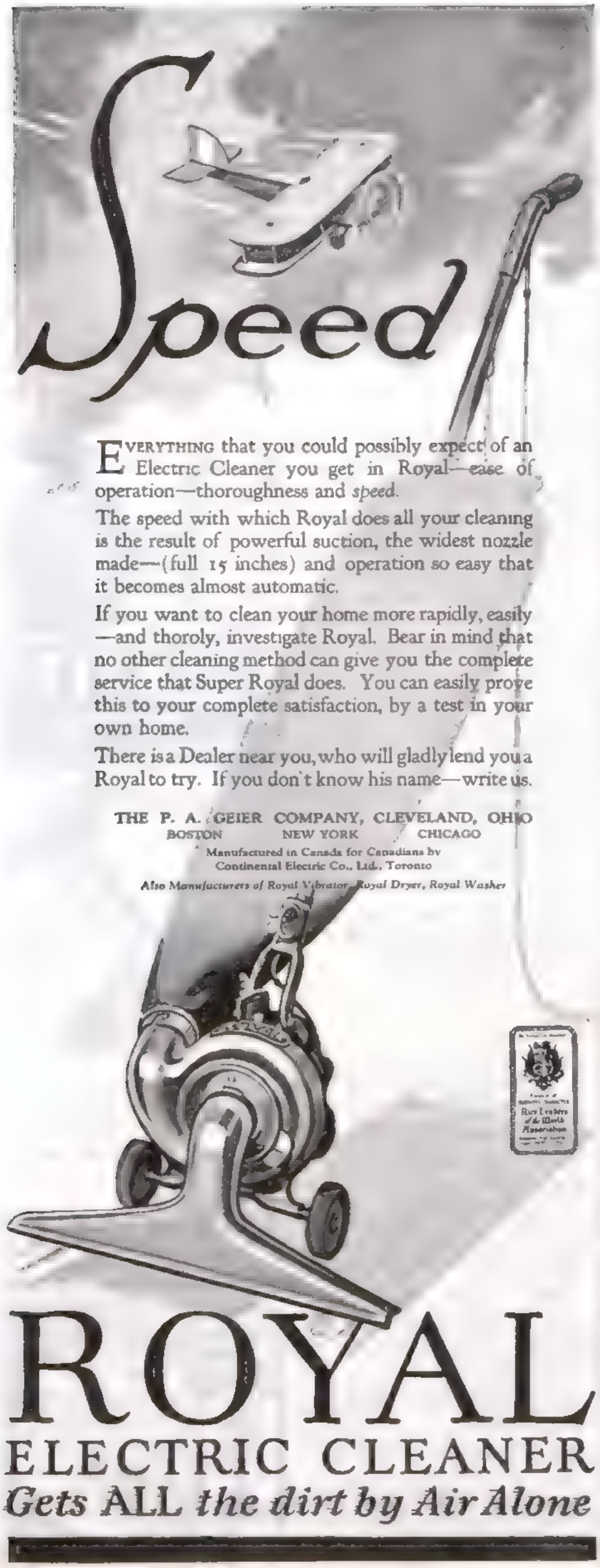

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"Aren't you—rather silly?" she asked; but really she seemed interested. "But I don't know—I don't mind your line. It sounds new."

Armitage drummed his fingers softly on the table. How could he explain what he had said? For all the world, the scene was like one he remembered in the distant past, of a city square inclosed with a high iron fence, where nice little children played whose parents owned the keys, while ragged urchins from lower reaches of the town stared, wondering, at that paradise. And he was locked out now from something he once knew.

"Go on," she said, "string the rest of it along. I'm all tuned in."

"I'm not joking," he said. "I was brought up here, though I suppose it's too far back for you to remember. I suppose I hoped—if I came back—I'd feel as young as I used to feel—and in spite of what your father said ——"

She gave a low exclamation which made him stop. She was leaning toward him, and her forehead was wrinkled from the raising of her eyebrows.

"Oh, dear," she sighed, "I was just all getting set for something so romantic. I thought that you remembered."

"Remembered what?"

"Remembered me."

"But you weren't ——"

"Oh, yes, I was; and I used to be perfectly crazy about you too. I don't know why they don't attribute adult thoughts to children. I was in pigtails, and I had a nurse most of the time; but when you won the golf tournament, and when you went away to war —— Golly, what a fool I was! Why didn't you come back?"

Armitage removed his panama hat. He felt dizzy, yet ridiculously elated. Some subtle change of thought—something was almost in his grasp. He tried to keep his voice steady, but she must have seen his eyes gleam as he answered:

"Well, here I am. There's only one place I've ever wanted to come back to. I've been heaven knows where, and all I've ever wanted was to get back here and stay. You know what Pershing said at the tomb of Lafayette?"

"What?" she asked. "I'm not good at guessing."

"He made a remark," replied Armitage, "of unusual penetration, and it's rather applicable to the present. He simply said, 'We're here.'"

"Yes," she said, "we're here." And suddenly she smiled. "I think it's awfully crowded here, don't you? I know the nicest place down by the rocks where you can see the sea."

How he wished old Mr. Benton had heard that! How he wished old Mr. Benton were back to see him then!

II

JUST before Armitage switched on the light when he reached his room, he paused and stared out his window toward the sea. It was dusk, the most propitious moment in all the cycle of the hours for afterthought and regret. It was the time when all regret seems to appear like a tangible shadow. He had made a fool of himself. He was half aware of vast reaches of colossal folly, of a sort which once had made Molière shake with pleasant laughter; and yet he was not sorry. Instead, when he thought of Mr. Benton, he had a desire to laugh.

"I'm not so old," he whispered; "not so old!"

And he was only whispering the cadence of his thoughts. Why, he was as young as she was—as silly and as young!

The light, when he turned it on, made the wrinkles about the corners of his eyes and mouth seem like spiteful damning channels, but he did not mind. His pigskin wallet had a good supply of bills. His silver flask was full, but when he took it from his kit bag he shook it to be sure, for he thought as he moved to the telephone that it would be fatal to be sleepy. He had to be free of sleep, free of care and free of all regret.

"Send my runabout around," he ordered; "yes, the Wilson Six; and look at the gas and oil."

The gas and oil! Ten years ago he would not have thought of gas and oil, as he knew well enough. For a moment his elation wavered, but not for long. She would be there to meet him a mile down the road. She had promised. At the corner of the Bentons' walled garden, she had said, and no noise, so papa would not find out. What would old Benton think if he knew that Armitage Gleason was waiting clandestinely beneath his garden wall?

Those other times—there had been others, but surely none like that—all those other times seemed to have been made to give that single moment a perfection of its own. Those other times were like brilliants, nothing more, to set forth a final jewel of great price, brilliants to enrich the folly of that precious bit of time. "On such a night ——" But Armitage had wit enough to know there was never such a night, so fair, so fragile that a single careless word might spoil it. The damp salt mist from the water's edge mingled with the odor of wild roses. The stars shone down upon a heedless world of shadowy cottages which seemed built with no relation to the stars. The garden wall was another shadow, and in the house behind were squares of light, so prim and even, coming through the black, that they filled him with soundless laughter. They reminded him of Mr. Benton and of prosaic truth, which had no value then. On that soft rose-laden air his spirits moved to a forgotten tune. He could imagine, with scarcely any effort, that he was the Armitage who had walked those paths before the war rolled in.

Mabel had heard him. He thought, with a slight stab of envy, that Mabel had a flair for such a meeting derivable only from others.

She had climbed to the top of the wall and stood for an instant against the stars, a defiant, breeze-blown shadow.

"Catch me when I jump!" she whispered. "Golly, but you're strong! You don't have to hold me—I'm all right now."

Her hand, however, continued to rest in his as they tiptoed through the dark, and now and then she giggled in a way that sounded like a brook in summer running under arching ferns.

"Where's the car?" she whispered. "My, I'm glad you came! I was so bored, with all the men away at school and all. And pa's so excruciating. He'd have a fit if he knew I was out. I'll drive. I know the nicest place to go and dance—only ten miles down the shore. It's excruciating. You pay five cents every time the music starts, just like the Subway."

"Be careful when you get in gear," said Armitage hastily. "She starts awfully fast on low." That infernal habit of experience had prompted him to speak, but he had time to correct himself. "No, don't be careful. I don't care."

"Pa's so excruciating." Her voice still rippled with an undertone of laughter. "Poor old dear, he's nervous about my going out at night, because some girls I know were held up down by the beach road, and they've been talking downtown about some bandits in a motor car."

"On the beach road—here?"

Again he checked himself. Yet what would old Benton say if they actually got into trouble? He could hear the bitter jests. Armitage would appear in a pretty light, when one stopped to consider it, out in an automobile with a girl too young to know better theoretically, and toward the middle of the night or later.

"Isn't it just excruciating?" A wisp of her hair blew against his cheek. The Wilson Six was moving rapidly, so rapidly that he nearly asked her to slow down. "The paper said this morning there's a man and a girl, fashionably dressed, terrorizing the beaches."

"A bobbed-haired bandit?" he inquired.

The lights from a passing motor flashed across her face, laughing at him from its

(Continued on Page 124)

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DISSTON

(Continued from Page 122)

background of the night. She should be watching the road, he thought, not him, and suddenly he remembered that her yellow hair was bobbed. The Wilson Six gathered greater speed.

"Don't you love to go out," she cooed, "when you think of holdup men? I always hope something might happen, don't you?"

The talk of bandits and the speed of the Wilson Six began to remind Armitage that he had certain responsibilities.

"Don't you hope so too?" she asked again.

It was a brave response which he made then, and he always thought of it with avid satisfaction. He could almost prepare for an accident if she continued speeding up the Wilson Six. He wondered why he had ever let her drive. He had no confidence, no authority, and yet he managed to laugh.

"Can't you go a bit faster?" he asked. "It goes smoother over fifty. . . . Yes, I hope that something happens—anything, if I can just stay young."

"You're an old dear, you know," she said, and reached and touched his hand.

Two things occurred to Armitage, neither very pleasant. One was that she should have both hands on the steering wheel and the other that she had called her father old dear too. And then he knew it was a crisis in his life. Surely he could show her he was not an old dear yet. His jaw became lean and hard, and he pulled defiantly at his blue serge coat and lashed his spirit to a feverish pitch of merriment.

III

AGAINST a curb where there was hardly room for another car, Mabel parked the Wilson Six. They had arrived where she wished, in a region of light and mechanical music, where waves of sound were beating against one another in furious discordant tides. They had stepped onto a long street, blazing with festoons of lamps; a street that was lined with glittering ephemeral wares which made a patchwork aggregate, whose details kept obtruding themselves like specks of color on a garbled canvas. Those details were without sequence or logic, but unsubstantial like the place from which they came. Seas of pop corn were beating in miniature waves in high glass cases; endless rows of sausages lay steaming beside drab pots of mustard, while banners, pennants, canes and misshapen dolls waved above them like parts of some heraldic device. And among these sights, in an endless, milling ribbon, wandered hopelessly vulgar girls and boys, and corpulent mothers and shrieking children, and middle-aged men in decent suits, with shining faces. Everybody was eating something or blowing something or throwing something. It was hideous enough to make you stop and close your eyes, and yet there was something—Armitage could not tell what—but something vaguely restful in that chaos. The smell of it, the noise of it, all reminded him of something in his past.

"Where are we?" he asked. He was bewildered, because all his memories went so far back. He felt out of the picture in his blue coat, white flannels and buckskin shoes, but Mabel laughed confidently.

"Isn't it just excruciating?" she cried. "Isn't it divine?"

She skipped beside him and squeezed his arm, and he could not help but smile when she did. Her eyes were so bright, her face was so fresh and so unspoiled, that his lip came near to trembling—he did not know for what.

"I always think it's so divine to come here with someone you—sort of care about. Don't you?" she said.

Armitage began to recollect where they were. It was one of those beaches that everyone had frowned upon ten years ago, but now it had grown—into what vast proportions! And he understood it better than he ever had before. It was all in keeping with the effort he was making—suddenly he knew it was an effort—to be young.

"I remember what you mean," he said. "It used—I mean, it is."

"And excruciating—it makes you feel all nice inside, as though you had laughed and laughed. . . . What'll we do first?"

Some spring had been released within him by those sights and sounds, and she was so warm and confident, resting on his arm. A calliope around which wooden horses were whirling burst into a shriek. A volley from a shooting gallery drummed into his ears, and, closer still, he heard a derisive shout and a sound of something solid going smack against a piece of canvas. That sound—he remembered it. His eye brightened for a moment and his cheek was less sallow when he spoke.

"Isn't that an African dodger? It must be an African dodger."

Like a man pursuing an unconscious impulse, Armitage elbowed a passage against the current of the crowd, with Mabel still clinging to his sleeve. He was groping in his memory for a half-forgotten scene. . . . The last time —— Could he throw a ball as he had once?

"You don't mind," he asked, somewhat ashamed of himself, "if I watch? I suppose you'll think it's crude."

"Mind!" exclaimed Mabel with a little shriek. "My dear, do you think I'm the parents' league?"

And then, before he expected it, the crowd gave way, pushed them almost into an open space. There it was, old as time, yet welcome from its very barbarity. Before him, with every detail stark against the glare of calcium lights, was the little alleyway of canvas and the counter covered with soft baseballs. A hollow-chested colored youth lounged against the counter. He was slight and spidery, yet it was marvelous to hear the volume of sound which issued from him. The noise seemed almost a thing of substance which he snapped at with his flashing teeth.

"Yuh! Yuh!" he bellowed. "T'ree shots fur a dime! Yuh! Yuh! T'ree for a dime an' t'ree more when you hits him! Step up! Yuh—yuh—yuh! Who'll step up now!"

Yes, the noise was like a thing of substance which smote and stunned you, and perhaps thirty feet away, down that narrow canvas alley, was the human target—a negro's head stuck through a hole. But the crowd was the thing to see. As was always the case, the crowd was hanging back, most of them sodden, red-faced men and primrose-treading youths, ready to watch, but reluctant to add to the Roman holiday. There was a sailor and a truck driver, and not far off a slender young man in a cheap panama, with a cheap girl clinging to his arm. She was such a cheap girl that Armitage perceived it was hardly the place for Mabel.

He turned to go, but it was already too late. The hollow-chested boy had seen them. His voice descended upon them like a load of clattering wood:

"Well, well, here's th' gent to show yo'! Step up, mister, here we be!"

"Oh, Algy!" cried someone in an insulting tone. "I say, do toss the ball!"

Armitage turned. It was the slender young man with the panama hat who had spoken, and he had no right to speak. His arms were like pipestems and his face unhealthy and sallow. Other people also were beginning to make remarks of a familiar nature, which made his face burn. It was a devilish position, standing out in the crowd there with Mabel on his arm.

"Come," he said to Mabel, "we've got to get out of this."

"Yah!" A new voice injected itself into the undertone of words. The African dodger himself was shouting. "Ah won't bite you, mister—'deed Ah won't!"

"Now, Algy, he won't bite you," remarked the man in the panama.

Then the truck driver thought of something. It was an epigram, side-splitting in its brilliance.

"Fight fiercely, Hahvard!" he bellowed.

Naturally such a sally provoked a shriek of laughter, and Armitage could only glare

(Continued on Page 126)

The TIRE that Grew Up with the Motor Car. . .

MANY a begoggled motorist of the earliest days, chugging over the roads at 15 miles an hour, felt *sure* of his tires, even though he harbored doubts about his car. He called them "good old G & J tires"—for G & J had been making tires for other vehicles years before the first automobile.

Later, in 1903, when even the most conservative were beginning to admit the possibilities of the motor car, G & J produced the first *cord automobile tire*—the forerunner of the biggest single step in history toward tire service economy.

Today, as a quarter of a century ago, "good old G & J tires" are bought because of their unquestioned dependability—because they are pioneers that have long since proved their worth.

Put your tire problem up to the G & J Dealer near you—he'll help you to solve it.

G & J TIRE COMPANY
1790 Broadway New York

The "G" Tread Balloon
A tire of rare economy for the car owner who does not require the extra service of regular G & J Balloons. Ideal for Fords and other light cars.

The G & J Balloon
A *true* balloon tire, built to render long and *comfortable* service at *true* low air pressure. Its wide *flat* tread gives longer wear, and better traction and anti-skid protection.

The Good Old

G & J

TIRES & TUBES

If you want to know what vibration does to a car —*ask any Racing Driver*

AMONG RACING DRIVERS Hartfords are "standard equipment." Every winning car for the last 14 years in the 500 Mile Memorial Day Sweepstakes at Indianapolis has used them. For the last 2 years every car to finish has been Hartford-equipped . . . . . For Hartfords smooth out the deadly side-sway, the sickening leaping that vibration sets up at high speeds. Hartfords stand this gruelling test because of their world-famous principle of "2 way friction control." . . . . . Racing is the supreme test of Hartford's *ability to eliminate vibration.* But Hartfords are equally important on pleasure cars . . . . . A vibrating car wastes power, wastes fuel, wastes tires. It fatigues its driver and passengers. It hastens its own end through loosening of parts and crystallization of metal . . . . . The $19 to $50* you invest for a set of Hartfords is returned by savings in tire, fuel and repair bills alone. Hartford's luxurious comfort costs you nothing. Edward V. Hartford, Inc. *For 22 years makers of Hartford Shock Absorbers.* Jersey City, U. S. A.

*Slightly higher west of Rockies.

Hartford

SHOCK ABSORBERS

"Make every road a boulevard"

(Continued from Page 124

helplessly, devoid of power to answer. Then Mabel gave his arm a violent tug.

"Go on!" she begged.

"What?" Armitage looked at her.

"Go on, silly! You've got to throw that ball!"

Armitage glanced at the counter and then at his tormentor in the panama hat. He was the one who made Armitage angriest, because his jest was so hopelessly clumsy. He was trying to look like a sport himself, and was making a poor job of it. Though his eyes glistened as insolently as the cheap ring on his finger, his checked coat and trousers had all the meretricious smartness of an office boy's on Sunday, and somehow the girl on his arm —— Armitage could not get over the impression that she was a cheap imitation of Mabel, with the same sort of blond bobbed hair, and flowered silk dress, and yet like a parody.

"Hold my coat," said Armitage grimly, and strode toward the counter. He was grim because he was not sure. It was years since he'd had a baseball in his fingers.

"Watch carefully, boys!" piped the stranger in the panama. "Algy's going to play!"

Armitage turned toward him and spoke in loud clear tones.

"Don't let me play all by myself. I'll bet ten dollars I can do better in three shots than you can."

"Good boy!" cried Mabel. "That'll keep him quiet!"

"It won't neither keep him quiet!" that shabby replica of Mabel cried suddenly. "What's bitin' you, Louie? Put up a ten!"

Louie strode forward, level-eyed and insolent.

"Kid," he said, "hold me coat. That's enough from you."

Though Armitage felt a thrill of excitement, for a moment he still paused. What had got into him? At his age he was about to indulge in a contest of hitting the nigger in the head with a disreputable stranger named Louie, and then he quite forgot. It happened just as he threw the baseball. As it went smack against the canvas he almost loved the ugly head he had thrown it at, for the miracle of the evening had occurred.

Armitage had lost his inhibitions and he was a boy again.

"Go on!" shrieked Mabel. "You'll hit him!"

"He won't neither hit him!" piped up that other girl.

Crack! Armitage knew he could do it. His second shot had bounced from the African's head, and Louie threw wildly and wholly without effect.

"Think yer smart, don'tcher?" Louie remarked, and put on his coat gingerly, buttoned it tight and favored Armitage with a stony glance. But Armitage had never felt so gay.

"Double or quits," suggested Louie, "you can't hit pipes in th' shootin' gallery."

Somehow everyone except Louie had grown friendly, and all remarks had ceased concerning white trousers and buckskin shoes.

"Go on!" whispered Mabel, tugging at his arm.

But no one had to urge him. He had drunk the sweet elixir of a bygone time, when consequences meant nothing and courage ran always high.

"All right," said Armitage, "I'll make it double or quits and add another ten."

Those boys were always pikers, Armitage remembered, and Louie was like the rest. His small mouth grew sullen, and it took his girl to stir him into action.

"What's the idea?" she demanded. "Honest, you make me ti-red! I thought you said you was a easy spender! I thought you knew how to shoot! Gee! You otta know ——"

"Say"—Louie made a smooth gesture—"just you ——"

Armitage could see the boy was getting angry, but personally he felt no rancor. He was grateful to Louie, always grateful, for Louie had helped him out of his rut to a starry forgotten path. Even when Louie's veneer of culture wholly left him, which occurred at the shooting gallery, Armitage felt grateful. He could understand Louie's feelings at being worsted beneath the eye of his best girl. Beads of perspiration appeared on Louie's forehead. He cast sidelong venomous glances at Armitage, and finally tossed down his miniature rifle with a vulgar oath.

"You got it fixed—that's what," he said. "You got the whole thing set up phony."

"Go home," advised Armitage, "and take shooting lessons."

"Louie!" The girl snatched at Louie's arm and whispered something, but Louie wrenched himself free.

"Is that so?" croaked Louie hoarsely "I can't shoot, can't I? You wait till I get you outside, you—you smart-faced ——"

"Louie!" Louie's girl whispered a second time, and Louie started, stared at something up the street, turned hastily away, and the next instant he and the girl were gone, lost in the restless crowd.

"Piker!" remarked Mabel. "He never paid you your money."

But what did Armitage care for such a paltry thing?

Money could never measure what Louie and that black-faced human target had done for him. In that brief acquaintance the whole world had regained an old and smiling novelty.

"Who cares?" he asked.

That whole tawdry Midway had changed into a splendid street. He saw its spirit and the reason for its noise and light. It was a street of youth, built in defiance to all efficient law.

"You're awfully wonderful," said Mabel softly. "I don't know how you've done it, but you're just the way I knew you'd be. What'll we do now?"

Truly he had done the impossible. By the use of his own boot straps he had pulled himself from the rut of age.

"What'll we do?" he answered. "We'll do everything. The sky's the only limit, now we're here."

IV

WAS there any wonder that there was always a blur in Armitage's recollection of events that followed? His elation was too great for memory to be coherent, for his experiment was succeeding and vindication filled him with a bright warm light. A legacy of disjointed moments was all that was left, and it was Mabel and not his own thoughts that brought him back to earth.

"My aunt!" she cried. "It's after two in the morning! Papa'll simply throw a fit!"

Incredulously Armitage looked at his own watch, and it was two in the morning and they were a good half hour by motor from Pentecost Point. The witching hour had struck as clearly as any in legend. He seemed to be hurrying from some enchanted place, and certain depressing thoughts which he had outdistanced had caught him up again.

Just what would Mr. Benton or anybody say? How could he explain the incongruity of waiting at the foot of a wall for a subdebutante? The dream, or whatever it had been, began slowly to wear off.

Mabel drove the Wilson Six again, and he leaned back almost wearily to stare at the road ahead.

"I wish we weren't going back," she said, and she also sounded tired.

"Mabel!" Armitage leaned forward, and in his anxiety dug his nails into the soft leather of the upholstered seat. "You have had a good time, haven't you?"

"How excruciating!" Mabel laughed softly. "Ask me something hard."

"But—as good as you would have had with someone else?"

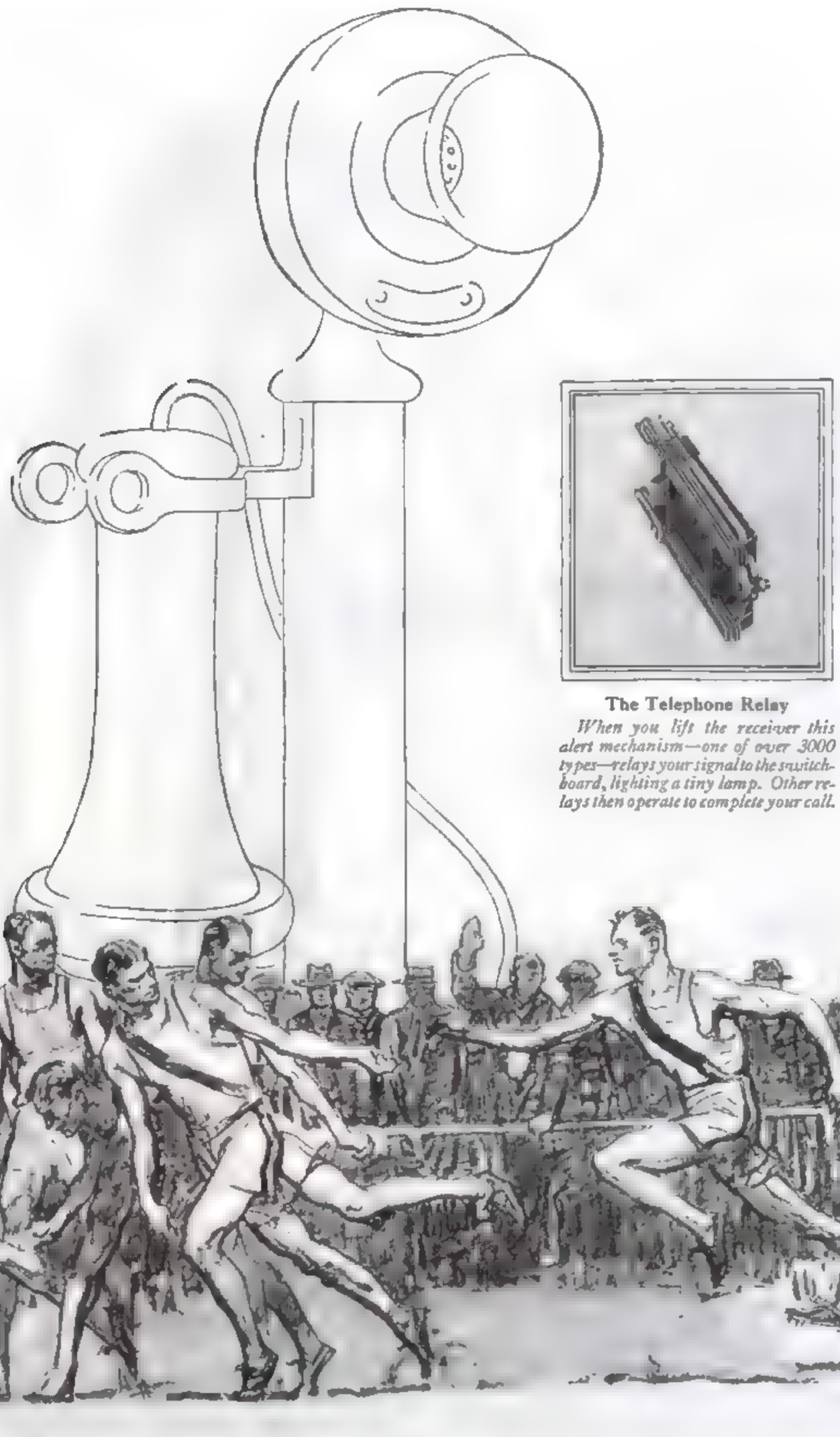
"You silly!" Mabel nodded violently, and he no longer had a doubt. The confident little twist that she gave her head told him that they had been friends, companions of a crowded hour. Tomorrow it might

(Continued on Page 129)

Etching made for the Kelly-Springfield Tire Company, by O. Kubler, Pittsburgh

WHETHER you are the owner of a passenger car, a heavy truck or a motor coach, there is a Kelly-Springfield tire designed to meet your special needs. Kelly Balloons or Kelly Flexible Cords for your car; Kelly Kats, Kelly Aircores or Kelly Cushions for your truck; and Kelly Heavy Duty Cords for busses—each one of these tires was evolved to meet the peculiar requirements of a particular service. When you buy a Kelly tire, you have the satisfaction of knowing that it is not only a thoroughly *well built* tire but the best possible *type* of tire for your needs.

KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRES



The Telephone Relay

When you lift the receiver this alert mechanism—one of over 3000 types—relays your signal to the switchboard, lighting a tiny lamp. Other relays then operate to complete your call.

Relay runners in your telephone circuit

The relay runner, carrying on from man to man, finds his counterpart in the telephone relay. Every time you lift your receiver off the hook you set in motion a relay system which, if less thrilling than a race, is infinitely faster and surer to come through.

The telephone relay is the heart of a vast unseen plant which you are apt to take for granted. Like every other part it must be skillfully built—and the whole carefully fitted together.

Western Electric has one hundred per cent responsibility for manufacturing the equipment for the Bell System. It is our business to make everything from relay to switchboard, from telephones to cable, and to make these to the uniform standard—"It must not fail."

Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

(Continued from Page 126)

be different, but surely she could only think of him as —— A sharp cry from Mabel brought him to the present.

"There's a man on a motorcycle! He's ——"

The Wilson Six swerved and listed.

"He's chasing us!" Her voice had risen to a shriek.

But Armitage saw already. A motorcycle, which had evidently been waiting at a crossroad on the right, had darted out at them and was running alongside. Its rider, an ominous crouching shadow, stretched out his hand. For a second Armitage could only watch in stupid fascination. The motorcyclist was not gesturing. He was pointing a pistol, and his shoulders swung forward in a manner which Armitage understood. The thing was beyond a joke. The man was getting ready to shoot.

For a second Armitage could not think, and then bits of talk all mingled into crystal truth. It could mean only one thing.

"Stop!" he shouted to Mabel, and he had hardly spoken before he knew for sure. A bullet went crashing through the windshield as Mabel put on the brakes. Mabel said something, but he did not know just what. It was so utterly unfair to be plunged into such a mess, and what was he to do? As it was, he did not have time to consider. No sooner had the car stopped than the motorcyclist jumped from his machine and sprang upon the running board.

"All right!" he shouted coarsely. "I've got you babies this time!"

Armitage coughed and cleared his throat. "Will you kindly stop waving that revolver in our faces?" he asked.

The figure on the running board gave a hoarse derisive laugh. "An' so you're after tryin' some high-hat stuff?" he inquired.

A feeble backward gleam from the headlights played on the stranger's face, showing a heavy jaw and coarsely grinning lips. His theatrical manner was annoying and unnecessary.

"What's the use in talking?" asked Armitage. "You can have my money and my watch. Go ahead and take them. We want to go on."

Another laugh followed, louder than the first.

"Tryin' to bribe me, eh? I'll remember that! Now hop into the road with youse—and keep up your hands!"

"It looks," said Armitage, turning apologetically to Mabel, "as though we'd better get out. Now don't be frightened. As soon as he gets my watch ——"

"O-o-o-h!" breathed Mabel. "I'm not frightened! Isn't it just excruciating? I declare he's—he's really going ——"

"So little sweetie's piping up?" remarked the figure in the road. "You git out, too, sweetie. I may be a hick, but I'll say I'm wise."

"You're a hick, all right," growled Armitage. "What's all this waste motion for, anyway? Here's my money, here's my watch ——"

A beam from a flash light darted across his face. "O. K.," said the man before him. "Snappy dresser—panama—snappy socks - driving a Wilson—coming from the beach ——"

"What the devil are you driving at?" roared Armitage. "Are you going to keep us here all night?"

"Easy—easy!" Armitage had his first twinge of horror. The voice was not a criminal's. "You'll know better at the station house, my boy."

"Good Lord!" Armitage dropped his arm limply. "Are you telling me you're a policeman?"

"Motorcycle cop," came the answer. "Are you blind or what now? Don't you see my badge? Hey! Stop or I ——"

The first thing Armitage had thought of was the flask in his hip pocket. He wrenched it free and tossed it into the night.

"Bad cess to ye!" The policeman's voice rose to a roar. "Don'tcher know what it means to have a gun stuck at ye? What was that you threw?"

"Go find it, if you like!" Armitage felt a deep relief in knowing that his flask probably could not be found. "I suppose you stopped us because you thought we'd have liquor in the car. Well, search it! Go ahead!"

"Be Godfrey!" A growing excitement in the man before them finally revealed his antecedents. "They told me you was a slick one an' so ye are. The nerve of ye! Hold out yer hands, the both of ye!"

"Oh!" cried Mabel. "Did you ever? He's going to arrest us!"

"Here!" gasped Armitage. "What the devil's that you've got?"

He knew, but could not believe what was about to happen.

"Oh, don't be pretendin' you're not after knowing what these are. They're handcuffs, brother. Stretch out!"

It was a nightmare after a night of folly. A minute back he had been a philosopher in search of youth, and now he was standing by the side of the road, handcuffed to Mabel. She leaned heavily against his shoulder and grasped his hand—through fear he thought at first, until she began to giggle.

"Isn't it excruciating?" she cried. "You and me—it's too good to be true!"

"Excruciating!" echoed Armitage. "See here, what the devil right have you got —— This young lady and I ——"

"Ouch!" giggled Mabel. "Old thing, don't wave your arm!"

Armitage knew he was in for it. What would anyone think who saw them? And he might have to telephone someone to get them out.

"What the devil are you arresting us for?" he shouted.

The policeman placed a heavy fatherly hand on his shoulder. "Git in the car, the two of youse," he said. "An' no more squealin'. There's room for me to drive. Bless us, don't it run sweet! An' the tip we got was right. You two was after bein' at the beach now, hitting the nigger in the head."

"And why shouldn't I hit the nigger in the head?" shouted Armitage. "Is it any crime?"

Mabel giggled and Armitage writhed silently in his seat. It was more than ludicrous—it was a punishment for tempting the gods. And the story it was going to make! He writhed in his seat again.

"I wish you wouldn't pull so," said Mabel. "Isn't it intimate being handcuffed to somebody? Won't you—won't you hold my hand?"

He turned his head until he could see the dim outline of her face. "That's right," he said consolingly. "There's nothing to be frightened about."

"You silly!"

The chain that held them jingled like a horse's bit.

They were being taken back to that beach they had left, but the lights were nearly out. The streets all seemed like rows of shadowy skeletons. It reminded him of an exhausted pin wheel or a Roman candle which still glowed fitfully in the dark after it had given forth its many-colored lights. And he was like that pin wheel, weary with whirling and exploding, cold, with hardly a spark glowing within him. Those minutes at the club, those hours at the beach—all of them had been fireworks, and fireworks have their day.

Of course there was a station house. The town, wherever it was, which had seen that doubtful realm of pleasure grow before its startled eyes had supplied a place of discipline in a square behind a huge hotel. It was built of concrete blocks, of the sort better fitted for a garage than a public building, with a flight of granite steps and a familiar blue light above the door.

Armitage dragged himself up the steps and Mabel skipped beside him. His arm was sore and his shoulders ached, almost with a rheumatic twinge. There were grease and dust on his white trousers. His hair was like fresh-raked hay and his coat was horribly rumpled. The motorcycle cop grinned at him beneath his visored cap.

"Some sick-lookin' bird," he remarked, "I'll tell the world."

"If I had this damned thing off my wrist ——" began Armitage.

"Don't!" cried Mabel. "I'm on your wrist, you know."

A door opened and they were pushed into a large bare room, furnished in golden oak. A desk stood at one end and several durable-looking chairs stood hospitably beside it. A loose-jointed man sat behind the desk. He had a close-clipped white mustache, rendered somewhat youthful by copious stains of tobacco juice; but a frosty stubble upon his slowly moving jaw proved that his mustache also must really have been white. As the door opened, his feet were on the desk before him in that genial sort of attitude which philosophers love most, but he removed them at once and began buttoning a row of brass buttons on his blue coat. His jaw, however, continued its thoughtful mastication while he peered at them and wrinkled his even eyebrows.

"An' what's all the rumpus now?" he asked. "Hennessey, haven't you been young yourself?"

"Somebody's going to answer for this!" Armitage found his voice. "If you're the chief of this police station ——"

"An' who else would I be, if I wasn't the chief?" The frosty jaws of the man at the desk paused for a moment in their function. "Shut up, Hennessey. I was chief of police when this here beach only had a clam chowder pavilion on it, and I can recollect, I can, when there wasn't a house now on the Grand Boulevard. When I was young—say, back in the 80's now, when the storm washed ——"

"What have the 80's got to do with this young lady and me?" demanded Armitage. "Instead of telling us about the storm, suppose you explain why I was stopped on the road, and shot at, and brought in here."

The chief, with placid authority, raised a withered hand.

"Set down, mister," he said. "Set down. . . . Hello! What's this, Hennessey? You've got 'em handcuffed!"

"What is it?" Officer Hennessey, who had been silently struggling for a word, sounded like a lively drum. "That's like ye—settin' moonin' in here, chewin' at tobacco, whilst your men are riskin' their lives! What is it? Look at 'em for yourself! Man—snappy dressed, snappy socks, panama—with girl, blonde, bobbed hair, in a Wilson Six. And you ask what is it? It's the bobbed-haired bandit couple the cities has been broadcastin'! And that's all the thanks I get!"

"The what?" Armitage turned so quickly that Officer Hennessey stepped backward. "We're what? Bandits? Look here, either you or I or somebody must be going crazy!"

Officer Hennessey pointed toward them eloquently.

"Listen now!" he cried. "Ah, but he's the slick one—and' he tried to bribe me too. 'Take me purse an' watch,' he says. 'I wanna go home,' he says. Now what are you thinkin' is funny in that?"

Mabel interrupted him with another explosion of giggles and buried her head in Armitage's shoulder.

"Haven't you done enough," cried Armitage, "without driving this poor girl to hysterics?"

"Hysterics now?" retorted Officer Hennessey. "It's brazenness, I'd call it."

The captain's jaw moved rapidly, as though keeping time with his thoughts. His neck seemed to stiffen like a bird's, causing his head to rise from the folds of his blue uniform.

"And I've been here twenty years!" he murmured. "And who'd have thought of this? It all goes to show you never can tell. He's a snappy dresser and the girl is bobbed. It sort of stumps me for a minute."

"What stumps ye?" demanded Hennessey. "Was there so many drunks tonight all the cells is full?"

The chief scratched the back of his head. "The trouble is," he said, "there's somethin' wrong somewheres—yes, sir. The trouble is these ain't the first ones. Now there's only one pair of bandits asked for, ain't they? And Rooney brought in another pair half an hour ago."

"Another pair?" said Officer Hennessey. "But sure not the same description—snappy dresser—panama ——"

"—— an' a Wilson Six," said the chief. "Now I never recollect a thing like this—two pair answering to the same description. Mebbe if I could see 'em both together I could make out what was what, an' sort 'em out. Go bring out the parties from Numbers 3 and 5."

▼

WAS there any wonder that Armitage had difficulty in believing it was real? He nearly had to pinch himself to believe it; but there he was, standing in that hideous battered room, with steel on his wrist, attached to a girl, young enough almost to be a child, who seemed to be having a joke which was all her own when there was no laughing matter. That preposterous old fellow in front of them had picked a pair of nickel-rimmed spectacles from a drawer of his desk and now looked at them mildly through the lenses and began stuffing tobacco into a corncob pipe.

"Look at him!" whispered Mabel. "Isn't he like an advertisement?"

Armitage groaned in his torment. "Of course you can't ever forgive me," he said, "for getting you into this."

"Forgive you?" Again her voice sounded like a bell and drifted mockingly through the room. "When I tell the girls they'll just expire! I wouldn't have missed it for the world!"

Armitage straightened his back and endeavored to straighten his tie also. "Look here," he said to the chief, "you don't actually pretend you suspect us of being bandits? Why, man, look at us! Do we look like criminals? We can prove we aren't. We come from Pentecost Point."

The name of Pentecost Point did have a certain effect.

"Then mebbe," suggested the chief, "you can telephone a witness. The telephone's right here."

"At this time of night!" cried Armitage. "It's absurd, man! I can't wake anyone up at three in the morning! Think—of the gossip ——"

"Yes"—Mabel began again with her giggling "won't it be excruciating?"

"It isn't funny," said Armitage sharply.

The chief leaned back in his swivel chair and smiled. The way his lips curled reminded Armitage of the sun setting behind snow-covered fields.

"Mister," he remarked, "it don't do any good to be smooth. The description says 'polite and classy,' and Jimmy Rooney seen someone down at the beach answering to it—and you're going to prove who you are and why before I let you go. Pretty soon we'll have some of the parties who were robbed in. It won't be long till mornin'."

"But I don't want to wait till morning," groaned Armitage. "Of course I can prove my identity—but can't you put yourself in my position?"

"Mebbe," said the chief mildly, "I ain't got the imagination. Now here's what—here comes the other couple. If you can prove you aren't bandits, I'll let you off. That's fair, ain't it?"

A door beside the desk had opened and Officer Hennessey pushed two persons into the room, who stood blinking and dishevveled in the bright electric light. They were a man and a girl, both sullen and sleepy. The man was dressed in the tawdry splendor of an office boy on a Sunday off and the girl —— But Hennessey was speaking.

"Chief, you win. Both gents is snappy dressers. Both girls is bobbed."

Yet Armitage scarcely heard. He could only stare, fascinated, for it still was like a dream. The man confronting him was Louie, who had endeavored, unsuccessfully, to hit the nigger on the head. Louie recognized him also. His face lighted up in an evil smile.

(Continued on Page 132)

An entirely new way

The WEED Levelizer

How it eliminates shocks by *leveling* bumps

Levelizers level out the ride in any make of car. Large or small. With balloons or regular tires.

Many shock absorbing devices have been offered, all based on excellent principles and theories, and all aiming at one purpose—to take bumps and rebounds out of driving.

But the WEED Levelizer is so built that it produces just the correct amount of friction under ALL conditions. This effect being produced by a unique floating drum. On rough roads it resists every bump automatically in proportion to the tendency to rebound. On smooth roads it eases up to give freer play to car springs. Thus eliminating the hard jerky sensation.

Laboratory and road tests over a period of years insure the desired action under all weather and road conditions.

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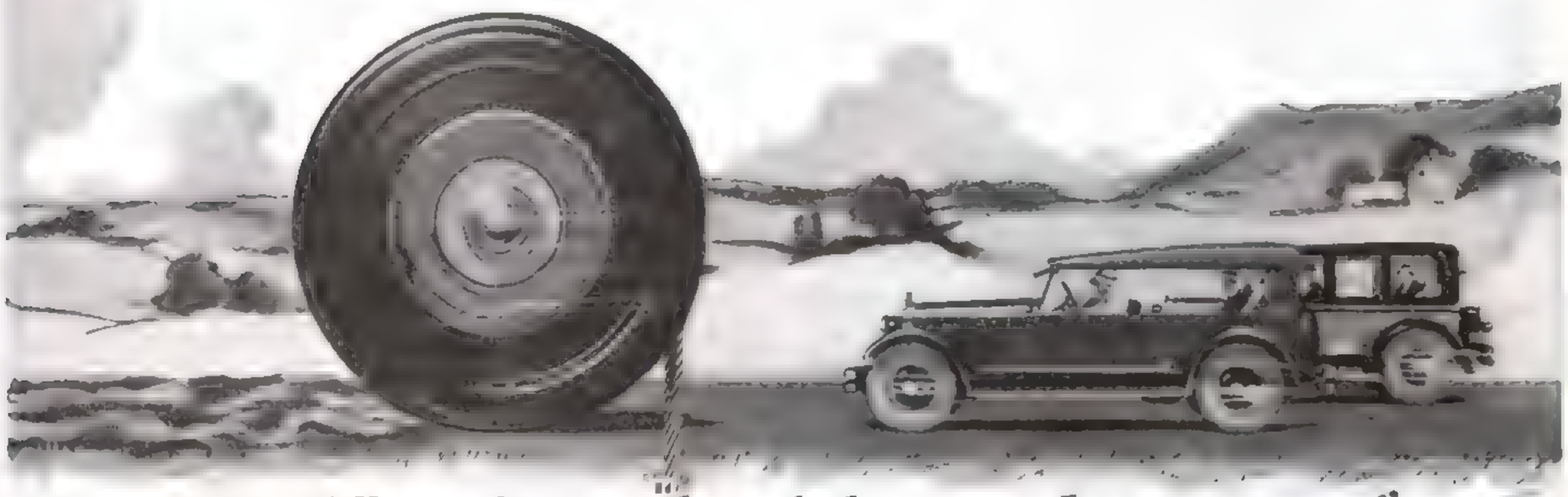
World's Largest Manufacturers of Welded and Weldless Chains for All Purposes

As simple as a spool and piece of string

Prove for yourself the simplicity of this wonderful new device—prove it with a common spool and piece of string, as illustrated above. In the WEED Levelizer the spool is a floating drum, the piece of string is a special steel cable. Your fingers holding the spool are a strip of special frictional material fastened to the inner side of the steel shell at the bottom of the Levelizer.

This illustrates all there is to the Levelizer, except that spiral springs re-roll the floating drum pulling the cable in quickly on the return stroke It's so simple that nothing gets out of order—nothing needs adjusting or oiling.

to ride in comfort



Weed Levelizers level the road as you go"

All previous standards of riding comfort are now made obsolete by this entirely new way —the WEED Levelizer way.

If you care only for results: *WEED Levelizers level out the ride in any car.*

If you care to know causes of results: WEED Levelizers regulate checking force by use of a floating drum, special steel cable, and a strip of frictional material against which the steel cable forces the drum in exact ratio to tendency to rebound.

There is nothing you have to do to make the WEED Levelizer operate properly—nothing to get out of order. . . . The adjustment is set at the factory for light and heavy cars. . . . The action is automatic.

Test WEED Levelizers on your car. Drive down the same streets or roads you regularly ride over. Go on the same old familiar bumps. Hit the same corrugated spots, the same car tracks, the same ruts, the same railroad crossings. Then you will appreciate what WEED Levelizers offer.

Take advantage of this wonderful new riding comfort. Ask your dealer for further information, or write to the American Chain Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn. (In Canada—Dominion Chain Company, Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.)

1 The Levelizer maintains a smooth resistance throughout the upward motion of the car body, in proportion to the tendency to rebound

2 It takes effect immediately when the car strikes a bump or rough spot.

3 It carries on clear to the end of the rebound.

4 It eases up for minor surface irregularities, giving freer play to springs, thus avoiding the jerky sensation of too rigid resistance.

5 It does not get out of order, requires no adjustments, no oiling.

6 It is easy to apply and stays "put." For all makes of cars; heavy or light. With balloons or regular tires.

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IMPROVED Pyrene EXTINGUISHER

You couldn't imagine the number of automobiles saved by PYRENE.

Letters pour in every day to tell about other narrow escapes—other victories for PYRENE.

If a fire should start in your car, serious injury to some members of your family might result unless you have a PYRENE at hand.

Improved PYRENE is made to serve always—to fail never—to conquer fire—and to keep it out.

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Pyrene KILLS FIRE SAVES LIFE

Caution: Use only Pyrene Liquid (patented) with Improved Pyrene Extinguishers.

This R.F.L.-60 at $60 is the answer to Powel Crosley, Jr's., demand on his engineers for a more perfect 5 tube receiver that would give maximum range, selectivity and volume at lower cost.....

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Write Dept. 31 for Booklet
THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP., Cincinnati, Ohio
West of the Rockies, add 10% to all prices
Dealers sell Crosley Radios from $9.75 to $175 And the Musicone Loudspeaker at $14.75

(Continued from Page 129)

"T'ree cheers for th' police!" he called in horrid derision. "You pulled in somethin' this time! Lookit, Sadie, who they got!"

Louie ended with a high ferocious laugh, in which Sadie joined with even greater shrillness; but Armitage had sense enough to envy Louie's poise. He knew, in his turn, that he was being ridiculous, and yet he could not stop himself.

"This has gone far enough," he said, and also tried to laugh. "I know something about law. You have no right to hold me without a single bit of evidence. As for this—gentleman, I don't know who he is, outside of seeing him for a few minutes at the beach."

"Mark that, chief!" cried Hennessey. "They're after being acquainted!"

"And what if we are?" asked Armitage, turning red. "I don't know exactly why I should be compared with him, especially about clothes." At this point he felt himself growing excited. His pride was wounded. He writhed when he thought of the trouble he had taken about his clothes. "Haven't you any eyes?" he demanded. "I'm decently and quietly dressed. How can you possibly compare what I've got on with that small-town toggery collection over there? Why, just look at him—look at him!"

As he finished, Sadie gave an indignant shriek.

"And as for the girl with him," continued Armitage, "how can you compare her with the young lady I'm escorting? Why, she's painted—she's ——"

"Painted!" shrieked Sadie. "Say, do I stand here to be insulted? What about his own lady friend? Ain't she painted? And look at her skirts! Look at how she wears her stockings! Say, I'd be ashamed ——"

Louie raised his hand imploringly. "Take this bracelet off of me!" he begged. "Take it off and let me get a slap at him! My duds come from a small-town toggery, do they? Say, they cost twice as much as his! Look at 'em both together, chief!"

"Be still," said the chief, and adjusted his glasses on his nose. "Yep, you're right, I guess. His clothes are snappy, but yours must of cost more. More genteel, kind of. I don't know much of these summer swells, but you certainly are sweller. Yes, sir, I don't know as I recollect ——"

"Suppose you recollect this," broke in Armitage. It was getting on his nerves, just standing there. "You haven't got a shred of evidence to hold this lady or me, and you keep us here one minute longer with this ridiculous business, and I'll get you into enough trouble ——"

"Ridiculous, is it?" The chief rose from his chair. "There ain't nothing so ridiculous. The parties described have been robbing motorists and stores at the point of a gun, and if that ain't serious ——"

"Then don't be such an idiot!" snapped Armitage. "I haven't any gun."

The chief sat down again in his chair and looked somewhat blank. "Hey!" he said. "Now that's right. Busted, if it ain't so! These other parties had two automatics. Have you searched 'em, Hennessey—him, I mean? The girl certainly couldn't hide much in the clothes she's got."

"There's no need to be insulting," said Armitage darkly.

"He isn't insulting," Mabel objected. "He's just telling the truth, poor dear. It's the latest style."

Hennessey began pulling articles from Armitage's pockets, which he tossed one by one upon the desk.

"Hundred and ten dollars." The chief catalogued each item grimly. "Too much money to carry just for fun, and —— What's this?—matches. And a big silk handkerchief to wrap round your face, like as not."

"Don't talk such rot!" pleaded Armitage. "Can I shoot with any of those things?"

"Shoot!" Louie gave a coarse, triumphant shout. "Didn' I tell you we was runnin' with objectionable company, Sadie? I'll tell the world he can shoot! I knew he wasn't right when I seen him pull his stuff at th' beach. Seven pipes in a row!"

"An' what's more," broke in Hennessey, "wasn't I near forgetting? He did have a gun."

The chief nodded in placid triumph. "Yep," he said, "I guessed as much to see him. But here—where is it?"

"He was after tossin' it away," said Hennessey. "Ah, he's a wise one, but I seen him pull it outa his hip pocket an' shy it into the bushes before I could make a grab for it."

Though it seemed impossible to believe, he was being enmeshed in a vicious net of circumstantial evidence. Armitage's mouth felt dry and his knees were near to trembling. It all was going from bad to worse, and now anyone could guess what would happen. He and Mabel would be kept all night in that ridiculous one-horse police station because they were suspected of banditry.

There would be a story for them back at Pentecost Point! In his desperation and at the knowledge of his impotence, his voice nearly broke.

"What on earth makes you such confounded fools?" he cried. "Can't you see we're self-respecting, decent people? It wasn't a gun I threw away. It was my pocket flask."

The chief stood up again, and a loud derisive laugh came from Louie, whom the chief reproved. But evidently he had some humor left, despite his legal years. At any rate he allowed himself to smile.

"Golly day!" he remarked. "I gotta remember that one. It's kinda choice. Self-respecting you call yourself—an' go to carryin' liquor. Well, now that's enough for the night. I didn't like your looks from the first, mister, and that fixes it. Besides which, who'd be fool enough to throw away a flask hereabouts? An' should it be a flask, as by your own admission it is, that's enough to hold you on. Take 'em away, Hennessey. Lock 'em up."

It was one of those times when one's whole past returns. The very walls of the police station grew dim as Armitage beheld the path of his folly and knew there was no hope. He would have to telephone. He would have to arouse Mr. Benton and be the laughingstock or worse for years of idle hours, and all because he had tried—tried what?

And that was not the worst. He could pay for his own egotism, but what would people say of Mabel? It was the popular belief, at any rate, that the woman always paid, and then he heard her speaking in her clear chimelike voice.

"Look at him," she was saying, "and don't talk such excruciating nonsense. Why, you poor old dears, he couldn't ever bring himself to be a motor bandit or a holdup man! Look at him for yourself! You've got to be young to do it. And look—he's past I don't know what! Oh, he's too dreadfully old!"

Armitage looked at her almost beseechingly, and he realized that what she said was worse than all the rest. A night in the station house—a sardonic interview with Mr. Benton would have been welcome in its stead. The old chief, staring at him across the desk, was no longer an object of contempt, but an awful sort of judge who was going to deliver a verdict which Armitage already knew. The hard electric light was on her face, and he could perceive the smoothness of her skin, which no specialist could imitate and no cosmetic could mar, and he could see the glint in her eyes, tranquil, gentle, like the first faint light of morning. How had he ever dared to match his weight of years with hers?

"You see—you know"—she looked at Louie and nodded seriously—"you've got to be young even to imagine being a bandit with a girl. You can see that, can't you? And don't you see he's much too old? Why, he's a friend of father's! And no friend of father's ——"

She gave an eloquent laugh and left the thought unfinished, but it was enough. He had failed. He had done his best all that night, and her clear eyes had detected the falseness. The chief was looking at him.

"A friend of father's!" he repeated. "I want to know! Now lemme have another look. Why, say, he is gettin' on!"

He wished that Mabel would not chatter so. She chattered on and on, as if no leaden dawn was soon to come to bring its bristling ranks of sober thoughts. It was all so clear, his failure, and clearer for the ceaseless ripple of her voice. Her carelessness, her optimism, aroused him to dull pain; for once he would have been as careless, too, as joyously forgetful of what was past. Yes, once he would have laughed at everything as Mabel laughed.

Once it would have been a marvelous story, to have been shot at, arrested, handcuffed, freed.

"Hasn't it been wonderful?" she cooed. "Gosh, it's lucky that I thought of it—about your being old!"

Armitage did not answer, but he tried to smile. Through the shattered windshield he could see that they were getting back, and a faint light was in the sky along the edge of the sea, and in a minute it would be over. She was close beside him, restless, shadowy, and yet she was far away, so far that she did not know that she had hurt him by the things she had said. There was a gap between them—that tragic space which divides all generations.

"And weren't they nice?" she added. "They understood right off."

"Yes," he answered almost bitterly, "it was remarkable how quickly they understood."

"And it's been so perfect! I've never had more fun." She could not even understand his bitterness. She disregarded it as though it did not exist. "And it's just the way I always thought it would be. You've been just what I hoped."

"Just what you hoped?" She must have been startled by the change in his voice, for she looked at him hastily. "How could I be? It isn't anybody's fault, but I know I'm a back number. After tonight ——"

He stopped. An exclamation from Mabel stopped him. "Why, you old dear!" she cried.

And then she said a thing so naïve that Armitage had neglected it in his wildest calculations, and yet so true that he did not know whether to laugh or cry after she had said it. Indeed, he never knew.

"Why, you old dear, you couldn't have thought I wanted you to be my age! How could you? You've always been so old."

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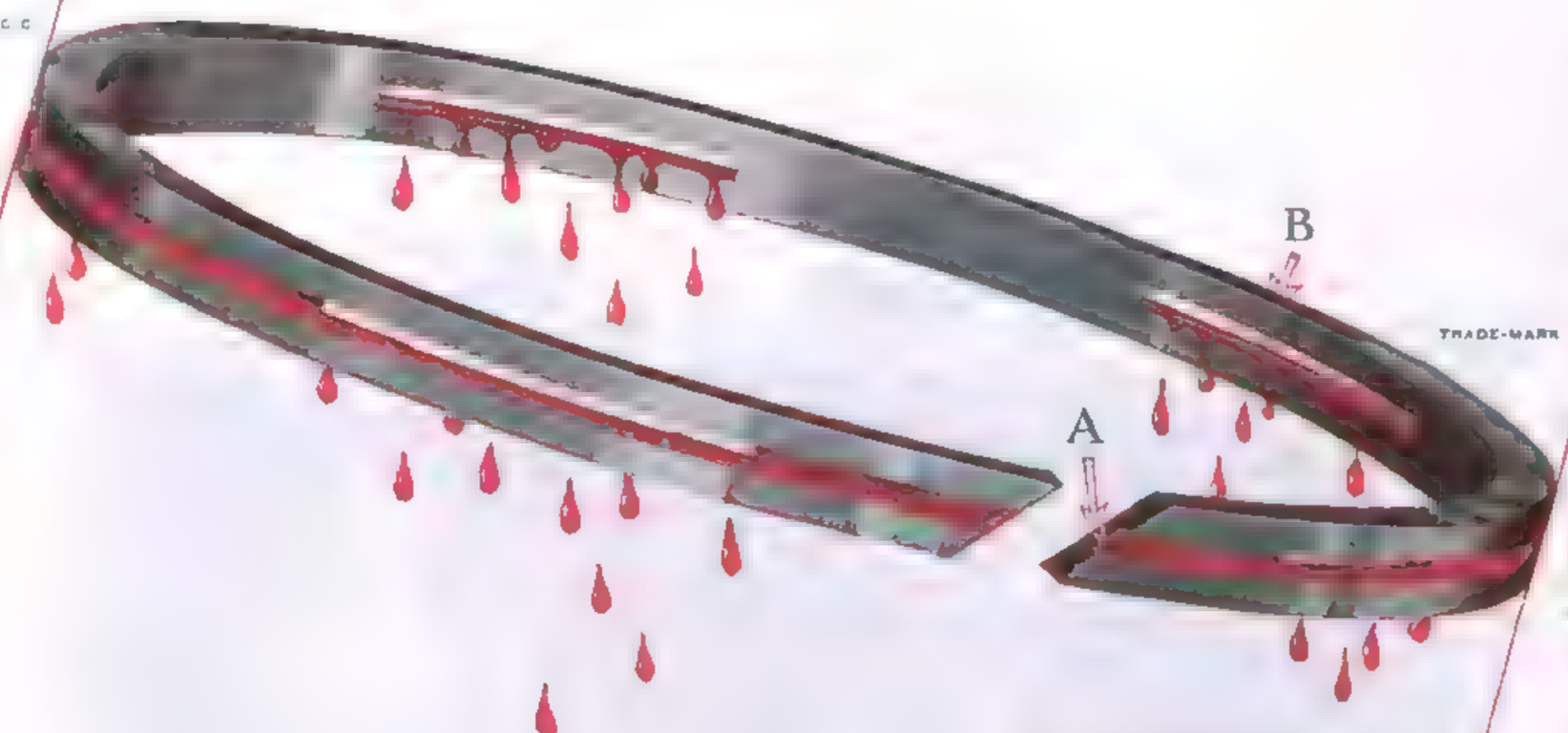

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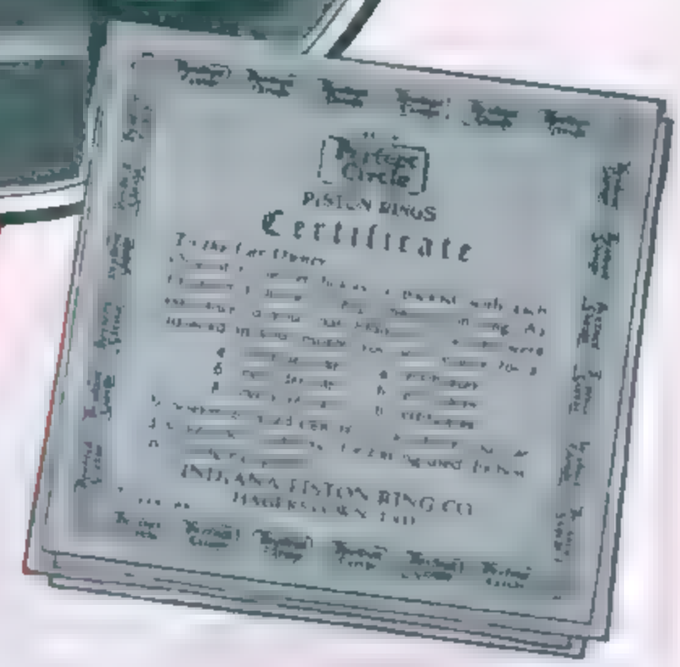

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AFTER MUSSOLINI—WHAT?

Continued from Page 4

discipline and prosperity followed in its wake.

With this comparison out of our systems, we can take a bird's-eye view of Italy as Mussolini found her on his assumption of rule. There is no doubt that the Fascist movement saved the country from anarchy. In such a transition, whether calm or violent, the political usually dominates the economic phase. The new rule is often more concerned about consolidating its hold through inert office filling rather than drastic material effort. Mussolini did the latter. He made the Fascist party the iron instrument of his will—he is the greatest realist in European politics—but at the same time he infused hope into a despairing financial and industrial life.

To understand his performance you must know what he faced at the start. Between the close of the war and the triumph of the Fascists in 1922, Italy went from exaltation to the depths. The exaltation was inspired by the victory over the hereditary foe Austria - and the redemption of the lost Adriatic provinces. But emotion is poor fare, nor can it stand up against the kind of postwar deflation that hit Italy harder than most of the other Allied countries. As elsewhere, the people had acquired extravagant habits during the war. There was now no adequate income with which to provide the silk stockings and other finery that munitions work had provided, or even the necessities of life. Unemployment increased; the currency depreciated; deficits grew like magic bean stalks; upheaval became chronic.

A Receiver for Italy

Communism always thrives on unrest, and Italy was ripe for the red poison. In September, 1920, the workers seized the principal factories in the north, but after a month they discovered what the misguided uplifter usually finds out—that the wicked capitalist system is the only one that provides a regular pay roll. Although the Soviet plan crumpled, production was stifled, class hatred grew apace; capital retired to the safety vault or crossed the frontier; bankruptcy was imminent.

Behind all this disorder that was rapidly merging into national disintegration lay various aggravating chronic conditions that were peculiarly Italian. To begin with, there loomed the eternal problem embodied in a surplus population. One of the principal products of Italy is children. Each year 500,000 new mouths must be fed. There is increasing congestion at home. Then, too, Italy is practically without natural resources save water power. She must import all her raw materials, coal and most of her food. There is always the possibility of a large adverse trade balance.

The government was incapable of meeting the postwar issues such as I have outlined. Cabinet followed cabinet, each one weaker and more temporizing than its predecessor. All were at the mercy, or lack of it, of the radical elements. Strikes were the order of the day and the entire railway system was demoralized and property rights were almost abolished. A dictatorship of the proletariat, with all its possibilities for disorder, loomed.

Mussolini, who had formed the Fascist party in 1919, realized that the time to strike had come. A former socialist and antimonarchist—here you have part of the play of contrast in his vivid life—he saw that only a reactionary movement could save the country. The march of the Black Shirts on Rome in October, 1922, and the taking over of the government by the one-time hodcarrier and tramp printer—these were only a few of his jobs while in exile in Switzerland—are chapters of familiar history that need not be repeated.

Once in power, Mussolini made things happen.

Perhaps the simplest way to show what he has brought about as economic stabilizer is to draw a parallel with a more or less bankrupt corporation that goes into receivership. When the Fascist rule began, Italy was like a big concern that had foundered through mismanagement and was burdened with an excessive debt. It had valuable assets in the shape of a thrifty, hard-working people and the power to issue money. In the latter procedure lay an advantage over the ordinary business enterprise in trouble.

Mussolini, for all practical purposes, became a sort of receiver for Italy. He did what every other honest receiver would do in similar circumstances. He weeded out the sluggards, imposed drastic economy and brought about the revival of that all-essential to trade and finance, which is confidence. This confidence could result only from the knowledge elsewhere that a firm hand was at the helm and that there would be no temporizing. All the foreign money that has been employed in Italy since 1922 has been an investment in what Mussolini stands for—in fact, largely in the man himself.

Checking Currency Gambling

Summed up, his major program has been to restore finances, distribute the tax burden equitably, stimulate production, reorganize the government departments and—what is typical of his outlook on business—transfer the railways, telephones and telegraph to private ownership. If you know Europe at all, you are aware that one obstacle to both comfort and progress is government control of public utilities.

Take the railways. A deficit of $60,000,000 in 1922 was converted into a profit of $10,000,000 in 1925. Before the Mussolini rule, the lines averaged nine employes per mile. Now there are six. Putting it another way, the number of employes for each million of axle kilometers in 1921 was sixty; today it is thirty-five. The freight handled in 1921 was 39,000,000 tons; for 1925 it aggregated a total of 63,000,000 tons.

Mussolini has aimed at the heart of the Italian transportation problem, a vital national issue as well, by stimulating electrification of railroads. The reason is that

(Continued on Page 137)

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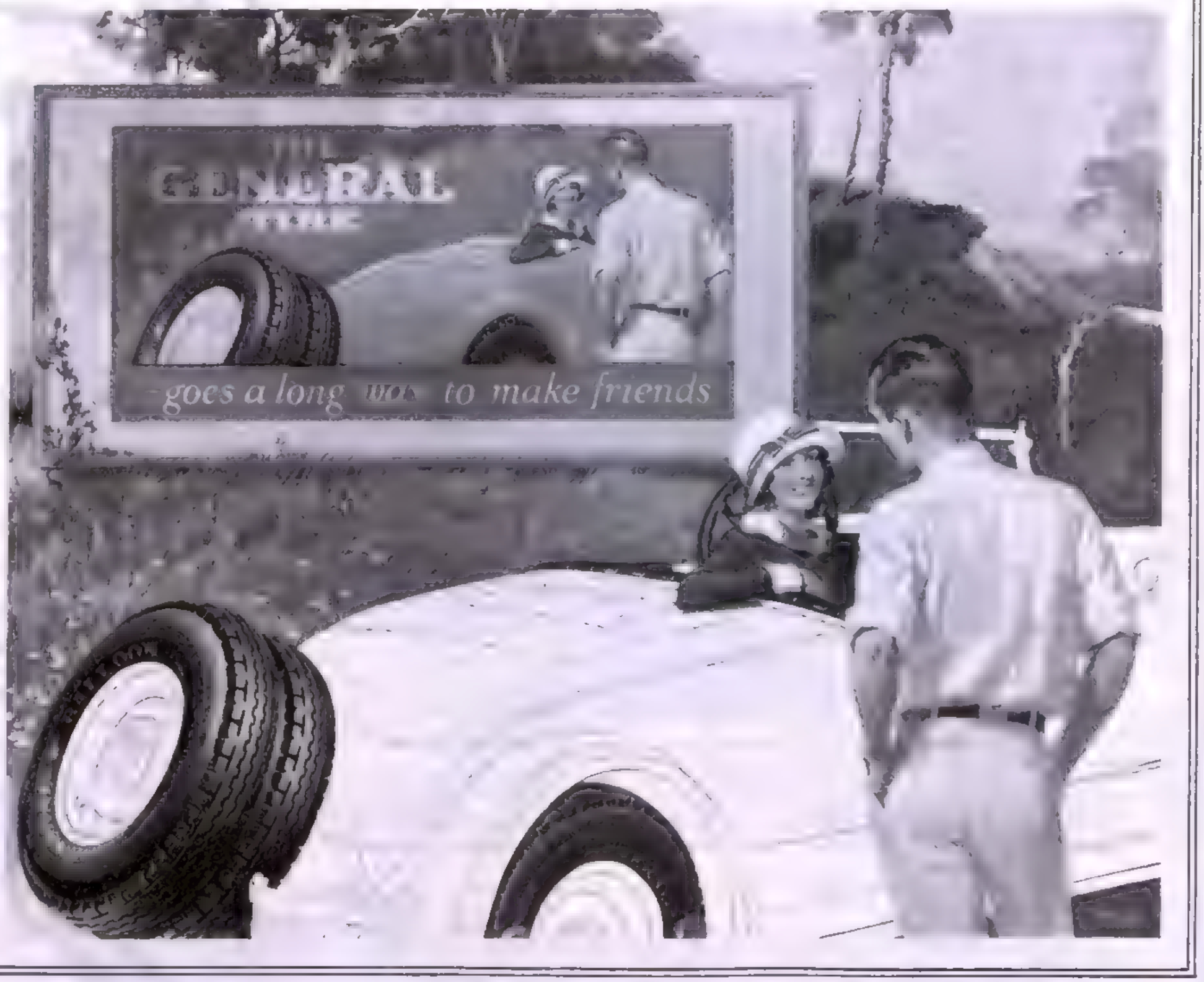

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(Continued from Page 135)

Italy produces no coal, but has immense reserves of water power. Hence white coal, supplied by the falls in the Alps and Apennines, will be a factor in the general economy, because it reduces one of the biggest items of import.

Take finance. In 1921 the government had a deficit of nearly 18,000,000,000 lire. During my visit to Italy in March the monthly account of the treasury indicated a surplus of 337,000,000 lire for the first eight months of the fiscal year, while the corresponding period of the previous financial year showed a deficit of 187,000,000 lire. The fiscal year of 1925–26 presents an effective balance of 300,000,000 lire. The national money is stabilized. In spite of the fall of the French franc, with which it is closely linked, it has continued to hold its own.

In connection with the fiscal problem is an illuminating instance of the Mussolini sponsorship. He has stopped gambling in currency by making it difficult and expensive for the speculator to buy lire. If a man at Milan wants to purchase dollars or pounds sterling, he is required to show the specific purpose for which they are wanted. If it is a merchandising proposition, for instance, he must produce the documents to prove the genuineness of the transaction. People cannot sell the lira short and encourage inflation. These measures, imposed by treasury regulations, have made the country a bull instead of a bear on the money.

But the job did not end here. In Italy as elsewhere, the instinct to speculate is strong and it recognizes neither class nor creed. Mussolini has checked speculation by limiting the operations of stockbrokers. Formerly any fly-by-night broker operating on a shoe string could set up shop and wax fat. Today every broker is required to put up 500,000 lire in cash or gilt-edge securities before he can do business. It is difficult to carry loans for gambling. In consequence the list of brokers is considerably curtailed and the temptation to lose savings correspondingly minimized.

Two Italian Miracles

Turn for a moment to industry and we find the same kind of influence. I will take only two instances to show the advance since Mussolini became steward of the national economic well-being. In 1925 Italy ranked second to England in shipbuilding, having risen from a place well down the line. The biggest motor ship yet laid down was launched at a Triest yard last year. Where once the Italian merchant-marine flag flew over steerage loads, it now waves over filled cabin lists. The quota system has not been without its compensations to Italy, as you will see when I deal with the situation in detail.

The other industrial miracle is in artificial silk, now a dominant Italian industry. In 1925 Italy marched to second place as producer of the fiber. We are first. One huge plant near Milan employs 25,000 people. This enterprise is one of Mussolini's pet protégés, as he told me with great pride.

From the start he saw that if Italy would consolidate her comeback, she must increase her wheat production and her exports. Being a fighter, he planned campaigns in terms of aggressive offensives. For the farmers he instigated what he calls the battle of the wheat, and for manufacturers the battle of exports. He called together representative groups in each line and laid down the law in his strenuous fashion, saying, "You must reduce the unfavorable trade balance, and the only way is to galvanize production." Under his direction, the Council for Exports was formed, with Dr. Alberto Pirelli, one of the Italian industrial kings, as chairman.

Everywhere I found a vitalized commercial interest due entirely to the confidence in Mussolini. For years the National City Bank of New York had a branch at Genoa. After the Fascists came into power another was opened at Milan. The director told me that it would not have been launched but for the new political deal in the country. The same collateral is behind the $40,000,000 cash we have put with Italian water-power projects during the past eight months.

For years there was academic discussion over the construction of the Apulian Aqueduct from Benevento to Lecce to supply a considerable section of the southeastern part of Italy, comprising forty communes, with a population of 3,000,000 people. Mussolini saw its vital advantages and put the enterprise through. Counting its connections with the smaller towns, it is more than 300 miles in length, and therefore the longest in the world. The same procedure happened with the Rome-Ostia railroad, which had been talked about for a quarter century and which he completed. It is now an electrically driven line that puts Rome within twenty minutes of the sea. He also inspired the Apennine tunnel between Florence and Bologna, and the direct line from Rome to Naples.

Muzzling the Maffia

In this encouragement of varied endeavor you have a hint of the restless and many-sided will of Mussolini. But it extends in other directions too. He has declared war on the Maffia, perhaps the most sinister secret society anywhere, the terror and scourge of the south. He is fighting the Black Hand with a corresponding hand of iron, with the result that murder and blackmail as pastimes are being eliminated from Sicilian sports. During my week in Rome 269 persons, all allied with the Maffia, were arrested in and around Palermo for complicity in assassination or abduction. Banditry as an occupation has ceased to pay. We may well emulate this Fascist crusade against organized crime. In waging it, Mussolini has heightened his hazard of assassination, because the Maffia is no respecter of persons and never forgets.

Now for the close-up of the man behind this stirring march of events. Just as Lloyd George was the primary objective of the human-interest historian in England during the war, so is Mussolini the outstanding goal of curiosity in Italy today. Everybody who visits the country wants to see him. Many do, because he moves about freely and unafraid, but not so many get the chance to talk with him.

The appointment for me to see him was made for a Saturday morning at half-past eleven o'clock at the Foreign Office. Mussolini is not only Premier but also Minister of Foreign Affairs, Minister of War, Marine and Aeronautics. He draws salary for only one job, however—which, by the way, is the equivalent of $1000 a year, incredible as it may seem. At the present rate of exchange, it is about 25,000 lire. He also has an expense account of 5000 lire. The fact of the matter is that the real ruler of Italy is a poor man. His share of the revenue from his newspaper, Il Popolo d'Italia, is not very large, for the bulk of it goes to his brother, who is now editor, and to the staff.

The moment I got within sight of the Foreign Office I realized the precautions taken to safeguard the great man. Plain-clothes men—you can never mistake them—swarmed about the exterior of the building. The only reason why I was not held up for a once-over at the entrance was that I arrived in an American Embassy car that bore the magic initials, C. D.—Corps Diplomatique—on the license plate. There were more detectives in the big courtyard and along the stairway that I had to mount to reach the main floor.

Even before I saw Mussolini, I got the gesture with which he is associated. It is the famous Fascist salute, a revival of the old Roman greeting of the uplifted hand. Every secret-service man on watch at the Foreign Office indulged in it, and likewise the officials there with whom I came in contact. The same thing happened whenever I called on any other member of the government.

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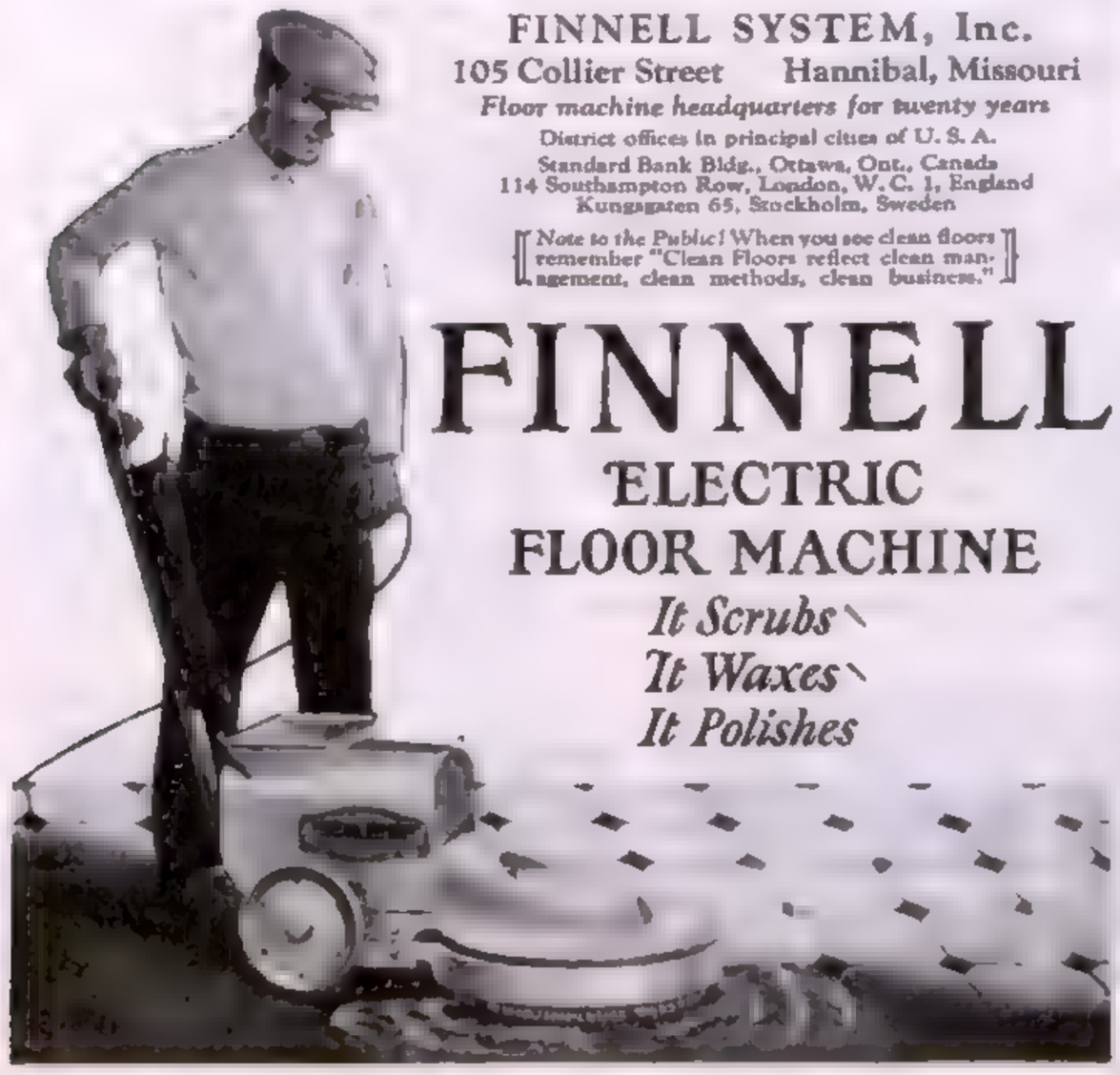

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It Scrubs
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Like all busy men, Mussolini is punctual. I waited for about five minutes in a handsome antechamber rich with hangings and adorned with bronzes and marbles. There is nothing democratic, so far as investiture is concerned, in the approach to this commoner who is now a prince of power.

At 11:35 the Marquis Paolucci, a permanent Foreign Office attaché, who is one of the Premier's confidential associates, came in and said that all was ready. I followed him across a wide hall; he flung open the door and I found myself on the threshold of an immense and stately room that had none of the atmosphere of the formal government establishment. Mussolini calls it the Hall of Victory. The ceiling is high and the walls broken with galleries whose railings are hung with rich Florentine medieval tapestries.

Behind a massive flat-topped desk in the far corner stood Mussolini, cold appraisal in his penetrating eyes. It is his almost invariable custom to remain with arms folded at this vantage point while the visitor makes his way across the entire length of the room. Many have found the journey a terrifying ordeal, because the distance is too long for immediate speech. One feels a merciless diagnosis at every step.

The Man Behind the Mask

It is also Mussolini's habit to make most of his callers stand during an interview. The story is told that on one occasion he received Angelo Musco, a well-known Italian actor, whom he kept on his feet while an animated discussion of the drama went on.

Finally Musco became tired and said, "Your Excellency, after all, this is not a bar and there is no rail upon which to rest my feet. May I sit down?"

Much to my surprise, Mussolini came out from behind the desk to meet me. With a firm clasp of the hand, he said in English, "I am very glad to see you." With this he pointed to a chair in front of the desk, asked me to sit down and then retired to his corner, where he stood during the entire conversation. When he became especially interested, he leaned forward on the desk and gesticulated in a way reminiscent of Kalinin, president of the Soviet Republic.

The dictator wore riding clothes and leggings that showed signs of hard usage. They were in sharp contrast with the magnificence of his setting. He usually rides every morning and often goes straight to his office

I had made careful inquiry beforehand as to what language to use and was told that Mussolini, though capable of making some headway in English, spoke French and German fluently. His English grew out of a characteristic incident. At the first Lausanne Conference he met and admired the beautiful Lady Curzon, who had accompanied her husband, head of the British delegation. She chaffed him on his inability to speak English, whereupon he said, "Madame, in three months I shall write you a letter in English." Exactly three months after that time she received a communication from him in her native language. A curious vanity of achievement is strong in the Fascist leader.

Our conversation developed into a strange medley of English, French and German. Like many people who have acquired a smattering of a language, he likes to show off in it. To give him credit, he understands some English; but I noticed that when he had an important point to make he lapsed into French or German. Apropos of this is the typical remark that he made at the conclusion of the audience. I apologized for the *mélange* of tongues that I had used and his comment was:

"Did I not prove to you that I could speak all of them?" Nothing could have been more Mussolini-like.

The first and, I might add, the last impression of Mussolini is that of ruthless force. His face is a grim mask shot through with something intensely tragic. His eyes are piercing and his mouth vehement Scant of hair, sturdy of build, with thick neck and chest, he looks the fighter that he is. His voice is rich and eloquent. He never fails to dramatize himself in everything he says and does. You are not long with him before you realize that a famous reference to Roosevelt applies also to him: "At a funeral he wants to play the corpse and at a wedding the bride."

Prize salesman and showman that he is, he did none of this posturing with me. You feel the sincerity of his conception of public service. To have become master of Italy at thirty-nine—he is the nearest approach in youthful national leadership to the younger Pitt—and to have wrought the miracle of economic readjustment that is his accomplishment, required tenacity, courage and dogged purpose.

At the outset of our talk he snapped out "No interview." This was contrary to his usual procedure, for he generally discoursed freely for publication. The reason for this temporary injunction was that not long before he had made his sensational speech about the Tyrol which was a defy to Germany. The reaction in Europe was not favorable to him and for the moment he had put a damper on his enunciation, which is so often denunciation. As the conversation proceeded and he became interested in what we discussed, he relented and consented to be quoted on some of the matters that came up.

We had not been together long before he asked me if I had been in Italy before. When I told him that I had been with the Italian armies at the Carso, Gorizia and Monte San Gabriele, his face relaxed for the first time, and he said, "I was a soldier and was wounded."

In many respects Mussolini in conversational action is precisely like Lloyd George, notably because he interviews his interviewer. All men of his type are in ceaseless search of information. When you can bring it to them it eases the way materially. As it happened, I was able to tell him about various men whom I had met and in whom he was interested. He was especially concerned about Hindenburg, Kemal Pasha and Trotzky. In his grimness he strongly resembles the Turkish president. When I said that Trotzky had told me the next great war would be between England and the United States he said, "How absurd!"

The first evidence that he had a sense of humor came when I spoke of my various meetings with Kerensky after the first Russian revolution. He asked me to size him up and I said—we were then speaking in German—that he was an actor. At this Mussolini smiled, clapped his chest, turned to the Marquis Paolucci and said with a smile, "That is what they say of me."

Mussolini Defines Fascism

It was when he turned to Fascism that he really let loose. Among other things he said: "They say I am a tyrant. Have you seen any evidence of it? Fascism is no tyranny. It was not forced on Italy. The people accepted it. The Italians do only what they want to do. Fascism means work, coöperation, patriotism and civic discipline."

On the Italian economic situation he said: "Italy is finding herself and I am optimistic about the future. She is peaceful and she is becoming increasingly prosperous. Our industry is expanding by leaps and bounds. You have only to examine our progress in the manufacture of artificial silk to find out what our potentialities for industrial development are."

I told him that he would get a great welcome in the United States, whereupon he declared, "I would like to go—but will it ever be?" There was something almost tragic in this utterance, a portent perhaps of the early doom that may be his. Later, when I asked him about his health, he became animate and said with vigor, "Do I look like a dying man?"

Externally he did not. His face, bronzed by the sun, was firm; his eyes flashed and his stocky body seemed to radiate strength.

(Continued on Page 141)

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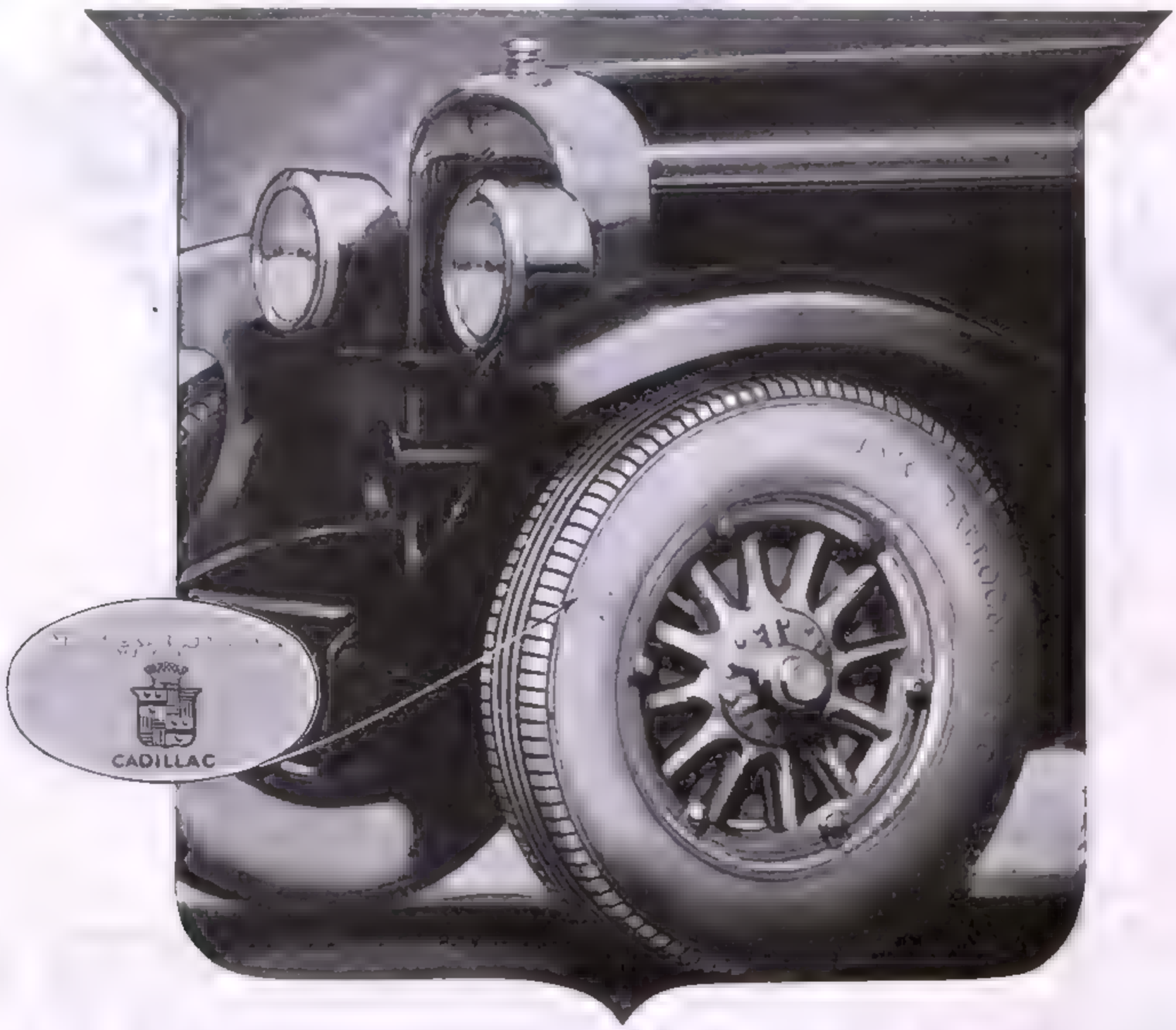

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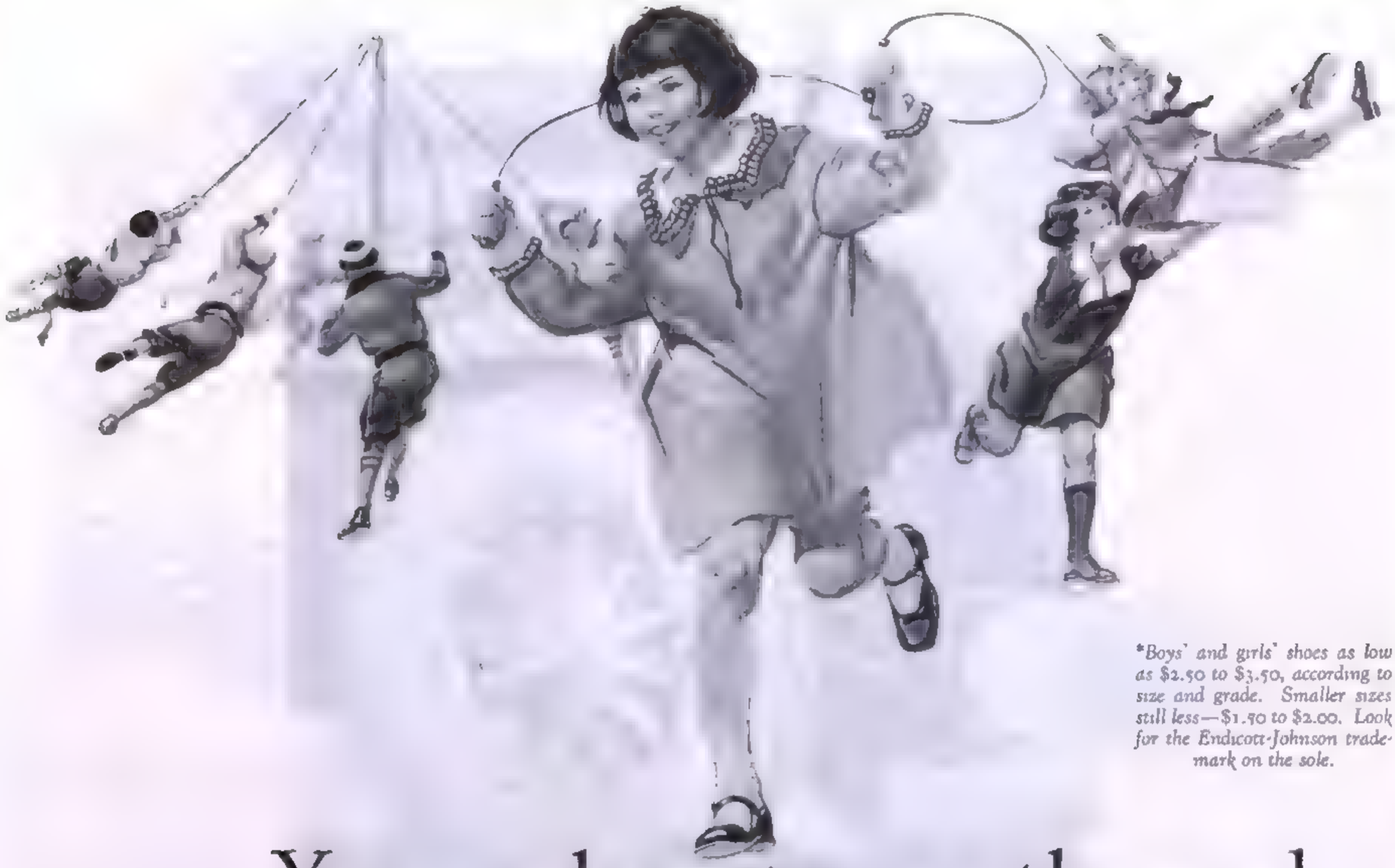

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(Continued from Page 138)

Certainly his daily régime is not that of a man menaced by disease. He is up at six o'clock; rides horseback for an hour, then fences for a while. I mean, of course, with the foils, for evasion and side-stepping are not in the Mussolini category of things. Frequently he finds distraction in long motor rides. He is an expert driver and recognizes no speed laws. He is usually at his office at eight o'clock, and is about the only Premier or Minister of Foreign Affairs on the job so early. In most government offices in Europe this hour is dawn.

Being an inveterate cross-examiner, as I soon discovered, Mussolini asked me many questions about my work. He was immensely interested in the circulation of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. He knew the weekly, of course, but he had no idea of its far-reaching power. This detail touched the journalist and publisher in him.

One detail of the conversation related to a subject that deserves a section all its own. I refer to his measure to harmonize capital and labor and to bring about compulsory arbitration. It had just been adopted by the senate and he was full of the subject.

To comprehend it I must first make a brief explanation of the contributory causes. Before Fascism, Italian trade-unionism was embodied in the Socialist Confederation of Labor, primarily a political agency, as in France. To destroy the radical element as incorporated in the unions Mussolini had to eliminate the chief organ and provide a substitute amenable to his will. So he launched the so-called Syndicati Fasciti, which are nothing more or less than Fascist trade unions, although the members need not necessarily be Fascists. Most of them are affiliated because they know on which side their bread is buttered. These Syndicati are not confined to actual workers, but include the intelligentzia as well.

Strikes and Idleness Outlawed

The Fascisti Syndicati constitute a revival of the medieval guilds, which had far-reaching powers. Through them the artisan and the artist asserted themselves in public affairs. Dante had to join the Apothecaries' Guild in order to establish political affiliation.

Under the pre-Fascist order the socialist unions terrorized the country with strikes. In 1919 strikes took toll of 3,346,827 work days in agricultural labor and 18,387,914 days in industry. The following year the number was 14,170,321 days in agriculture and 16,898,237 in industry. Just how the Mussolini influence operates is shown by the fact that in 1924 only 5150 days were lost on account of strikes on the farms and 518,611 in industrial activity.

Last year the number of strikes was almost negligible.

This could have resulted only from the almost complete wiping out of the old socialist labor unions. Early this year Mussolini consolidated his labor program. There was still friction between employers and employes, so he devised the measure to which I have referred. It is technically known as the Fascist Trade Union Bill.

By its provisions the only labor groups legally able to engage in collective bargaining are the Fascisti Syndicati, who are united in a national federation resembling the American Federation of Labor. By this sweeping stipulation the remnants of the socialist unions were backed off the boards. Incidentally, it gave the Premier a new political weapon of his own, as you will presently see.

But the bill does much more. It sets up a unique machine for compulsory arbitration. If differences arise on wages, output or hours, there must be a conference between the workers of the Syndicati Fascisti and the employers, as represented by the General Fascist Federation of Italian Industries and the Association of Italian Corporations. If no agreement is reached, the issue is put up to a Magistracy of Labor, to be located in every important community. The decision of this magistracy—it is headed by a jurist, who can call in experts—is final and unalterable. There is nothing new in the compulsory-arbitration idea, but it has usually failed to arbitrate. With Mussolini behind the scheme, it will probably not suffer its customary fate.

So much for the technic. Mussolini has gone even further. He makes dislocation of the industrial machine punishable by fine or imprisonment or both. In this way he aims a body blow at an international evil which flourishes because it defies the law. As Mussolini has put it in his forceful fashion: "Strikes must be outlawed. If a man kills another man, he is brought to the bar of justice. His offense is a crime against society. In the same way a strike is a crime against production. It should pay the same penalty."

Still another step for nation-wide efficiency is expressed in the new movement to outlaw idleness. While I was in Rome a bill, sponsored by Mussolini, was framed to punish all nonworkers. This, of course, excludes those physically incapacitated, but it does hit the drones and the shirkers. Everybody, from the lounge lizard to the petted heir of fortune, comes within its scope. It is an absolute departure in the matter of mobilizing the human resources of a country.

A New Italian Nationalism

When I congratulated Mussolini on this program he kindled to the subject. With an enthusiasm that betrayed how dear it is to his heart, he said:

"I can repeat to you what I said in my speech to the senate two days ago when I advocated the passage of the trade-union bill. It is the most courageous, daring, original, and therefore the most revolutionary measure submitted during the forty months of Fascist government. It is the result of those forty months of political experience and two and a half years of the National Fascisti Unions.

"This syndicalism sprang from the conquest and destruction of subversive forces. At first it was essentially rural, the product of a revolt of those who had been abused by landed proprietors. But this syndicalism was not destined to be limited to the country. Next came the National Association of Fascist Railway Workers, which purified that branch of labor; and later the organization of the postal and telegraph workers. Month by month, the syndicates have been extended to the industrial workers, until today they number 2,000,000. It is an imposing force, over which Fascism and the government exercise full control. It is a force that will obey.

"The other day one of these Fascisti unions attempted to proclaim an unreasonable strike and without proper authorization. It was instantly dissolved. Why? Simply because Fascisti syndicalism aims first of all at educating the masses. It must be an educational force. It desires a minority of conscientious workers aware of the necessity of national discipline.

"The war gave all Italians a true notion of nationalism and of nationality. Working classes are not international. The English Labor Party, for example, have not accepted the Italian debt settlement, although they knew it would impose a heavy burden on Italian finance and consequently on the Italian proletariat. Evidently they are English first and internationalists afterwards."

On the subject of capitalism, Mussolini, the one-time socialist, has striking views. Here they are:

"A characteristic of the Fascisti syndicalism is that it recognizes the historical function of capital and capitalism. Here we are frankly antisocialistic. According to the socialist theory, capital is a monster and the capitalist a prison warder and a vampire. In our teaching, this is all false logic.

"Capitalism is not on the decline. Indeed, it is not yet in its dawn. We must accustom ourselves to the thought that the capitalist system, with its virtues and its

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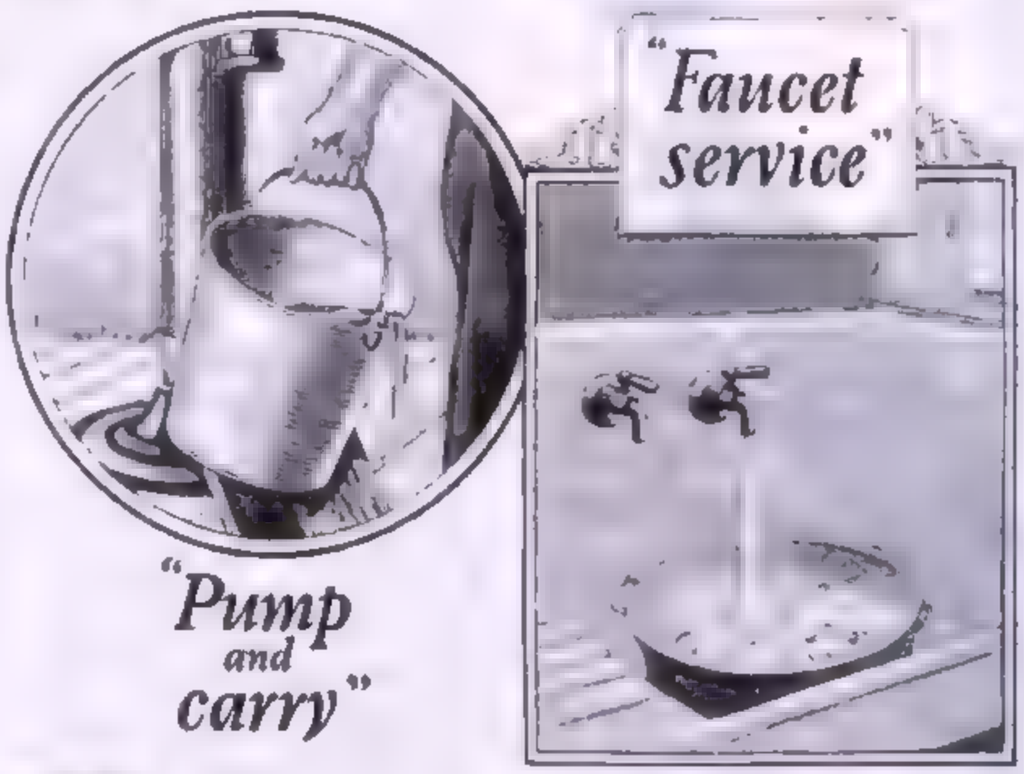

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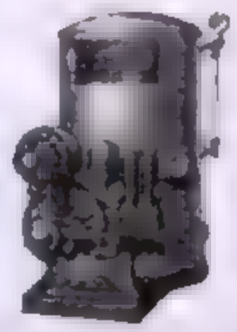

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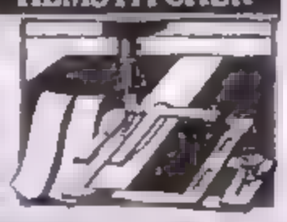

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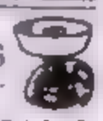

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defects, has still several centuries of life before it. In fact wherever it has been abolished, it has always later been revived.

"Socialists have false conceptions of capitalists as being individuals who take pleasure in despoiling the workers. The modern capitalist is the capitalist of industry, of immense organization—a man who has the highest sense of civic economic responsibility. Upon him depend the destiny, income and well-being of thousands and thousands of workers. He desires only the success of his undertakings and the success of the nation. Capitalism therefore has a function which is thoroughly understood by the Fascisti syndicates.

"Another fundamental point in Fascisti syndicalism is class collaboration as opposed to class war. We see capital and labor not as antagonistic forces but forces that supplement each other. One can do nothing without the other. In this coöperation lies the economic safety of the state and the individual. The successful carrying out of our program means true industrial democracy."

By this time I realized that my time was up. I asked the Premier to inscribe for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST the photograph of him that is reproduced in this article, which he did graciously. He also signed another for me. He writes, as you will observe in the signature, with the same dash that marks his movement and utterance.

As he escorted me from his desk, I stopped before a painting that stood against the wall I could not quite make out just what it signified. Mussolini saw that it confused me and said, "That is a futurist representation of our march on Rome."

I remarked that there was nothing obscure about the event. He smiled as if in happy remembrance of the coup which made him boss of Italy.

With a strong handshake, he bade me farewell halfway down the chamber. When I turned at the door to bow to him, he was already sorting out a pile of papers. The next job was on.

There remains the leading question. After Mussolini—what? It is, let me repeat, of acute concern not only to Italy but to all Europe.

Few contemporary riddles are more difficult of solution. In the past, confusion has usually attended the break-up of dictatorship or the end of one-man power. The case of Mussolini appears slightly different, because he has created a close-riveted political system which seems likely to carry on, whatever the contingency. What now follows, therefore, is more or less speculative.

Il Duce's Political Testament

First, the matter of the succession and the consequences. Sober opinion in Italy is that it depends upon the manner of his passing. If he should be the victim of an assassin, there is likely to be a violent reaction and reprisal. Just what might happen was indicated by the rage that followed the discovery of the plot to shoot him in October. On that occasion, and also after a woman wounded him in April, he urged toleration for the enemy. With his voice forever hushed there would be no restraining influence to check the fury against the anti-Fascists.

On the other hand, if he succumbs naturally there would possibly be time to discount the end. Every malady in the roster of ills is attributed to Mussolini except fear. The truth is that he is suffering from an ulcer of the duodenum. Its conquest, however, requires careful diet and repose. Mussolini is observing the diet, but there is no such word as "relaxation" in his flaming lexicon of life. Perhaps he is content to live the hectic hour and let it go at that.

Obviously, the man has an iron constitution. His physical ailment and the incessant tax that he makes upon his vitality would have killed any ordinary individual long ago. The latest evidence of his hardihood was on the trip to Tripoli in mid-April, when for five consecutive days he was in action from early until late and seemed to have no ill effects.

That Mussolini has no illusions about the future is shown by the fact that he has made a political testament. With a curious premonition of impending danger, he has said to have written it just before he stepped out on the balcony of the Foreign Office to meet what would have been certain death had the carefully laid plan to shoot him from an adjacent hotel room not been foiled.

By the terms of this testament, those in the know assert that he leaves the stewardship of the Fascist Party to a triumvirate.

Mussolini Speaking at Rome at the Seventh Anniversary of the Founding of the Fascisti, March 23, 1926

The most conspicuous figure in it is Luigi Federzoni, now Home Secretary in the cabinet, a one-time journalist who is a sort of talkative Coolidge, as one Roman described him to me. After Mussolini, Federzoni is regarded as the ablest person in the Fascist inner circle. He has even been mentioned as a rival. Therefore he stands out as the best bet for the next premiership. Second in the list is Giuseppe Gentile, a scholar who was Minister of Education and who is something of the Taft type.

The third coheir is Roberto Farinacci Prior to 1919 he was an obscure station master at Bologna. In a few years he rose to be secretary-general of the Fascisti. He is said to be the author of many of the measures that have silenced the anti-Fascisti at home.

These men, who may be strong enough to hold the reins on the wild horses once the crisis arises, represent the three wings of the Fascist organization. The element of danger lurks in the extremist wing headed by Farinacci. Recent events show that Mussolini is trying to weed out the terrorists. The Matteotti case embodied a warning that has gone home. This may account for the retirement in March of Farinacci as secretary-general of the party. He was succeeded by Augusto Turati, a labor organizer, who, though an extremist, is not so rabid as his predecessor.

The selection of this trio indicates that Mussolini seeks to harmonize all the elements for the succession. Can Fascism continue its grip on the country once the founder and inspiration is gone? A year ago this was a highly debatable matter. Today the party appears to have consolidated itself and strengthened its tenure. Not only has the Premier built up a new political force in the Syndicati Fascisti, thus recruiting all the labor elements, but behind him are the Fascisti Militia, a real fighting force of Black Shirts strategically distributed through the central and northern sections of the country. The Italian Army has kept out of Fascist politics

The real menace of the future exists in the inevitable development that such a crisis as Mussolini's passing would precipitate, which is party dissension. The dictator has ruthlessly ridden down insubordination. With his firm grasp relaxed, anything might happen. For the moment the conservative elements in Fascism are in the ascendancy. Moreover Mussolini has hammered home the necessity for a united front. All opposition outside the party is a joke and asserts itself only under cover. A rigid censorship prohibits comment and public opinion therefore is 100 per cent pro-government. If this lasts long enough to become a habit, no dislocation would follow a change in leadership.

The Age His Own

In this connection it may be well to explain a point about Fascism which is little understood by Americans. During the past two years Fascisti movements have sprung up in Germany, England, France, Belgium and Hungary. Practically all have failed. Why? Simply because Fascism is essentially and temperamentally Italian. It is a gesture with a punch, and Italians love the dramatic. As Mussolini himself once said, "Fascism cannot be exported." Elsewhere Fascist groups have done excellent work as vigilantes in times of red emergency, but as a permanent political force they have not made good. In the light of this disclosure, it is safe to assume that Fascism is likely to continue in Italy in some form.

Another guaranty of the future of Fascism reposes in the economic benefits that the Mussolinization of the country has achieved. Regardless of the temporary political reaction that may follow the passing of the man who is now the state, an increasingly prosperous people will hesitate to take a chance on unrest or worse. Fascism, so far, has been good business.

One hazard to both Mussolini and Italy lies outside the ken of disease or bullet With this we reach an immediate peril to all Europe. It is an excess of nationalism that threatens to boil over. I do not refer to the nationalism that has given the country an economic rebirth, but to another phase which verges perilously on imperialism. It moves to the rattle of the sword

Mussolini, restless with the itch of expansion, has proclaimed a greater Italy He looks longingly at sections of French Africa, yearns for some of the one-time Teutonic colonies, and sees an Italo-Balkan coalition against the new Pan-Germanism The old European balance of power will be revived if his vision is realized. It portends turmoil. Even the discussion of it is disconcerting.

Italy is land hungry because she needs an outlet for her surplus population. Will she get it through conference or conquest? Thus the after-Mussolini enigma, which is of the future, is matched by another vital Mussolini issue, which is of the present.

All this means that the *duce* can be peacemaker or peace breaker. He has sold Italy on the proposition of work and discipline, an achievement upon which he may well rest. But the Napoleons are never content. His dream of an empire abroad may react on his performance at home. Whatever his fate, he has made the age his own.

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FRANKLIN

MR. TUTT LAYS A GHOST

(Continued from Page 15)

the reason why the jury—composed exclusively of Sacred Camels—had acquitted Skinny. Neither was it because Squire Hezekiah Mason had not been himself a dromedary. Nay, it was, of course, only because Skinny the Tramp was a wholly innocent young man. But out of Mr. Tutt's sojourn in Pottsville and association with his Abyssinian brothers had grown up a mutual feeling of regard that made him nowhere more at home than when sitting on a cracker barrel in Colson's grocery, swapping yarns in Meachem's Notion Store or attending the monthly fodder given by his fellow Camels in P. of H. Hall No. 709, which faces the octagonal stone horse trough in the square down by the wooden deppo, the other side of which is occupied by the brick block built just before Artemus Ward lectured there in '59.

Unless perchance it was when he was casting a Brown Hackle among the lily pads of Turtle Pond—the very pond upon whose shores Mrs. Jessel had played when as a child she had lived on the ridge above Turkey Hollow.

"Funny I never noticed her father's place. Come to think of it, I didn't know there were any houses near Turkey Hollow -except the hermit's shanty. If only she'd let me keep her going until her stepmother dies, everything would be all right," he growled. "In that case she could live in comfort in the country instead of going to Ward's Island."

Cy Pennypacker's telegram—"Ice is out and the trout is rising"—not only drove Mrs. Jessel completely from his mind but also threw the otherwise orderly law offices of Tutt & Tutt into a turmoil. This was a yearly occurrence to which the entire force—from Tutt and Miss Wiggin, the chief clerk, down to Scragga, the copyist, and Willie Toothaker, the sublimated office boy—looked forward with resigned horror. Once Mr. Tutt had received his annual call to the wild, nothing could hold him in New York.

The most important of cases, the most assiduous of opponents, the sternest of judges, could not prevent him breaking every legal engagement.

His "I am an old man, bowed down with years and heavy with responsibilities. Surely my learned brother will not insist upon my going to trial when the state of my health demands a few days' rest!" would have melted the heart of a Jeffreys; particularly when, having secured the desired adjournment, he would step to the bench and with an imperceptible wink hand Cy Pennypacker's telegram to the judge. Experienced members of the bar refused to set down cases with Tutt & Tutt for trial in June, and from the middle of May the firm's legal staff lived in a state of apprehension bordering upon hysteria until the moment finally arrived for them in committee of the whole to accompany the senior partner to the train, bearing his rod case, his fish basket, his tackle box, his green carpetbag with the stag's head worked on it in yellow worsted, and his pair of enormous rubber boots.

Having bundled his belongings into the sleeper, they would gather about the end platform of the rear car and, with relief, watch their old friend's smile dissolve into a wreath of stogy smoke behind the departing train.

The Camels were coming!

A similar committee—usually composed of Cy Pennypacker, old man Meachem, Si Higbey and Sheriff Moses Higgins—always received him at the deppo upon his arrival at Pottsville in the morning, conducting him triumphantly to the Phœnix Hotel, where his rooms were reserved by Ma Best from year to year, and where a hot breakfast of fried eggs, oatmeal and griddlecakes with maple sirup inevitably was in waiting. For the annual visit of Ephraim Tutt to Pottsville had become—like that of Barnum's circus and the Zingara Gypsies—one of universal rejoicing, particularly upon the part of the Sacred Camels of King Menelek.

IV

THE sun was just sinking over the ridge behind Turkey Hollow, and the shadows were creeping out toward the center of Turtle Pond, when Ephraim Tutt waded ashore from where he had been standing among the lily pads, dismantled his rod, lit a stogy and called it a day. The whistle at Sampson's Mill at the other end of the pond had already blown six o'clock and it was a three-mile walk—mostly through the woods—back to Pottsville. He knew that he should be getting along, yet he could not resist lingering there in the growing dusk, watching the pond turn to brighter and still brighter blue as the sky flushed a deeper and deeper red. He had come to love this part of the Mohawk Valley as he loved no other locality, and in particular this strangely rustic little town, which in spite of motor, telephone and radio somehow managed to preserve its unsophisticated rural quality. Now that he had stopped casting, it seemed cold to the old man, and with a final peep into the creel which hung heavy on his hip he started around the pond.

"Green Vamp! Bah!" he chuckled. "I wonder what McKinnon would say if he could see my basket!" Just ahead of him lay the clearing on the edge of which—in sight of the pond—stood the shanty where the hermit had been murdered, now deserted save by squirrels and porcupines. Did his ghost—which many of the villagers believed to have materialized in the form of a huge gray moth—still flutter against the windows? There had been more than a touch of the gruesome about the case. Impelled by something other than curiosity, Mr. Tutt walked to the half-open door, which had not been closed since the hermit's body had been removed for burial. The large black stain where it had lain on the floor was clearly visible in the half light. The air inside was unpleasant, foul with the smell of animals. As Mr. Tutt withdrew his head something with wings brushed his face. Ugh! In the act of striking at it, he stayed his hand. The hermit had been a good hermit.

Already the shadow had crossed the pond and was racing up the slope behind the shanty. It would be getting dark soon in the woods and Mr. Tutt did not particularly fancy the idea of such a lonely walk. His glance into the shanty and the recollections it had aroused had got a bit on his nerves. Beyond the clearing he could see a wood road leading up the hillside. There must be a highway somewhere with which it connected—probably the one from Patterson Corners. He had always used the short cut, but the thought of the highroad at that moment had a distinct appeal for him.

Shifting his creel to a more comfortable spot on his thigh, Mr. Tutt strode across the potato patch and followed the road up the hill. It had obviously not been used for many years, for the grass was high and in some places his passage was barred by fallen trunks. Encumbered by his boots and tackle, his progress was slow, but in spite of obstacles he soon found himself in a flood of golden sunlight again, below which, as in the depths of a well, he could see the indigo mirror of the pond. A hundred yards farther and the road ended abruptly in a woodlot overgrown with raspberry bushes. Forcing his way through them, Mr Tutt came unexpectedly upon an ancient stone wall. Ahead, the woods seemed thinner, as if they had once been forested. Next instant he had straddled the barrier and stood free and clear. His vision, no longer impeded by underbrush, raced down long tunnels of beech trees whose yellow boles shone like halberds of an advancing host. Gold everywhere! His eyes, dazzled by the misty welter, groped against the blue background and caught on a crenelated turret that canted crazily above the tree tops. A house! Good! Where there was a house there must be a road.

Then the golden lances slanted into the sky and he found himself in twilight again. The sun—lingering just long enough to light him to the crest of the ridge—had sunk. For a moment it seemed almost dark, then his eyes adjusted themselves and he moved forward through the beeches that everywhere stretched away like the long alleys of a maze. Silence had fallen with the dusk; not even a bird's peep answered the rustle of the leaves at his feet. He could no longer see the turret—was not even sure of its exact direction, was hardly positive now that he had actually seen one. The sudden descent of the darkness that had swooped down like the cupped hand of a malevolent giant, the uncertainty of where he was, and—must it be confessed?—the insect wings that had flecked his cheek in the dead man's shanty, contributed to make him rather uneasy. He was not afraid of anything, but he was—had he been willing to acknowledge it—on the verge of being so, particularly as he had an undefined but none the less uncanny sensation that a pair of human eyes were watching him from among the trees. The gathering darkness had turned the beech boles into the pillars of a crypt where, beneath the overarching foliage as beneath the impending vaults of a cathedral, one might expect to come upon some recumbent white effigy.

A gleam of white flickering amid the trunks ahead of him made his old heart bound and stop. There it was again! The sudden snap of a twig not far away turned his skin to goose flesh.

"Hello!" he called in a voice without resonance and which held no conviction even for himself. "Can you tell me the way to the road?"

There was no response. The wind had died completely and there was nothing to cool the sweat that had gathered on his body. The white object, whatever it was, had come to anchor and appeared to have settled down upon the ground. Had his faded eyesight played a trick upon him? Mr. Tutt, gripping his rubber boots in one hand and his rod in the other, proceeded cautiously in the direction of the ghost. Six steps more and he shouted with nervous laughter. A tombstone! A white headstone standing a little askew in the middle of a glade. Bending over it, he read:

SUSAN MONKS
d. June 3, 1905

Curious place to be buried, he thought, in the middle of a wood. Still, they did those things; but usually a private burying ground held more than a single grave. She had lain there twenty years by herself! Was she wife of the owner, or his daughter? There was nothing to indicate her age. Who was the owner?

Mr. Tutt ignited a stogy and looked about him. The woods were undeniably thinner and there was something resembling a path leading out of the other side of the glade. The house was probably close by. Swinging his boots over his shoulder, the old lawyer started on through the open wood that crowned the rise and unexpectedly emerged upon the house, the turret of which had been visible from below. It was one of the architectural abortions of the Franklin Pierce era—a sway-backed two-story affair with tipsy pillars and sagging piazzas adorned with fretwork, the whole topped with a grotesque and monstrous tower painted in broad stripes of red and yellow that gave it the effect of a huge militant snail. Weeds grew high on the ancient driveway that curved to the rickety portico, cracks in the windows on the second floor had been stuffed with rags and paper, and the front doorsteps were entirely missing. An abandoned desolation, one would have said, had it not been for the faint odor of cooking that mingled with the atmosphere of mustiness. Somebody had recently been frying bacon around there!

Mr. Tutt climbed gingerly upon the piazza, and searching the outer surface of the door, found a dilapidated knob. The rusty clang that followed his pull vibrated through the house, but brought no echo.

"Bootleggers, maybe. All the same, I'd like to get an idea of where I am," thought the old lawyer. "Hey!" he shouted. "Mr. Monks! Anybody home?"

But Mr. Monks did not answer. Nothing stirred. Then his eye caught in faded lettering over the fanlight the word BEECHWOOD.

"I wonder who lives in this Ritz-Carlton!" exclaimed the lawyer as he struck a match and held it to one of the windows, discovering thereby that the glass had been freshly cleaned and that what appeared to be the sitting room inside was comfortably furnished and had the air of being lived in. The next flare disclosed an ebony piano in the corner beside the window, a Franklin stove, a case of wax flowers on the mantel, two tall vases containing cat-o'-nine-tails, an easy-chair with a small table beside it on which stood a workbasket, and upon the wall over the fireplace a group of family photographs in heavy round gold frames. The Monks family!

"Well, this won't get us anywhere!" declared Mr. Tutt as the match writhed to extinction in his fingers.

He was on the point of descending to the drive when he became conscious—he could not have told exactly how -that there was somebody in the house and that he was under that somebody's observation. Again the hypothesis of bootlegging occurred to him; it was a likely place for that sort of enterprise, and bootleggers could on occasion be very unpleasant. Hastily picking up his paraphernalia, Mr. Tutt hopped off the piazza and started along the drive. As he did so he unmistakably heard footsteps within the house, and the sound of a door being cautiously closed. Mr. Monks, or whoever he was, evidently intended to follow him. Well ——

"I'm Captain Jinks of the horse marines;
I feed my horse on pork and beans!"

caroled Mr. Tutt, accelerating his steps. But it was now so dark that speed was out of the question and he dropped back into low gear. He could hear some other person or animal creeping through the trees, paralleling his course and keeping at an even distance, moving when he moved, pausing when he paused. He hated being stalked like that! What was the fellow going to do? And then Mr. Tutt, remembering the small bottle of paraffin in his tin tackle case, conceived a desperate idea. Emptying the contents over his match box, he set it alight and threw the whole thing blazing in the direction of his mysterious pursuer. Instantly the woods were illuminated like a forest scene from Robin Hood.

But his star shell disclosed no enemy about to spring. The leafy tunnels were all empty and he was about to proceed on his way when, half hidden in the shadow of a tree trunk hardly fifty feet away, he saw the motionless figure of a woman, dressed in gray, which, even as he looked, seemed to fade away into the darkness.

"On pork and beans!" yelled Mr. Tutt, and with his creel banging against his legs and his rubber boots flying, he dashed down the road as fast as his old legs would carry him.

V

IT WAS not mere weakness of the flesh that induced such haste on the part of Mr. Tutt; he had an imperative reason for reaching Pottsville at an early hour. Fatty Bellows, the deputy sheriff, was going to be raised to the Purple Mountain and Mr. Tutt as Past Grand Patriarch thereof was

(Continued on Page 149)

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(Continued from Page 144

due to elevate him. Until long after midnight the windows of the P. of H. Hall glowed with a subdued and mysterious light, while less subdued but equally mysterious noises, including muffled bleatings and squawkings, hinted at the rites being performed within. It was 1:35 A.M., to be exact, when Mr. Tutt, having at last solemnly declared Fatty to be a true Abyssinian brother, loosed the gilt collar of his regalia, laid aside his mace, sword, chapeau and gavel, and joined the rest of the herd of Sacred Camels—including Grand Supreme Exalted Patriarch and Ruler Si Higbey, Grand Supreme and Exalted Scribe Cy Pennypacker, Grand Exalted and Supreme Keeper of Wampum Meachem, Sheriff Moses Higgins, and Toggery Bill Gookin—who were consuming birch beer and Frankfurters at the other end of the hall.

"If this were not tomorrow I should call it the end of a perfect day," quoth he, handing round his case of stogies and elevating his long legs to a neighboring chair. "I have demonstrated the superiority of the Brown Hackle, I have performed my full duty to King Menelek and—I have seen a ghost."

"You must ha' been fishin' up to Turtle Pond," shrewdly deduced Scribe Pennypacker. "Folks do say the hermit still haunts the place. I'll never fergit how he looked the night that I photographed his body."

"Far be it from me to deny that he does!" answered the Past Patriarch. "But the ghost I saw was a female ghost."

Toggery Bill Gookin laid down his Frankfurter. Since the time when Zaida, the beautiful Zingara gypsy, had put him in touch with his Great-uncle Zeb Tooker he had been generally accredited the leading mystic of Pottsville and was inclined to assume psychic powers.

"How was she dressed?" he demanded authoritatively.

"In misty gray," answered Mr. Tutt. "That is how she appeared to me."

"Tall or short?"

"Medium, I should say."

"Kind of fleshy?"

"I really couldn't tell you," admitted the old lawyer. "To be frank, I didn't remain long enough in her vicinity to find out."

"I know her!" declared Toggery Bill. "It's the ghost of Susan Monks. I've often seen her floatin' along the woods on the edge of the pond at nightfall. She's harmless. But she ought to be laid. Every ghost ought to be laid. Only there ain't been no good ghost layer round here since Aunt Sarah Pritchett died. She could lay 'em to beat hell!"

"No doubt the literal truth," agreed Mr. Tutt. "But may I ask, Brother Gookin, how you know the lady's name?"

"Oh, she's buried up on the hill at Beechwood, the old Dix place. My boy Hank found the grave and took me up there one day. It's writ on the stone."

"I've seen it," boasted another Camel.

"So've I," asserted Cy Pennypacker. "I'd sooner see her than the gray moth they say is Wilbur Drake."

"Does anybody live there now?" inquired Mr. Tutt generally.

"Nobody but old Mrs. Dix and the Eyetalian that works for her," replied Pennypacker. "I guess nobody ain't seen her for nigh on to twenty years either. She won't let nobody in since her friend, that Monks woman that used to live with her, died. If anybody comes on the place she shoos 'em off—sends the Eyetalian after 'em with a gun."

"Why?"

"Dunno. She's queer."

"How long has she lived there?"

Scribe Pennypacker, who had thus for a time taken the honors from Toggery Bill, glanced round at his fellow Camels.

"Pretty darn long, I reckon. I'm fifty-seven, an' I can remember her an' her husband drivin' into town behind that old white mare when I was a boy. She seemed pretty aged to me then."

"Old man Dix died in 1885," said the sheriff. "She's lived there ever since, but she don't come down off the hill none since then." He took a sip of birch beer meditatively. "Come to reckon it up—that's forty years, ain't it? She must be pretty well along."

"Amos Dix and my granddad were the same age," announced Wampum Keeper Meachem. "They was boys together. And my granddad was born in 1807. He voted for Andrew Jackson—twice."

"Same year?" insinuated Toggery Bill.

Meachem glared at him without replying.

"An' he fit in the Mexican War."

"Old Dix was an old son of a gun," contributed the sheriff ambiguously. "This here woman's his second wife. He never had any children by her."

"He never had any children by nobody as I ever hear of," declared Pennypacker.

Job Hascom, president of the Pottsville National Bank, interrupted him.

"Yes, he did, by his first wife—a daughter. She married a man named Ezra Jessel and went to New York a long time ago—fifty years or more, I guess."

"How do you happen to know about it, Job?" asked Mr. Tutt. "You don't look so old as that."

"It is pretty ancient history," admitted the rural financier. "I only know about the family because my bank has acted as trustee for the widow ever since Amos Dix died. Personally, I never saw him—nor her. I don't think many people have."

"She used to come to town years ago once in a while," said the sheriff. "But she ain't been in now for—well, gosh, it must be twenty years, as Cy says."

Mr. Tutt was entirely obscured by a blue haze. His voice, like that of Amfortas from the tomb, now boomed forth.

"How does she get her supplies?"

"The Eyetalian buys 'em for her and fetches 'em home in his flivver, along with her mail," explained Toggery Bill. "He has a shack down by her gate. You never can get anything out of him. 'Me no understan',' he says. Still," continued Bill, "she always pays the first of the month. I've no kick comin'."

"By check?" came from the pillar of smoke that was Mr. Tutt.

"Yep. On Job's bank."

"Is she a native of Pottsville?"

This conundrum, though simple, stumped for a moment the entire herd of Camels.

Then Hascom said, "No, I remember now that she came from Felchville. We did some business for her there once years ago—I forget just what."

A pale streak showed above the hills when the Sacred Camels of King Menelek scattered to their beds. But Mr. Tutt felt no desire for sleep. He was experiencing one of those spiritual obsessions—vulgarly known as having a hunch—that came quite unaccountably out of nowhere; when his subconscious mind, boiling like a geyser, took possession of his faculties and whisked him among the stars, annihilating space and time, the laws of mathematics and of logic, and endowing him with an uncanny intuitional clairvoyance. So up and down the piazza of the Phœnix Hotel he paced, with his hands behind his back, smoking stogy after stogy, while the good burghers of Pottsville snored in their tightly shuttered bedrooms, until the cocks began to crow and the grinning sun stuck its nose over the ridge behind Turkey Hollow and Ma Best came down to the kitchen and began rattling the stove.

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself, sitting up all night—an old man like you!" she berated him.

"Old! What do you call old?" he demanded.

"I guess you must be seventy!" she declared.

"And if I am?" he retorted jauntily. "That's only the zenith of life. I had a great-uncle who used to go horseback riding at one hundred and six and only gave it up because, as he said, it was unseemly in one of his age."

"Well, so far's I am concerned," asserted Ma, "I hope to quit washing dishes long before that and be lying in my peaceful grave."

Mr. Tutt carefully decapitated a stogy, made a spill and lit it at the stove.

"Ever know Susan Monks?" he asked casually.

"You mean the woman that used to live with Amos Dix's widow? Sure I knew her."

"Are you aware that her ghost haunts the wood up there?"

Ma faced the old lawyer, her hands on her hips.

"Ghost? Rubbish! Susan Monks was a nice old thing that never harmed anybody in her life. I felt real sorry when she died and left poor old Mrs. Dix all alone."

"How old was she?"

Ma meditated, hesitating between the stove and the sink.

"Oh, not so old. She told me once she'd been a seamstress and got to know the Dixes that way. Mrs. Dix liked her and, when her husband died, asked her to come and live with her as a sort of companion."

"Ever see Mrs. Dix?"

"Not in years."

"Want to go up and call there with me some day?"

"She wouldn't see me."

"How do you know she wouldn't?"

"She won't see anybody. She's crazy in the head. I guess she was kind of cuckoo to start with, and having her old friend die on her that way sent her off entirely."

Mr. Tutt fixed her through the smoke of his stogy. "Do you believe in ghosts?" he asked.

"Don't be an old fool!" sniffed Ma. "I don't believe in spooks an' neither do you!"

"I never used to," he admitted. "Do you remember when Susan Monks died?"

"I don't know as I do."

"Was there a funeral?"

"I don't recall any."

"Do you recollect hearing that she was dead?"

Ma Best shook her head. "What do you think I am?" she inquired. "Maybe you can tease some of your witnesses into telling you they remember things that happened twenty years ago, but if they do they're a liar! If you saw any ghost up there it wasn't Susan Monks. Ghosts? Fiddle-de-dee!"

"Well, I believe in 'em!" declared the old lawyer, leaning back his head and dreamily expelling a cloud of smoke.

"In what?"

"In ghosts. Nothing ever dies, my dear Mrs. Best. Everything that is called into being continues to persist—every evil word and deed, every kind thought and act, every great idea, every mother's blessing, every witch's curse, continues to exercise its influence and frequently to grow in power; likewise every personality or creature, real or imaginary, walks the earth, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, sometimes making night hideous, sometimes filling it with beauty, twitching our coat sleeves, directing our destinies. I see and feel them all the time—Mr. Pickwick and Shelley's Skylark, the Mad Hatter and Old Probability, Captain Kidd and Balaam's ass, Cleopatra and Susan Monks ——"

"You're more'n half cuckoo yourself!" asserted Ma. "Where are you going to fish today?"

"Patterson Corners."

"There's no fishin' near Patterson Corners. What do you expect to catch there?"

"A ghost—maybe," murmured Mr. Tutt.

He was, however, dressed in his ordinary civilian costume, wearing his old tall hat and minus his fisherman's boots, when Job Hascom discovered him sitting on the steps of the Pottsville National Bank at nine o'clock. The local Rothschild was feeling distinctly seedy after the fodder of the preceding evening, while the old lawyer seemed as lively as a cricket.

"Must be a pretty tough old nut," decided the banker, "if he can stand all that racket without showing it."

(Continued on Page 151)

UNDERWEAR buttons are bothersome enough when you've got them to button; but they are even more annoying when missing. The buttons that rip off most frequently are the very ones you need the most—the ones that get the greatest pull and strain in holding the garment together. Lose one and the whole suit becomes practically unwearable until repaired. It's common sense logic of this sort that first produced the

HATCHWAY
No-Button Union Suit

and now recommends it to the attention of men everywhere—and to those who sew their buttons on. It's made to fit and stay put without a single button anywhere in its entire construction. It cannot pull, bind or chafe. It cannot cause you a single minute's annoyance in getting in or out of it or a penny's worth in repairs. It's the even-tempered, perfect-fitting, ever-ready kind of underwear you've been looking for.

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Write us for samples and swatches if you are interested in stocking Hatchway Union Suits or ask to have our representative call. In certain localities exclusive agencies are open to the right kind of merchant.

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for
"best thoughts"
in sweets consult
the Sampler!

Just as old-time samplers were selections of the best stitches in fine needlework

Just so is the modern Sampler a selection from ten boxes of candy which proved most popular in the eighty-four years experience of Whitman's in candy making.

The people who buy fine candies really selected the contents of the Sampler.

Which may explain why it is America's best known and most liked candy assortment.

The Sampler, Pleasure Island, Salmagundi, Fussy Chocolates and other Whitman packages are sold at the Whitman agency in your neighborhood—usually the leading drug store

(Continued from Page 149)

"I believe you said last night that this bank was trustee for Mrs. Dix," remarked Mr. Tutt as he followed the president into his private office, which overlooked the horse trough.

"Sure! We have been for forty years—ever since 1885."

"Have a stogy? . . . Do you mind letting me see the will?"

Mr. Hascom took the stogy, smelled it and placed it on the top of his desk. Then he retired to the vault and came back with a tin box stenciled "Est. Amos Dix, dec'd."

"You'll find a certified copy of the will in there," he said.

Mr. Tutt ran through it with his long bony fingers.

"'All the rest, residue and remainder of my estate'—um—um—'I give, devise and bequeath to my trustees in trust nevertheless for the use of my wife Abigail during the term of her natural life'—um—um 'and at her death I give, devise and bequeath the principal of said trust fund to my daughter Hepzibah, if she be then living, absolutely and in fee simple.' That's all right," he said.

"How d'you mean—it's all right?" inquired the banker grouchily.

"I represent the remainder man—I mean woman—Hepzibah."

"Mrs. Jessel?"

"Yes. She's a widow now and lives in New York. She doesn't like it though. She'd rather live here."

"Heaven help her!" Mr. Hascom rolled his eyes toward the ceiling.

"Heaven will have to get a move on if it expects to be of any real benefit to her—she's seventy-eight. Mind if I mess through these papers?"

"Mess all you want."

Mr. Tutt was a good messer. In less than ten minutes the contents of the tin box, covering a period of nearly half a century, were scattered all over the table. Hascom had busied himself at his desk.

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mr. Tutt suddenly.

"What are you goshing about?" demanded his friend, glancing over his shoulder.

"Come over here!"

The lawyer had arranged a number of papers of approximately the same size in a long row, beginning with the date 1885 and ending with 1925. There were two for each year.

"Take a look at that signature, Job."

Job put on his glasses. "Well, I see it," he said.

"Notice anything funny about it?"

The banker ran his eye along the line of receipts. "Nothing special. Handwriting always changes with age."

Mr. Tutt placed the last receipt alongside the first. "Do you see any resemblance between those two signatures?"

"Not much. Still, take them all together and they just show a gradual and perfectly natural alteration. . . . Say, what are you driving at?"

"Would you know the same person had written that first signature and the last?"

"Maybe not - without the rest and if I didn't know she had."

"Did it ever occur to you that she hadn't?"

Mr. Hascom turned pale. "That she hadn't!" He swallowed. "What do you mean? Stop kidding!"

"I'm not kidding," retorted Mr. Tutt sternly. "You've been paying out a couple of thousand dollars every year to an old woman you've never seen. You ought to be doing the thinking, not me! Have you done it in cash or by check?"

"We always mail Mrs. Dix a check and she signs one of those receipts and returns it with the check for deposit."

Mr. Tutt tossed the papers back into the box. "Somebody does, you mean!"

Mr. Hascom dabbed his forehead with his handkerchief. "Whew!" he ejaculated. "You've certainly given me a turn! Those receipts represent eighty thousand dollars—more than our entire surplus! But, of course, what you have in mind is preposterous. You city chaps are too suspicious." He poured himself out a glass of water and then bit off the end of the formerly abandoned stogy. "Gosh!" he muttered between his teeth.

"Who's goshin' now?" asked Mr. Tutt. "How would you like to go hunting with me today, Job?"

"Hunting? What could we hunt?"

"The ghost of Susan Monks," answered old man Tutt.

The banker closed the door of the vault and twirled the combination.

"If there's any ghost laying to be done, Eph, you can do it yourself."

Mr. Tutt rolled up to the Phœnix House in the sheriff's flivver just in time for supper and without having caught a single darned ghost. There was, however, a certain whimsically satisfied look about his mouth as he pulled up his chair and stuffed the ragged napkin into his waistcoat. The truth was that his most diligent inquiry among the inhabitants of Pottsville had failed to reveal any record of the last illness or death of Susan Monks, or, in fact, anybody who had ever conversed with either her or Abigail Dix, her employer.

Old Doc Smith had died in 1903 and his son, young Doc Smith, now a promising youth of fifty-five, had taken over his practice in that year; but whereas it appeared from the books that old Doc had once or twice attended Mrs. Dix professionally, young Doc had never been summoned to Beechwood and knew neither of the ladies. Patterson Corners yielded better results in the person of Doc Bangs, who had practiced there for half a century and remembered all about the death of Miss Monks. He had, he vividly recalled, been sent for in the middle of the night and had arrived too late to be of any assistance. Miss Monks was an elderly woman, he said, who had been in an enfeebled condition for a long time and had died of heart trouble induced by old age and accelerated by an attack of pneumonia. Her death certificate was on file at the town hall and Mr. Tutt had unearthed the son of the undertaker who had prepared her body for burial. There was no other living person to be found in Patterson Corners who had ever seen either Abigail Dix or Susan Monks.

But while Somerset County had aided Mr. Tutt but little as a ghost layer, Felchville, the birthplace of Abigail Dix, had done somewhat better. He had even discovered there one of her surviving relatives—Deacon Bradley, with whom the old lawyer had passed a pleasant hour and from whom he secured the loan of a heavy volume wrapped in brown paper, which he carefully placed upon the table beside him.

"Did you catch your ghost?" asked Ma Best as she passed him the corned beef.

"I've managed to throw a little salt on her tail, I think," he grinned. "But it takes time, you know. And one has to be very polite, particularly to old lady ghosts. I'm sending mine a letter. See what you think of it:

"*My dear Mrs. Dix:* Happening to be in this vicinity for a few days, and learning by chance that you are the stepmother of my client, Mrs. Jessel, I am taking the liberty of asking if I may call both to pay my respects and also to report to her upon the condition of the property in which, as you

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Go to the nearest Evr Kool dealer. See the wonderful hat and get your entry blank, which explains the simple rules and tells what slogans are wanted. Also you will receive free Evr Kool booklet telling about the hat. Entries close May 1st, 1926. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

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know, she has the ultimate interest. I shall be glad to come at any time and trust that you will be able to arrange to see me.

"Very sincerely yours,

"EPHRAIM TUTT."

"To Mrs. Amos Dix,
Beechwood,
Pottsville Center, N. Y."

VI

IT WAS ten o'clock two days later—at the very hour, as it happened, that Mrs. Jessel, in answer to Mr. Tutt's telegram, left New York for Pottsville—that Sheriff Moses Higgins, accompanied by Mr. Tutt, drove his flivver into the neglected driveway leading off the highroad beyond Turkey Hollow.

The lane, narrow with alders and overgrown with grass, showed no sign of usage; but the woods, dappled with sunlight and resounding to the song of birds, seemed full of life. Great drifts of dogwood shone like patches of snow in the open glades, invisible crows called to one another somewhere behind the hilltop, and a brook, swollen and foam-flecked, tinkled and gurgled among moss-covered stones beside them.

"I kin remember when this was the prettiest place in the township," said the sheriff, "but I reckon it's good enough as it is for an old woman."

"I know several who'd be glad of the chance to live here," replied Mr. Tutt.

The sheriff shook his head dubiously. "Not with Susan Monks' ghost hangin' around! I reckon you couldn't find nobody from these parts willin' to spend a night in the place!"

"Well, I'm going to lay her!" asserted the lawyer. "Give me a fair chance and I'll wager nobody will ever set eyes on the shade of Susan again."

"How long is it going to take?"

"Some time—an hour, maybe."

"Well, I'll walk down and take a look at the hermit's shanty," decided the sheriff.

Certainly these sunny beech woods seemed an unlikely place for any but a benevolent ghost to wander in, and even the old house with its battered façade and bizarre stripes wore an expression of amiability as Mr. Tutt climbed the piazza and pulled the rusty bell for the second time. Now that he was there alone, he confessed to a feeling of excitement. He had tried hundreds—nay, thousands of peculiar cases; had cross-examined thieves, conspirators, murderers, perjurers of every sort; and yet in all his long experience he had never embarked upon any legal adventure half so strange as that upon which he was about to enter the moment the bell should be answered.

Footsteps, the knob turned, the door rasped open, disclosing a white-haired, pleasant-faced, elderly woman in spectacles and a black satin dress, her lace collar fastened with an old-fashioned cameo brooch.

"Good morning," she said stiffly. "Are you Mr. Tutt? I am pleased to make your acquaintance. Won't you come in?"

Mr. Tutt bowed ceremoniously. "Thank you. I received your reply to my letter last evening and came right up."

Mrs. Dix conducted the lawyer into the sitting room and indicated a horsehair rocker.

"Fine weather we're having," she added in the same tone, as she took up her knitting.

It was just such a room as Mr. Tutt had passed his childhood's evenings in. There was the identical plush photograph album, the case of wax flowers, the tall jar with the cat-o'-nine-tails, the horsehair sofa with the three antimacassars. Then his eye sought the group of portraits over the fireplace and his pulse quickened. Where, he was certain, there had been six before, there now were but five! Had he been at all inclined to doubt his recollection, it would have been corroborated by the six telltale spots upon the faded wall paper which the portraits had been too clumsily rearranged to conceal.

"Your family, I assume?" he hazarded, putting on his spectacles.

Mrs. Dix did not reply immediately. There was a noticeable tremor about her wrinkled mouth, and her eyes, although fastened upon Mr. Tutt, held no expression.

"Yes," she finally answered, very slowly. "Those are my father and mother, my two brothers and my sister."

Mr. Tutt examined them with interest. "A very fine-looking family, I should say. But why is your portrait not among the others, Mrs. Dix?"

"I had left home before they were taken."

"You came from Felchville, I believe?"

"Yes—Bradley was the name."

"Do you live here all alone?"

The hands with which the old lady was knitting shook perceptibly. "Yes. . . . Not at first. My dear friend, Susan Monks, lived with me. She passed away some years ago. Now I have only Giuseppe, the Italian."

"When did Miss Monks die?" asked Mr. Tutt sympathetically.

"In 1905."

"So you have lived here by yourself for twenty years?"

Mrs. Dix did not answer. Perhaps she was not good at mathematics. Then she looked up from her knitting, and he saw that her eyes were full of tears.

"There never was anybody like Susan!" she quavered. "Nobody! So loyal and hard working and sympathetic! It was just like losing a sister. I had hoped to have her with me always. But God in His infinite wisdom took her. She was a lovely woman."

"I am sure of it!" Mr. Tutt assured her. "Was she younger or older than you?"

"Oh, younger—a great deal! She was just lovely! There never was anybody like her!"

"Yes, yes!" echoed Mr. Tutt. "She must have been a remarkable woman. And how old may you be, Mrs. Dix?"

Mrs. Dix made a monumental effort. "I—I—really I don't know. My head is pretty bad. I must be over seventy."

"How old were you when Mr. Dix died?"

"I—I don't remember."

"How long were you married to him?"

"I don't recall that either." She had stopped her knitting and was staring at him bewilderedly. "It is so long ago!" she explained. "And Susan attended to everything for me."

Mr. Tutt placed upon his knees the book he had been carrying and opened it.

"Do you realize, Mrs. Dix, that you must be more than a hundred years old?" he demanded, but not in an unkindly manner.

"Am I?"

"The Bradley family Bible, which was loaned to me by your fourth cousin, Deacon Bradley, of Felchville, contains the entry of your birth. Here it is: 'Abigail Bradley, born July 9, 1825.'"

"Dearie me!" she stammered. "Now only to think of that! Abigail a hundred!" Her eyes fixed themselves upon his face again beseechingly. "You can't imagine how lovely Susan was!" she reiterated. "Or all that she did for Abigail, day and night, when she was so sick and all. Why, often Susan would get no sleep for days and days! Abigail was very cross with her too. For years before she died Susan used to write her letters for her. There never was anybody like Susan. She did everything for her."

"For whom?" inquired Mr. Tutt.

The old woman stopped, palpably weighing the question. "Why, for Abigail—for me!"

"You say Susan used to act as your amanuensis? Did she sign your checks?"

"Oh, everything!" Her eyes begged for pity.

"So that when she died you had to do everything for yourself again? It must have been very hard."

"Oh, yes, it was—very!"

Mr. Tutt closed the book gently and replaced it on the table.

"Susan," he said unexpectedly, leaning forward, "where have you put the portrait of Abigail Dix?"

"Behind the piano," answered Susan Monks, without hesitation.

VII

"SO YOU can see how, after all, it came about naturally enough," explained Mr. Tutt as he and Mrs. Jessel drove to Beechwood next day. "She had lived with Abigail so long that to all intents and purposes she was Abigail. Curiously enough, they looked rather alike as well. You'll see what I mean when I show you the picture the poor old thing tried to hide from me the day I went there. I don't think that at first she had any intention of doing wrong or that she is conscious today of really having done so.

"Mrs. Dix was very much of an invalid, and toward the end of her life, bedridden. Susan Monks did everything for her, exactly as she says. She was, in fact, her right hand. In the beginning she probably assisted her mistress to sign the checks, and then later on, purely for convenience's sake, signed them herself, roughly attempting to imitate her signature as best she could, but probably not taking much trouble about it, since no one was going to question its genuineness. Gradually she probably gave up doing even that, and relapsed into her own natural handwriting, thus establishing a new standard for Mrs. Dix's signature at the bank—her own—so that when she signed the name Abigail Dix it was the genuine signature of Abigail Dix by custom and acceptance, and the cashier would have testified in any court as to its genuineness."

"I understand that," said Mrs. Jessel; "but how was it possible for her to palm herself off as Mrs. Dix after my stepmother had died?"

"Not so difficult as might be supposed. Both these elderly women had lived secluded from the world for years. They were occasionally seen in Pottsville, but they never appeared in Patterson Corners. When it became obvious to Susan Monks that Abigail Dix was dying, she realized that it meant that she was to become homeless. With the death of her mistress, the monthly income would stop. All it was necessary to do was to keep Abigail alive in order to have it go on. So she simply died herself and became Abigail Dix. It was very easy. Old Doctor Smith in Pottsville had known them both. His son might suspect. So Susan called in Doctor Bangs from Patterson Corners, who was unacquainted with either of them, received him as Abigail Dix and told him that her companion, Susan Monks, was dying. Doctor Bangs filed the death certificate and called in his regular undertaker. The Italian dug the grave. There was no funeral. The Italian's own job hung on the success of the plan."

"But how can you say that Susan Monks did not know that she was doing wrong?" insisted Mrs. Jessel. "She must have known that she was an impostor for twenty years, keeping me out of my inheritance."

"She never knew of your existence. Of course, she was aware that she was assuming a false identity, but she believed herself justified in so doing. Abigail had always told her that everything she had would be hers and that she could stay there as long as she lived. Rather than take a chance, she made her friend's assurance doubly sure. And do you know"—Mr. Tutt stroked his chin—"do you know, I have an idea she kind of thinks she's Abigail Dix, at that!"

For several minutes Mrs. Jessel was content merely to drink in the glory of the spring foliage and to give over her ears to the unwonted delight of bird song and falling water.

"How beautiful it all is! How well I remember this winding road!" she said at last. "We used to pick wild strawberries over there. The house should be just around that turn." She sat erect, peering eagerly ahead, her faded cheeks pink and her eyes bright. "Oh, there it is! How glad I am to be able to come back here again!"

A rather sweet-looking old woman was sitting on the piazza, knitting.

"Poor dear!" exclaimed the new owner impulsively. "I know just how lonely she felt. Of course she couldn't bear to leave it all. Is it really all mine now, every bit of it?"

"Every leaf and bird and flower!" Mr. Tutt assured her. "You are the owner in fee of Beechwood and all the lands appurtenant thereto, together with the princely income of two thousand bucks a year. The only thing you don't get is that incorporeal hereditament known as the ghost of Susan Monks."

Mrs. Jessel smiled what seemed to Lawyer Tutt a smile that had been born in heaven.

"One thing has been worrying me ever since I got your telegram—such a nice one it was too—that I should have to live here all alone. Is there any reason why I shouldn't ask Susan to live with me? That would make it all right for both of us."

Mr. Tutt patted the thin blue-veined hand. "I was just waiting for that!" he said. "If I hadn't been certain that you would make that suggestion, I doubt if I should have telegraphed you at all. Now come and let me present you to Susan—or shall it be Abigail? Why change the *status quo?* It might be embarrassing for everybody. You don't want to send Susan to jail; you need her here with you. And you don't want to bust the National Bank of Pottsville and put the whole town on the blink—that would be too terrible! I could never look the Sacred Camels in the face again! After all, Susan Monks died in 1905. Let's leave her as she is."

"Let's!" agreed Mrs. Jessel delightedly.

"Otherwise," he added, smiling down upon her, "I'd never be able to come and visit you every spring, and take you fishing with me, or anything. And I'd never be able to prove to McKinnon that Brown Hackles are better than Green Vamps. Good morning, Mrs. Dix!"

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YOU sit in the presence of a dialed mahogany box—little larger than a jewel cabinet—and a living voice, a thousand miles away, enchants you.

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Look for this Shop Mark inset in every Berkey & Gay production. It is the customer's protection when buying and his pride ever after. You will find it in the upper right hand drawer of desk cabinet pieces, on beds, back of bookcases, and the underside of tables and chairs.

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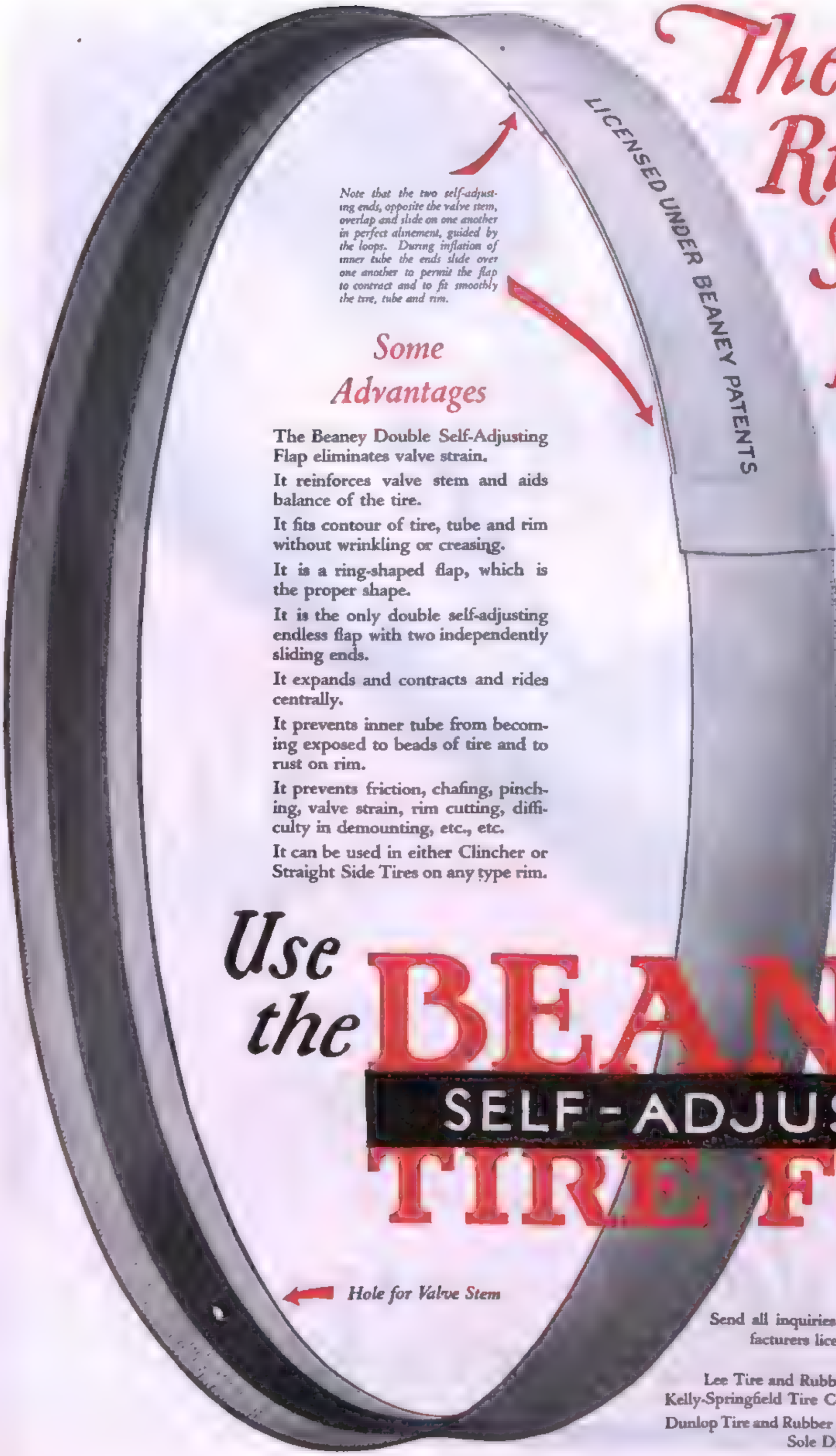
BOTH ends of the ordinary type of flap are fitted over the valve stem of the inner tube, establishing the fixed length of the flap, but it is necessary for the flap to be longer than the rim circumference in order to allow it to pass over the rim when mounting tire.

During inflation of the inner tube, the flap attempts to contract (contrary to popular conception, flaps do not expand during inflation but attempt to contract) and adjust itself to the rim circumference. But the circumference of the ordinary overlong flap cannot be decreased sufficiently to permit it to always ride centrally between the beads of the tire because both ends are fitted over valve stem. In an endeavor to take up its surplus length, the flap frequently is forced to wrinkle, crease and side slip off the rim and up the side wall of the tire into the flexing area.

This action exposes the inner tube to the edges of the tire beads and rust on the rim and results in chafing, tube pinching, strain on valve stem causing leaky valves, rim cutting, freezing to the rim, difficulty in demounting, etc.

Avoid
the squirming
FLAP
that has been *Biting*
your *Inner Tubes*



The Ring Shaped Endless Flap

Note that the two self-adjusting ends, opposite the valve stem, overlap and slide on one another in perfect alinement, guided by the loops. During inflation of inner tube the ends slide over one another to permit the flap to contract and to fit smoothly the tire, tube and rim.

Some Advantages

The Beaney Double Self-Adjusting Flap eliminates valve strain.

It reinforces valve stem and aids balance of the tire.

It fits contour of tire, tube and rim without wrinkling or creasing.

It is a ring-shaped flap, which is the proper shape.

It is the only double self-adjusting endless flap with two independently sliding ends.

It expands and contracts and rides centrally.

It prevents inner tube from becoming exposed to beads of tire and to rust on rim.

It prevents friction, chafing, pinching, valve strain, rim cutting, difficulty in demounting, etc., etc.

It can be used in either Clincher or Straight Side Tires on any type rim.

To Tire Dealers

One of the advantages to the dealer is the elimination of approximately twenty standard sizes, requiring a smaller investment in stock with more frequent turnovers and a greater margin of profit.

Use the

BEANEY SELF-ADJUSTING TIRE FLAP

Hole for Valve Stem

Send all inquiries to one of the following manufacturers licensed under Beaney Patents

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Unbreakable All-Steel

$4.50

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC IRON
was $6.75, now $4.50 including Cord-Set with the Unbreakable all-steel plug shown above.

No electric appliance is any more serviceable than its Cord-Set

Simplex is the first and only manufacturer to produce a Cord-Set that will fit any electric appliance in your home, with a plug that won't chip, crack, crumble or break.

The plug in the Simplex Cord-Set is all-steel. It will stand all the use, and abuse too, that years of service will give it. It won't fail you at critical times, and its beautifully nickeled surface will match the beauty of the finest electric appliance in your home.

Try one in your home. Buy a Simplex Cord-Set or a Simplex Iron complete from your dealer. If within thirty days from the date of this advertisement you are willing to part with it, return it to us and we will refund your money without question

SIMPLEX ELECTRIC HEATING COMPANY, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

Simplex
the Cord-Set with the All-Steel Plug $1.50

Simplex Electric Heating Co., Cambridge, Mass.
Please send a Simplex Cord-Set, $1.50, or Iron complete with Cord-Set, $4.50—for which I will pay the postman above price. Cross out article not wanted.

Name _____

Address _____

Dealer's Name _____ 326-26

Cook on a Simplex Electric Range—quick—clean—safe—cheaper

THE DREADFUL NIGHT

(Continued from Page 33)

"A window blew open," she explained. "It always does. You have to wedge the latch. I'll close it before it starts to rain." Her way lay through the billiard room, and this and the dining room were dark; but she pressed on the lights as she went through, and closed the window and secured it.

Nell had come halfway to follow her, said laughingly now, "It scared me; didn't it you?"

"Startled me," Molly agreed. "I was wondering about Paul."

"I suppose we're both nervous," Nell confessed. "A thunderstorm always makes me nervous anyway."

"I haven't heard any more thunder," Molly reminded her. "It may have gone around."

"It's the air," Nell explained. "Don't you feel how warm it is, and the way it prickles at you? And of course we're both thinking about Madame Capello, Molly. There's no use pretending."

"It's so pitiful," Molly agreed. "She was there all alone."

Nell made a protesting gesture. "Don't say that," she laughed. "We're here all alone, too, and on an island too. I didn't come up here to be scared to death, Molly."

"There's nothing to be afraid of," Molly said in a matter-of-fact fashion. The other's half-jocular confession of weakness had the effect of strengthening her. "Not a thing in the world."

"I'm a poor weak woman," Nell conceded. "But I could be scared to death if I half tried. I wish I was a big man with a big gun. Haven't you got a pistol or something, Molly, for me to play with?"

Molly started to answer, and then she hesitated for an instant, rigid and still. Paul's pistol was in his tackle box; and so also, she now remembered, was her emerald. And Paul had bought the emerald from Madame Capello! She had, till this moment, not thought of the stone at all; it had never occurred to her that there might be between it and the singer's death any least connection.

She sat like a stone, her thoughts racing till Nell said, "Molly!"

Molly looked at her then; asked with stiff lips, "What?"

"Can't I have a pretty pistol, please?" Nell insisted teasingly. "Paul must have one, hasn't he? If I had it I'd be so brave and bold."

Molly nodded. "Yes," she agreed. "Yes, he has one." She hesitated, then added, "But I'm desperately afraid of it. Besides, there's nothing for us to be afraid of here."

Her voice, even to her own ears, sounded hollow and unconvincing. She thought Nell must detect the fraud and accuse her of it. But if the younger woman did perceive Molly's mood she made no comment; instead, she rose and stood with her back to the fire, and she began to talk very gayly and charmingly about unimportant things, and to wander to and fro across the room, glancing at the books along the shelves, lifting the magazines on the table, returning to poke at the logs on the fire with the toe of her shoe.

And after a little she tricked Molly into a smile, and then to laughter too; and Molly rose and put her arm about the other's shoulder.

"There!" she said. "You're a dear girl. I was terrified for a moment, but I'm all right now."

"Besides," Nell said derisively, and in a trembling and a timorous tone "besides, there's n-nothing for us to be afraid of h-here."

At which they both laughed consumingly and sat down again before the fire.

V

IT IS usual to number the human senses as five; sometimes to speak of a sixth—common sense, or intuition. But most people possess in greater or less degree a seventh sense besides; and this seventh sense, usually called imagination, complements and completes the others. The eye sees things which actually are; the imagination creates like a nimbus around things seen those other things which are invisible. The ear hears sounds and catalogues them—a voice, a squeak, a slam, a thump, a bang. The imagination discovers behind these sounds their explanations, plausible or absurd, simple or terrifying. It is so with the senses of taste and smell and touch, they report to the brain "sour" or "acrid" or "rough," and the imagination, working upon the data thus secured, perfects the portrait of the thing perceived. The eye sees a face at a window; the imagination discovers the hidden body, awful and appalling. The ear hears an explosion; the imagination perceives a firearm. Those things which we see or hear or taste or smell or touch are relatively few; it is the imagination which receives these concrete but limited impressions and from them builds about us a complete and ordered world.

Molly and Nell, alone here this night in the big house on the island, had already encountered experiences calculated to stimulate their imaginative faculties. The result was that they were already beginning to imagine things which did not exist. No matter how brave a face she might put upon the situation, Molly felt quite sure that something had happened to Paul; and no matter though her own senses told her the threatening thundershower had passed them by, Nell cringed as though lightning were already lancing at her flesh. No matter how well she knew that the window in the dining room had blown open many times before, and that the light here beside them had gone out of itself in the past, Molly could not help wondering now whether any human agency had been involved in these occurrences tonight. As for Nell, though she knew the thing was impossible, she could not help the appalling certainty that someone was watching them through the bald, uncurtained windows at their back.

So as the two sat there before the fire, talking gravely about a mirthful book which each of late had read, they were, for all the apparent relaxation of their postures, keyed and alert. They stared at the fire because they were afraid of what, if their glances strayed, they might discover; they raised their voices because they feared what in the silence they might hear. More than once Molly had a sense of movement somewhere above them, in the upper floor of the house, or around the balcony which made a three-quarter circle of the living room at the second-floor level. It was vague and indeterminate, this impression; she resolutely refused to weigh it, put it steadily aside.

But by and by Nell paused in the midst of what she was saying to listen, and Molly listened too. They heard, outside, the steady and increasing tumult of the wind, blowing now with a vehemence surprising, like a midsummer squall.

"I thought I heard a motorboat," said Nell, softly and low.

They listened for a space, and then Molly shook her head. "I don't hear it."

Another moment's silence, and Nell nodded. "I guess I didn't," she agreed, and went on with that which she had been saying.

But after a sentence or so she stopped again, with a sharp word: "There!"

This time the faint, far staccato was plainly audible; and Molly heard it, too, and came to her feet.

"It's Paul!" she cried. And she went toward the door that led out upon the mole before the house, and flung it open and stepped out, and so called back to Nell, "I can see the lights coming this way."

Nell followed her then, and the two went out upon the mole. The wind whipped at them, thrust and buffeted and tumbled them about, lashing across the open with a

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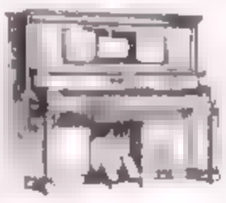

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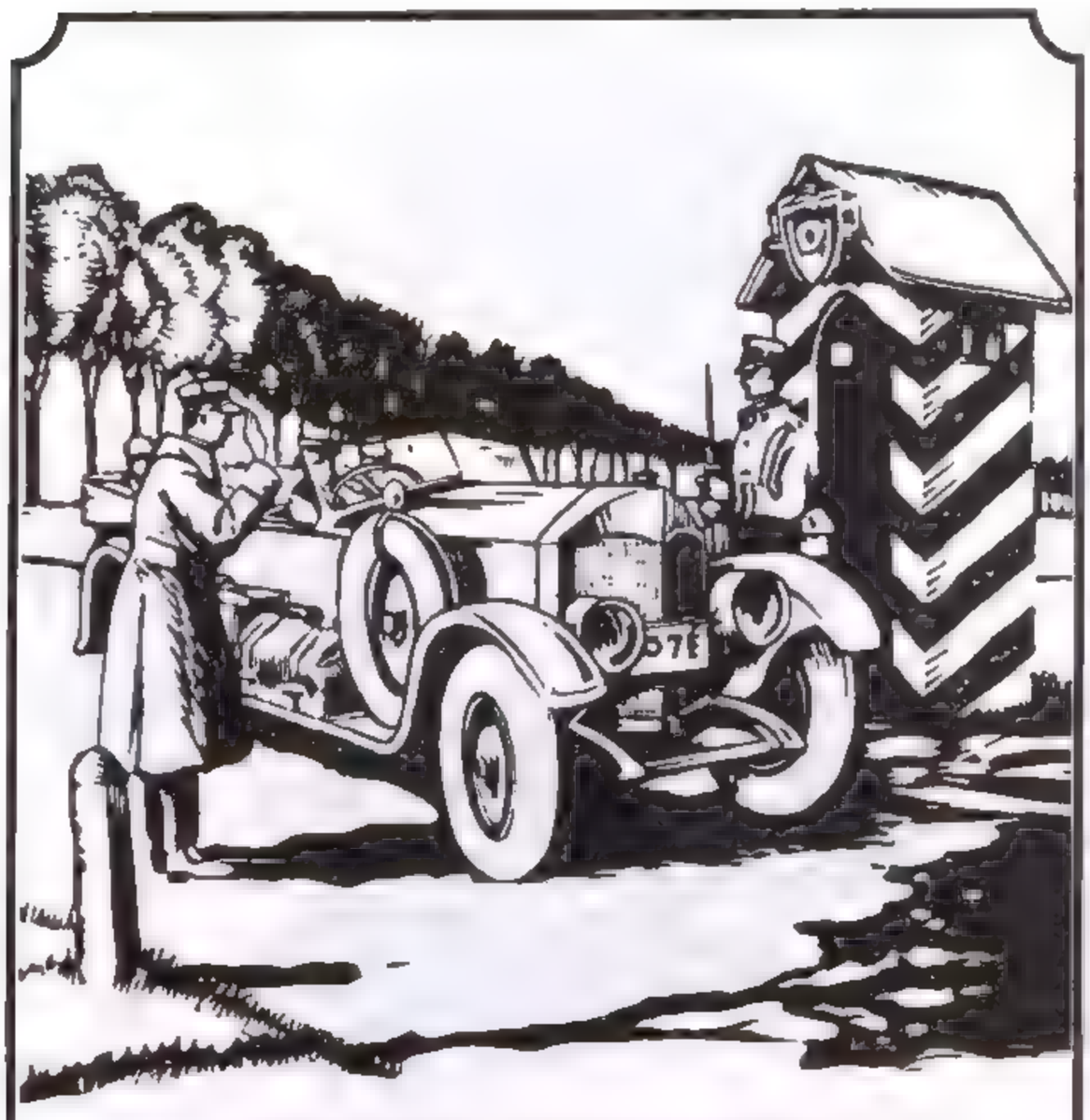

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degree of force astonishing. Yet the thunder in the air had rendered it close and oppressive, so that they had no immediate discomfort; and although there were heavy clouds obscuring the stars in the northwest, there was no present threat of a shower. They two stood arm in arm, watching the red and green lights of the approaching craft; and they saw the water, flying across her bow, obscure these lights again and again; and the colored rays colored the spray that dashed about them.

But after a moment Nell said, "They're holding pretty well out, Molly, if it's Paul. And that isn't Dill's boat."

"It's dark," Molly argued. "They can't tell just where they are yet; so they'd hold outside till they see the sky line."

"They can see the lights here in the house," Nell reminded her; and Molly perceived the justice of this, and thereafter watched the approaching craft in despondent silence. As it came nearer, and passed abreast of them, with an unconscious instinct the two drew down below the level of the windows, so that they would not be silhouetted against the light; and thus invisible, they kept their vigil there. But the boat paid them no heed; went steadily past and bore away around the northern end of the island toward the upper arm of the lake.

They watched till it was surely gone, and Nell held Molly's arm and said sympathetically, "Don't worry, Molly. He's all right."

Molly tried to laugh. "Why, I'm not worrying," she insisted. "There's not a thing to worry about." She shivered faintly. "But I'm a little cold. We might as well go inside."

When they turned toward the door they faced the southern end of the island; and it was then that Nell saw the skiff approaching—saw it as a blot upon the water, near the shore, not a hundred yards away. And she caught Molly's arm and pointed and drew her quickly down with an uncontrollable impulse of surprise and vague alarm. The two knelt at the level of the mole, concealed there behind the rocky balustrade, and Molly whispered, "Did he see us?"

Nell shook her head. "He's rowing hard—has to, against the wind. So his back must be this way."

The skiff was by this time almost beneath them; they peered cautiously over the balustrade and saw the figure of a man at the oars. It passed them and turned into the cove beyond, where the boathouses were, and went steadily toward these buildings, disappearing in the shadows at the inward end of the wharf. They listened and heard the rattle of oars laid across the thwarts, and then heard the man step ashore on the wharf.

"He's tying the boat," Nell whispered; and Molly heard the girl's teeth chattering and said reassuringly, "Of course he is; he wouldn't let it drift away. There's nothing to be afraid of."

"It wasn't Paul," Nell reminded her. "You'd have known him even in the dark."

"He's coming up the path," Molly warned; and they heard the man stumble against one of the bowlders that bordered that narrow way, and heard his muttered remonstrance at this ill fortune, and his gasp of pain. They moved toward the northern side of the mole, their eyes at the level of the veranda floor, peering beneath the lower rail; and the newcomer reached the foot of the steps of the side veranda, the length of the living room away, and ascended them and came into the circle of illumination shed by the piazza light there. Molly had never seen him before, but Nell gasped with faint relief.

"It's that reporter," she whispered. "It's Mr. Newbert. Come on, Molly, before he finds us hiding here."

The reporter was by this time knocking; and Molly and Nell moved to the door by which they had come out upon the mole, and thus entered the living room at the opposite corner from that where he waited for admission. It was Molly who went to open the door for him; but Nell was at her shoulder, and Newbert looked first at Molly, a curious relief in his eyes, and then at Nell, and recognized her, and smiled.

"Oh, hello," he said quickly. "This isn't where you live, is it?"

Nell shook her head. "No. This is Mr. Newbert, Molly. Mrs. Main. No, I'm just spending the night here."

At Molly's invitation he came in, and they saw him look quickly about the room. He said at once, "I'm lucky to find you up, I expect. Must be late, isn't it?"

Nell shook her head, smiling gravely. "No; no, it isn't nine yet."

He laughed. "I've been rowing that blamed boat all over the lake," he explained, and they saw that he was in fact flushed and hot. "Some job to handle it in this wind, when you get out of the lee." A stronger gust swung wide the door by which he had entered a moment before; and one of the panes struck the corner of the table and shattered, and they both whirled in dismay. Molly hurried to close the door.

"The latch slips," she explained. "We can't seem to get it fixed."

"Guess that's my fault," the reporter confessed regretfully. "I didn't shut it tight." He laughed. "Made me jump when that busted open right behind me. Listen to it blow now." He wiped his forehead, stood appreciatively before the fire. "I was hot enough rowing, but a fire seems good too."

Molly watched him with a curious and attentive eye while he told them, in a fashion which made them smile, his misadventures.

"I'll know better next time," he said. "than to try to row a light boat in a wind. And my oars weren't long enough to do any good; and if I let out at all, they bent double. I was afraid I'd break one. Did catch a crab once and lost the right hand oar, and I had to paddle around half an hour before I found it."

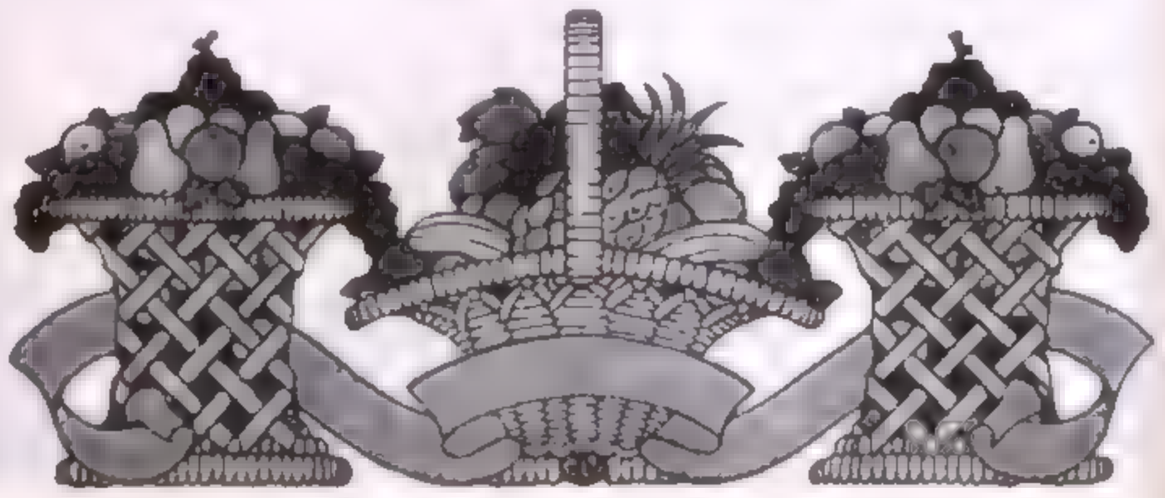
"I'd have come after you," Nell said apologetically; "but I thought they'd set you back at the landing in the motorboat."

"Oh, that's all right," he assured her. "I didn't expect you to. Mighty good of you to do all you did, carrying me over there. You got home all right, did you?"

She smiled. "What do you think?" she challenged; and he laughed, and said approvingly, "Guess you're safe enough anywhere, in a canoe. Wish I'd had you to paddle me tonight."

"Did you come to see Mrs. Main?" Nell asked. "Do you want to interview her, or

(Continued on Page 160)



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Akron	91	89	New York	92	90
Boise	88	85	New Rochelle	91	89
Boston	90	89	Oakland	87	85
Buffalo	89	87	Oklahoma	95	93
Canton	91	89	Omaha	98	97
Chicago	90	87	Philadelphia	90	89
Cleveland	92	90	Phoenix	100	95
Cincinnati	91	89	Peoria	92	90
Denver	87	[illegible]	Pittsburgh	93	91
Des Moines	90	[illegible]	Portland, Ore.	89	87
Detroit	89	86	Portland, Me.	85	83
Dodge City	88	87	Red Bluff	98	95
Duluth	89	85	Richmond	88	84
El Paso	98	95	St. Louis	95	92
Eureka	91	89	St. Paul	92	90
Flagstaff	88	85	Sacramento	100	98
Fresno	100	95	Salt Lake	98	95
Galveston	95	91	San Francisco	89	87
Grand Junction	92	87	San Jose	90	85
Helena	98	95	Santa Fe	100	93
Huron	90	88	Seattle	90	88
Kalamazoo	87	85	Spokane	91	88
Kansas City	94	91	Tampa	90	89
Knoxville	93	90	Tucson	98	97
Los Angeles	98	95	Toledo	90	87
Memphis	90	88	Tonopah	100	98
Miami	95	93	[illegible]	90	87
Minneapolis	89	85	[illegible]	91	86
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(Continued from Page 158)

something like that? I'd love to hear an interview." Her tone was gently derisive; and he flushed, and then grinned.

"No, no," he protested; and added carefully: "No, I just started out to row back to the landing, and the wind was blowing pretty hard, so I got up in the lee of some islands. Thought I knew the way all right; but it was pretty fairly dark and I couldn't see where I was going. That's the trouble with rowing—you're back to the front. I was pretty thoroughly lost by and by, and I've been poking into coves and blind alleys and one thing and another ever since. I got in the lee of the island here, finally, and rested for a while, trying to figure out what to do; and then I saw a motorboat go by, and I tried to hail them. Knew they couldn't hear me if I yelled; but I got out in their course, or as near as I could. They went by, though; didn't see me, probably. I figured they'd be going to the landing, and I set out to trail after them. Didn't see the lights here till I got right opposite; so I decided to come ashore and find out where I was anyway."

Molly, sitting relaxed in the broad wicker seat before the fire, watched him speculatively. He spoke, it seemed to her, too readily; and at the same time she thought he was uneasy, uncertain, groping for solid ground. She wondered if Nell also felt this and glanced toward the younger girl. But Nell was saying seriously:

"Why, this is the Mains' island—Paul Main. The landing is down below here, two miles maybe. You'll have the wind behind you all the way. Just keep going ahead of it, and keep close to the land on the right-hand side—the left as you'll be sitting, rowing. You can't miss it."

He looked faintly dismayed. "Sound's easy enough," he agreed. "But these directions that can't be missed turn out pretty confusing sometimes. Are there any islands in between?"

Molly spoke. "Why don't you sit down and rest a while before you start, Mr. Newbert? You must be tired."

He accepted this invitation with such alacrity, sat down so promptly in a chair beside the fire, that Molly smiled to herself. And she added encouragingly, "You were over at Little Dog, weren't you? I thought Nell said she took you over. You can tell us what happened over there?"

He looked at her with quick intentness. "Heard about it, have you?" he asked.

"Just that Madame Capello is—dead," Molly told him; "that someone killed her."

The young man wiped his forehead again. "Didn't want to scare you," he explained, "in case you hadn't heard. Bad business, all right."

Nell leaned forward. "I almost stayed there with you to bring you home," she exclaimed. "Thank goodness, I didn't!"

He grinned. "Well, it would have been tough for you," he agreed. "I'd have been glad to have you there, though, for a while."

"Do they know who did it?" Nell asked, and he shook his head. Yet Molly thought there was a reservation in his tone.

"No," he said; "no, haven't a notion. There's a crowd of people over there by now, of course, all over everything. Things pretty much confused."

"Did you see her?" Nell insisted. "When did it happen? Before you got there, or while you were there, or when?"

Molly, still and remote, withdrew herself from them; though she sat so near she was at the same time infinitely far away, and they forgot she was there. Or Nell forgot, plying him with questions. Of his forgetfulness Molly was not so sure; at least he looked every little while in her direction, and at such times he smiled as though in comfort and reassurance, curiously.

"They don't exactly know," he confessed. "You see ——"

"I know," Nell cried. "It was that maid of hers, that negro girl. Don't you remember we met her, rowing like mad, on the way over? And she landed and just jumped out of the boat and bolted up the road. She did it; I know she did."

He shook his head. "Guess not," he said. "Guess it wasn't the girl. They're looking for her, of course. She must have seen something, must have been scared to death. That's probably why she ran away. But she didn't do it, that's sure."

Molly asked a question, prompted by her own thoughts: "Won't you have to telephone about it to your paper, or telegraph, or something?"

"Oh, I got them on the wire," Newbert assured her. "Got that all taken care of. No, I don't have to worry about that at all."

Yet with this duty done, he had, if he told the truth, left Little Dog and started for the landing; yet his business should have been, it seemed to her, to stay at the island, watch developments, unless there were other, more pressing matters on his mind.

"But how do you know she didn't do it?" Nell insisted, and she made an impatient movement. "You're not telling us very much," she protested. "Start at the beginning and tell us all about it. Don't make us drag it out of you."

He said uncertainly, with a glance at Molly, "You'll have nightmares. You don't want to hear it."

But Molly smiled reassuringly, and Nell said, "Indeed we do!"

So in the end he swung into the tale; and when he was once begun, the narrative flowed more readily. He seemed at times to forget them; his eyes were half closed and he stared at the fire. This, Molly reminded herself, was the professional reporter at his task; it was as though he were dictating for a newspaper audience to read.

"Well," he said, "the maid must have left the island, this Little Dog island, about half past three, possibly a little before. She was seen half a mile away at a quarter of four or so. She landed on the mainland and disappeared and the police have not yet located her. She reached the landing about four o'clock."

"We got to Little Dog just before four," Nell reminded him, and he nodded.

"Yes," he agreed; "yes, five minutes of four, by my watch. It's right, I guess. I looked at it because I was supposed to be there at three. I had an appointment, you know; and we waited for that Bafford youngster to get his boat working, till it was too late to make it on time." He hesitated, continued then:

"There wasn't anyone about the boathouse when we got there, and you turned around and paddled right away. I watched you go, and then I took a look around. I'd never been on Little Dog. The house, you know, is back from the landing, quite a way from it. They built the boathouse where it would be sheltered, in the cove facing Big Dog; but the house is on the other side of the island, facing down the lake, probably two hundred yards away. I took the wrong path at first, and came up toward the tennis court; and then I could see the house, so I cut across through the trees toward it. I heard a boat, a motorboat, down south of the island while I was there in the woods; but that didn't mean anything to me then. I came in past the kitchen end of the house, and around the side."

He hesitated, looked at them inquiringly. "You know the way the house is set?" he suggested, and Molly nodded. "It struck me as quite a place," he explained. "But I didn't stop to inspect it much. I was anxious to find her and apologize for being late, and so on. There were glass doors on the side, opening on the veranda there; but there wasn't any bell, so I went on around to the front. There wasn't any bell there either; so I had to knock, and I did—pounded away like a good fellow for a while, and waited for someone to come. But no one showed up."

Nell shuddered and he smiled at her. "It was funny, all right," he agreed. "I tried

(Continued on Page 162)

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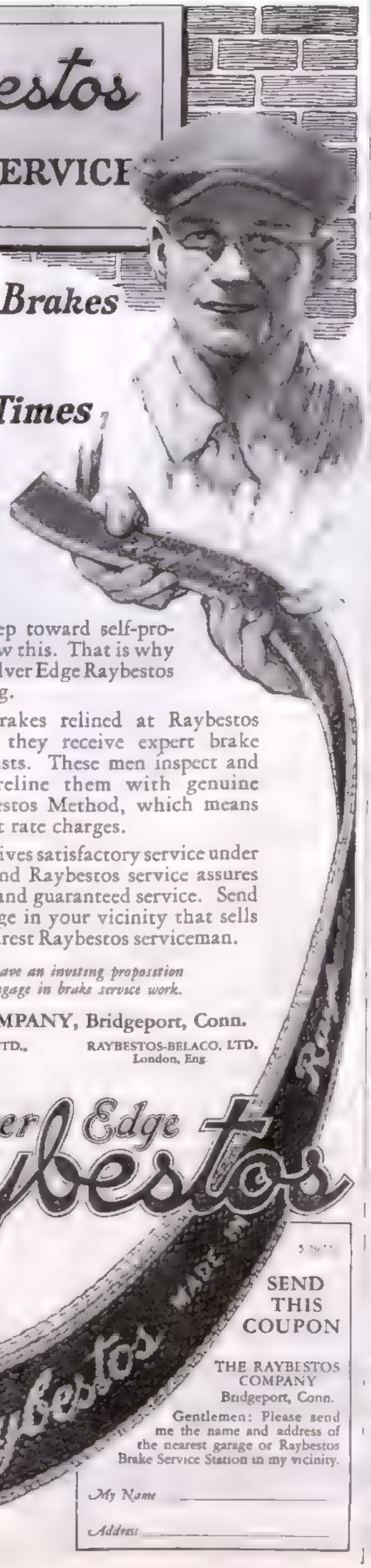

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(Continued from Page 160)

to figure it out; and I thought probably the servants were in the kitchen and couldn't hear, so I went around there and knocked on the kitchen door. On the way around I'd seen windows open on the second floor, and I hallooed, trying to get someone to show up. But no one heard me, and no one came when I knocked."

He hesitated, then added gravely, "I saw the tracks of this dog there by the kitchen door."

"What dog?" Nell asked sharply, and he said slowly:

"Well, that's a question too. Afterward I remembered when I came around the house there was a motorboat going off, half a mile or so away, and a dog barking in it. I heard him. Then I saw those tracks by the kitchen door, in some sand on the path; and when I went back down to the boathouse, trying to find someone there, I saw the tracks again, in the path. The creature had ranged around all over the place, apparently. A big dog."

He paused momentarily. "Well," he continued, "no one showed up; and there wasn't anyone at the boathouse, so I went back to the house. I thought there might be a beach somewhere where they swam; thought maybe they were in swimming, away from the house. But I couldn't see any signs of one, and there was a bathing suit hanging in the boathouse. So I went back to the front door again, and things began to look funny to me. You see, I'd heard that Madame Capello was pretty careful about seeing reporters and that sort of thing. These singers all like publicity, and this had been arranged through her press agent, and I thought she'd take care to be at home, even if I was an hour or so late in getting there. So I was curious." He smiled. "That's my business, you know—to be curious and ask questions and look things over pretty carefully. And then this house struck me. It's a fine place. I've seen some as big, but I never saw one that had such an air about it, so many strange things in it. I suppose a lot of them were hers. I hear she rented the place."

"But what did you do?" Nell prompted. "What did you do?"

"Well," he said, beginning again with that premonitory word—"well, the thing that made me make up my mind to have a look inside the house was this dog business. It struck me as funny that there'd been a dog on the island a few minutes before and he wasn't there now. If it was the dog in the motorboat, then he'd gone off from the south side, and there wasn't any landing on that side of the island. It's all open water south of there for miles, of course; not like the north side, where the people on Big Dog could see what went on."

"There's nobody on Big Dog," Nell told him. "The Stranges went home last week."

"I know," he agreed. "I found that out later; but I'm just telling you what I thought at the time. Anyway, it seemed to me there might be something wrong. I suppose you can feel a thing like that. Anyway, after hallooing around some more I opened the front door and started to step inside. There's glass in the upper part of the door, and I'd been looking in without seeing anything; but when I opened the door I saw something right away. There was a dog's track there inside the door. I didn't know what it was. It was just a little smudge. I thought it looked like blood. I got down on my knees to look at it, and I touched it with my finger, the way you do fresh paint. It was still a little wet, just a shadow of it on the floor, and it was red all right.

"I thought there ought to be other spots on the steps outside, but I couldn't see any. There's a kind of matting on the floor outside the door, to wipe your feet on; and if there were marks they didn't show. But I went inside the big living room and looked around, and at first I didn't see anything in particular; but it seemed to me things were tumbled about a bit; and then I saw that the drawer of the table was half out, and I looked at it and the thing had been locked and had been pried open. And then I spotted the knife that had been used to open the drawer. The point of it was broken off; it was there in the drawer. It had red smears on it. That made me look for the knife, and it was on a chair beside the table, just lying there. I had goose flesh all over me by that time." He laughed uncomfortably.

For a moment no one spoke, so intent were they upon his words. Outside, the wind wrestled with the trees, flung its bombardment of spray against the rockwork of the mole, and they heard thunder rumbling once more.

Nell said at last, "I should have screamed and screamed."

Newbert grinned. "Well, I felt like it," he agreed. "But there wasn't anybody to hear me if I did, so I kept still; but I looked around and spotted another mark, on the stairs this time. And this time it was plain enough—a dog's track, about half the foot showing, and marked in red. And there was another, two steps higher, and another, two steps above that; and each one was redder and more complete, till at the top you could see all the pads. This same big dog, it was. I'd seen his tracks outside, in the sand.

"I went upstairs, you see. And I was scared—sweating like a pig and my heart pounding and my mouth wide open the way it is when you're listening for something you can't quite hear. I got to the head of the stairs and this dog's tracks came from the right, and I turned that way, going mighty quietly. There's a kind of a hall there, with French windows at the end. I kept expecting to see something in the rooms along the hall, but I didn't; and I kept looking back, in case anyone was behind me; and then I noticed there was a door open at the other end of the hall, behind me; and I could see in through this door and see a dressing table, with mirrors—three mirrors on it. It struck me this must be Madame Capello's room, and I went back to have a look at it. I tried to tell myself I went back because if she were anywhere she'd probably be there; but as a matter of fact, I'd had about enough of back-tracking this dog with the bloody foot

"But when I got to the room, it was her room all right, but there was nobody in it. Only, it had been pretty well worked over. Somebody looking mighty hard for something." His glance turned toward Molly; but when he met her eyes he swung quickly away again, looking once more at the fire. She was left in a chill and stony paralysis of understanding—knew instantly what was in his mind.

He finished the tale then very quickly "So I bucked up," he explained. "And I went back along the hall toward the French doors. They opened out on a sort of sleeping porch, over the side veranda. It was screened in, but there was a hole in the screen as though someone had tried to tear it open—and she was there, there on the floor. I managed to take a look at her, enough so I could let the paper have the facts straight. The thing had been done with a knife, probably the knife downstairs, and this dog had had hold of her arm. Hadn't torn it; but you could see the bruised place, and the skin was scraped and rough." He added dispassionately, "It looked like she tried to get away and break through the screen and the dog pinned her there till the man came along."

He broke off, moved as though to shake himself. "Guess that's enough," he commented. "I didn't mean to harrow you."

Nell made a quick, startled movement; she looked over her shoulder and around at the naked and uncurtained windows on every side of them. But Molly did not stir; she had scarce heard these last words of his All her thoughts were concentrated on that single phrase: "Somebody looking mighty hard for something."

And she was completely sure that that something lay concealed at this moment in Paul's tackle box upstairs.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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A GOOD PARTY MAN

(Continued from Page 17)

gusts of laughter came through to Jenny even before she opened the door. It was because everything that Millicent touched seemed more alive, more spirited.

"Hello, beautiful mother!" she cried. "Don't you think I'm pretty smart to bum a ride home?"

"Bum?" said Jenny. "They asked you, didn't they?"

"Of course they did. Believe me, I'm not a politician's daughter for nothing!"

She gave her mother the quick, light, warm embrace that was like her, tossed the little hat up on the highest antler of the deer head in the hall and took her suitcase upstairs to shake out an evening dress. Those things being done, she was home and settled.

"You're wearing a sweet new dress," admired Jenny, standing in the doorway of Millicent's room and watching her create disorder out of order with a few simple gestures.

"Jacques," swaggered Millicent, and struggled with the back of the neck to show the silken label; "a hundred and fifty, this thing's worth. They say it's a model. I prefer to believe them."

"But, Millicent, you didn't charge that! Not a hundred and fifty!"

Millicent released the label and laughed, a gay laugh that seemed to run lightly up and down the stairs of her mind.

"Of course not, darling. I acquired it through strategy and luck. Helen Frost bought it first, but the poor thing's hips became unruly and the dress was in constant peril of ripping. Fortunately, there was no room to let it out. So I bought it from her for two of the silk slips you made for me, the purse with the violet needlepoint—the one you did—and my red georgette!"

"But you needed those things."

"Oh, no; I just stopped wearing slips. They went out in 1925, anyway—totally unnecessary. And when and if I have any money, I carry it in my pocket. I never liked the red georgette, anyway, and I've got the Jacques dress. Observe the sky line of the hips. Hot, isn't it?" she ended in triumph.

"I wish I'd known you needed another dress," said her mother.

"Oh, I didn't specially. It was just the fun of getting it. When I put across something like that, it makes me happy. . . . Mother, you look sort of funny—tired, as if a few extra-size tires had been passing over you. What's up?"

"Nothing."

"How's everybody? The Katzenjammer kids well?"

"Oh, yes."

"And dad?"

"He's all right too." The faintest difference came in her voice and Millicent caught her up.

"What's the matter with him? Been beating you again?"

"Oh, darling, don't talk so. Nothing's the matter with him. He says he's running for Congress."

"So Mr. Chaloner told me. I call that pretty sporting," said Millicent admiringly, "after the tumble dad took last time. I suppose they'll lick him again, won't they? I guess he must get his nerve from me." Her mother did not smile. "You agin it?" asked Millicent.

"Let's talk about it some other time."

"But what's the trouble? Are you so sure he'll be licked?"

"He says he's safe this time. Mott—you know, G. L. Mott—is back of him."

"That ought to be heavy firing. Well, then it looks like Washington again, doesn't it?" Jenny's bitter look answered. "Don't you want to go to Washington?" Millicent persisted.

"I hate Washington," said Jenny. "I hate everything it means. You don't know what it was before, Millicent. It might be all right if we had money, if we were even caught up. But it's been years since we were caught up. You don't understand. Your father has heavy obligations that he ought to clear up. And he was just beginning to get into his business, and I thought this year we'd make some headway until they got him into this."

She paused. She had never talked freely to Millicent before; and now, begun, it seemed as if the rest were choking her and had to come out.

"Washington!" she said. "Just another dreary hard-up politician's wife, that's all I am in Washington. They talk about the honor, but it's mostly myth. No real friends. Temporary homes. Furbishing up clothes. Using every cent we have for rent and food; and it's just like throwing it away, really, for after a couple of years he's likely to be turned out of office. Then he comes back and finds his practice all gone; and bills run up, because we've got to live while he's trying to build it up again. It's been like that ever since we were married. He went to the House and then to the Senate, and then he was postmaster for a few years and got put out of that when the Democrats had their people in under Wilson. Always on the edge, insecure. He's a good lawyer. Why, some of the men who began practicing when he did are rich! The Holmeses, the Abbotts—they were just young lawyers when he began. He could have done as well. But your father simply won't keep out of politics—and it isn't fair to you."

"Me?" queried Millicent. "Where do I come in?"

"If this campaign costs a lot, it's money taken away from your last year; and if he goes into politics, he just thinks of nothing else. All his time goes in conferences and trips and the money just doesn't come in. If he'd only keep out of it until you children are educated, I wouldn't care; or until he'd paid off everything he owes and the house is clear."

"Is the wolf putting up an angry howl?" asked Millicent lightly. "How do the rest of these politicians manage?"

"They have more to start with. Or they get caught up with some deal or other. There are ways. But your father is the sort of man people don't do things for. They use him. He's easy. It's always the party or the honor."

"Not the cold cash. You certainly were cast wrong when they gave you the rôle of the politician's bride, mother. But as for me, don't worry about that. If the old stocking flattens out, I don't mind. Some say that a business-college diploma has a higher batting average than the cap and gown anyway."

"Of course you'll go back," said Jenny, stiffening quickly. "Don't get any such foolish ideas into your head. I've always managed. There'll be money enough. I was just sorry to see your father get into it again, that's all. But he's sure to win in the primaries, from what he says, and then it's all over. The Democratic candidate is only a ghost in this district. If those people only give him some business this summer, it will work out. They probably will. He's helping the party out of a bad hole."

"That's what Mr. Chaloner said this morning. He thought it was great stuff."

"I suppose so," said Jenny wearily, and went to see about dinner, meditating on the idea that it was great stuff. Probably it was—for the Chaloners. From the peak of their well-bred, educated fortunes they would look down and be glad to see a man as decent as Sam Vail represent them in Washington. Before her husband made so much money, Margaret Chaloner had been quite a friend of Jenny's. Technically, she still was a friend; but what did Margaret Chaloner know of arguing with butchers, of the juggle of bills so that the past dues and please remits wouldn't go so far as to interfere with credit, of the worry of only twenty-three dollars in the bank with the payment of a note falling due next week? Those were the things that ran along with Jenny's life, pricking at it so constantly. To be sure, nothing ever happened that was absolutely disastrous. At the last minute Sam managed—extended a note, saw somebody and was temporarily relieved, but further involved. The edge was always there and it was her job to keep the family from falling over it.

From the kitchen, where she was helping the unskilled servant with the dinner—Jenny always had unskilled maids because they were so cheap—she could hear the riotous coming home of the boys, a tumble of sound and voices, her husband's steps on the porch, and then Millicent's high, utterly untroubled voice in greeting:

"Hello, you old politician! So you think you can run for Congress because I'm going to vote this year. That's your game, is it?"

It was June, the month of graduations, weddings and primaries. Wedding veils and satin slippers were on display in shops, candidates' pictures on display on the telegraph poles. Women stopped to look at the veils and the slippers, but none of them bothered to look at the telegraph poles. Here and there, in scant groups, a few women met to educate themselves politically; and here and there, after a bridge game, over a lunch table, a group of men talked about the election. They took no action. Leave that to the politicians and old Vail, who was running again. The impression was that he was a better man than Quinn. Stories had crept around about Quinn—unsavory personal stories.

Quinn knew. He had looked the situation over with his shallow inscrutable eyes and talked with the man in the office of the Minnehaha Sawmill Company. This time he was not so nonchalant about old Vail, but he meant, none the less, to go to Congress. So one June night, when it had turned so suddenly warm that the hotel room in one of the towns on the copper ranges was exhaustingly close, there was a conference held in it. Four sweating, shirt-sleeved men pounded the thing out. Quinn was there; and strangely enough Jennings, who was Mott's man, as everybody knew; and two county bosses. The point they made was that a city man should not be the next congressman. It had to be a man from one of the outlying districts—a man like Quinn. The city had everything politically and the country people were tired of it. The two gentlemen who brought out this point were not country people themselves, except incidentally and for financial reasons. One owned a small string of country hotels and the other was a road contractor. But they made their patriotic point clearly.

"Vail won't do," said the hotel man.

"He's doing damned well," said Jennings. "Getting a whole lot of support, Vail is. Surprised us."

"All right, put him over and see what happens in the next senatorial election. We get right out from under. How will that suit you?"

The fat contractor nodded threateningly, for it was too hot to talk.

It didn't suit Jennings, for the United States senator was too close to Mott. He admired the cleverness of Quinn, who sat silent, with his slanting face telling nothing except his amusement.

"What can be done about it now?" he asked. "What you got up your sleeve?"

Quinn spoke: "Vail can withdraw. Tell the old bird to retire to his roost where he belongs. Tell him to get out—that's all."

"So that's your idea, is it?"

"It's one of them," said Quinn. "I may have others."

Jennings reflected, the ash on his cigar growing longer and longer as the others talked. He knew well enough from the minute he had been asked to sit in that

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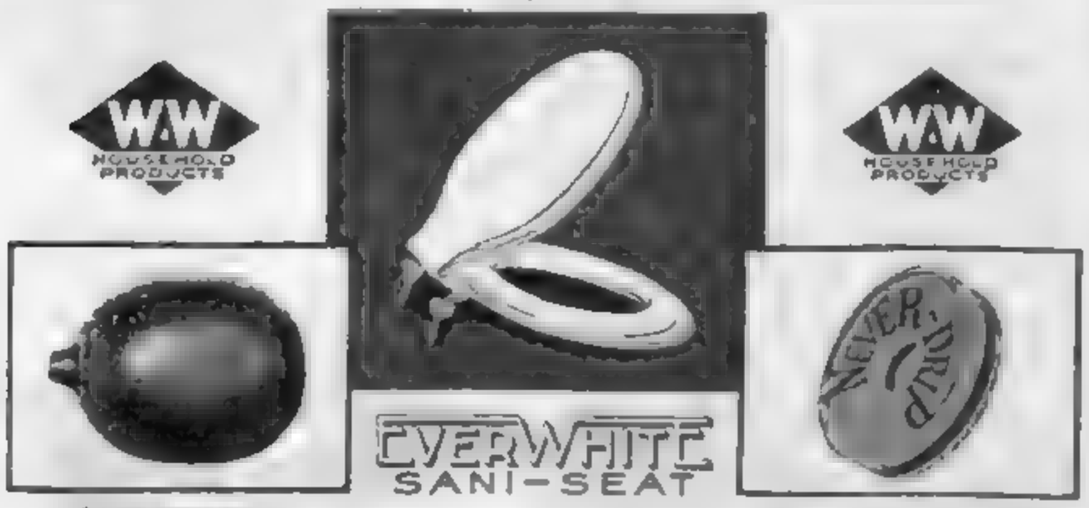

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Quinn had come down off his high horse and was offering to be useful to Mott. It was a grave question as to whether this wasn't the time to buy up Quinn with this congressional election. The price wasn't high. Of course, Vail would have to be sacrificed; but that wouldn't matter much.

Samuel Vail came down the walk toward his home slowly, his feet thumping heavily along the cement, because he felt old and cheated. The shock seemed to have hit him physically, for he carried himself like a man who has been struck between the shoulders and is stiff and sore there. It was eleven o'clock and he rather hoped Jenny would have gone to bed.

But she was up. She was sewing some soft colorful chiffon thing that was, of course, for Millicent, taking tiny little absorbed stitches, and when Sam came in she did not look at him at first.

"What kept you?" she asked casually.

"We had a conference."

Jenny looked at him then. There was something wrong with his voice, as if it had suddenly been drained of courage and complacency. When she saw his face her heap of chiffon slipped to the floor.

"What's the matter, Sam?"

He tried to swagger a bit, so futilely. "Nothing for you to worry about, dear."

"What is it?"

He hesitated, then came out with it: "They want me to withdraw, Jenny—get out of the race."

Millicent, who was coming in from the garden, where she had dismissed an amorous young Chaloner, caught the tableau. Neither her father nor mother heard her. They were looking at each other and she saw that the moment was a grave one. She stood there in the soft June darkness outside the door, listening to tragedy.

"Who wants you to withdraw?"

"The crowd—the organization—put it up to me flat."

"Mott?"

"He's left town. Oh, they had their orders all right before he left. They've just sold out, that's all."

"Sold out to whom?"

"To Quinn, of course. They tell a story about the country districts demanding a congressman who isn't from the city. But that's bunk. They knew it in the first place, when they asked me to run. That's just patter. They made a deal. I don't know just what's in it, but I suppose Quinn has come over to the organization. He was as good as licked last week and everybody knew it."

"Oh, it's so low!" cried Jenny. "That's why I hate politics so. Sam ——"

"What?"

"You haven't spent a lot of money, have you?"

"Nothing to speak of—some."

She came over and patted him on the arm. "I'm sorry, Sam. But I can't help being glad you're out of it. You never should have let them drag you into it."

"I was making an awful pretty run," he said bitterly. "I was making votes for the party every minute. And then they come to me and tell me to get out."

The lines in his face were deep and carved with the master stroke of bitterness.

"Won't they do anything for you?"

"Oh, they promise. They hinted that Mott had some business he was going to throw my way. God knows whether it will ever come or not. I'd like to throw it in his teeth if he does."

"I hope you do," said Millicent, and shut the door behind her as she came in.

"You heard?" he asked painfully.

"I heard. You aren't going to let them put that over, are you? You aren't going to withdraw?"

"Why, dear child, I can't do anything else. They simply are getting out from under me."

"Who's they?"

"Mott, O'Brien, Jennings, Swanson—the old guard, the party politicians."

"A pretty bunch that gang must be!" cried Millicent. "Well, you don't need that kind of support, anyway, father. Let them go. You can win anyway. Everybody wants you."

He shook his head. "That's the way I felt, Milly, at first. But it takes support support and money."

"He couldn't, Millicent; not without help," explained Jenny.

Millicent stood looking at her father, slouched there in his chair so hopelessly.

"I'll help him," she declared, "and I'll bet he'd get lots of votes."

"I would," said Sam, stiffening. "You bet I would. I was making a fine run. Everyone knew it. They will all say I sold out, I suppose." He groaned with the thought.

"Did you tell them you'd withdraw?"

"Oh, they know I've got to. I told them I'd tell them tomorrow. But they know I will."

"But why?"

"The word's gone out, that's all. These things happen in politics, Milly. I've always been a good party man and they know I'll take my medicine."

"I think you're a pretty punk party man if you let them put that over," Millicent stormed. "Why, father, they're just a few dirty men and you've got hundreds of friends! Hundreds and hundreds! And anyway, wouldn't it be better to be beaten than to let them get away with murder? Better for your party if you really have any respect for its old bones?"

Jenny put a soft hand on Millicent's shoulders. "You don't understand, child," she said. "It's impossible. If he went on with this now, they'd fight him!"

"Well, can't he fight, himself?"

Sam Vail drew himself out of his chair. "You bet I can!" he said. "And I think that's what I'll do too. Tell them to go straight where they belong! Think of them selling the party out to a man like Quinn, who's kicked the organization in the face every time he got a chance—and who'd do it again if they don't pay him big!"

"Now you're talking!" cried Millicent. "You don't look like a flat tire now!"

Jenny's voice, suddenly shrill, cut into their enthusiasm. "Don't be absurd, Sam!" she said. "Where'd the money come from for that kind of campaign? You'd have to do it all yourself and pay for it if you're beaten—as you would be."

Millicent whirled on her mother. "Why, mother, you wouldn't have him lie down under this? It's abominable!"

"It's politics," said Jenny sharply, "and he knew perfectly well what he was getting into. You don't understand. It might mean we couldn't keep this house. It might mean you couldn't finish college. He'd make enemies."

"Well, I'd certainly like to make a few of those birds my enemies," Millicent remarked; "nothing could be sweeter. As for college, I can do without it. That's putting too high a price on the old sheepskin."

"She's right," said Samuel Vail suddenly, his voice taut again and very sober. "She's right, Jenny. I ought to see this fight through."

Jenny's face flamed. "Sam, you're crazy! You'll ruin us all."

The dreadful thing was that neither of the others seemed to hear her. Millicent was listening to what her father was saying:

"If I could get out the full city vote, with the old friends I have in the county pulling for me, I'd win. I'm sure I'd win."

"You let me help, father," said Millicent. "I'll get every flapper who denies that she's past twenty-one to acknowledge it and go to the polls. I've got political sense. Let's show them!"

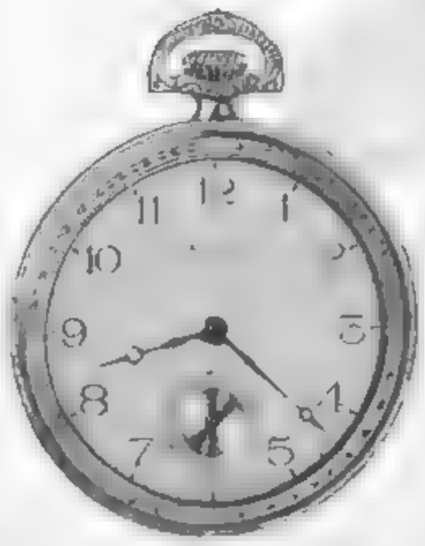
Jenny would not look at the morning paper. She knew from the talk at the table, the constant argument and plan, that it was full of election news; but she hated it. Since that bitter night when they had gone against her, her husband and daughter, and made the absurd decision to stay in a dangerous race, she had carried a heart that seemed stiffened and hard. It

(Continued on Page 169)

Fine Presentation Watch

At an Amazingly Low Price

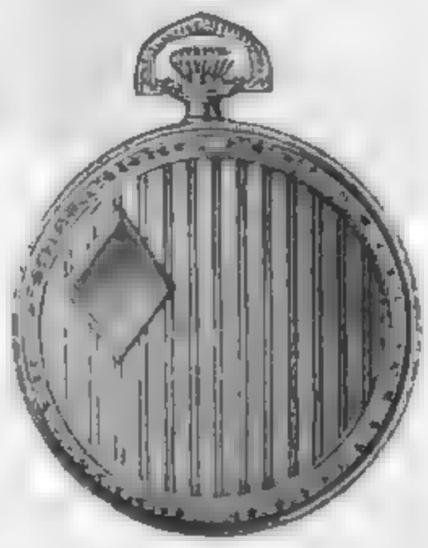
7 Jewels, Thin, Bridge Model · Made and Guaranteed by Ingersoll



In 14-k Green or White Rolled Gold-plate Case. Scratch dial and sunk second circle **$11.00**

In Nickel Case
$7.50

RELIANCE



Back View of 14-k Rolled Gold-plate Case. Five other designs in green or white to choose from.

The Thinnest 16-Size, 7-Jewel Watch Made in America

THE RELIANCE is the result of Ingersoll methods applied in the jeweled watch field. That accounts for its amazingly low price and remarkable value.

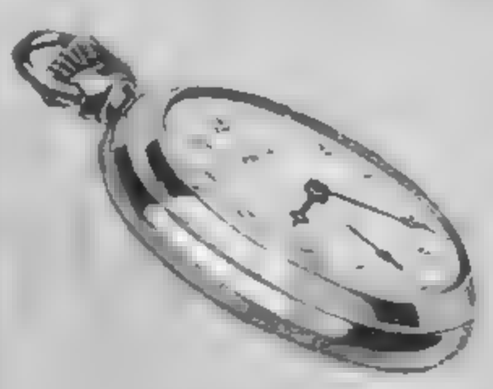
In it you get 7-jewel accuracy, the sturdy bridge construction used in $75 to $100 watches, and beauty of design that honors the jeweler's art. *It is the thinnest 16-size, 7-jewel watch made in America.*

Its accuracy is assured. It is tested for 12 days—2 days each of 6 positions—in the factory; and then given a final test by an entirely distinct department.

And behind all that, is the fact that, though of a different design and class than the watches people think of when they think of Ingersoll, it is made by Ingersoll experience and manufacturing ability, and guaranteed by the huge Ingersoll resources.

Ask to see this great watch at any Ingersoll dealer's. It is a watch you'd be proud to own yourself or to give as a Graduation gift.

You'll Want an *Ingersoll* for Outdoor Time



The New Yankee

Dependable, as always; with many new features of grace and beauty. By far the most popular watch in the world. Carry a Yankee; why risk your expensive watch.

$1.75

New Tonneau-Shape Wrist Watches

Illustrations can't do justice to the new Ingersoll Wrist Watches. They can't show the real character of the design nor how the watch and strap shape themselves to lie flat on the wrist.

Metal Dial $4.00
Radiolite $4.50

Lie Flat on the Wrist
No Strap Beneath

Yankee Radiolite

The New Yankee with luminous figures and hands. Tells time in the dark. With a Radiolite under your pillow at night, you can know the time almost without waking up.

$2.75

[Ingersolls obtainable in all parts of Canada at slightly higher prices]

Fifty-three Per Cent More Visibility!

Composite-Steel Body!

NEW *PATENTED* SAFETY VISION FEATURE!

¶ Leading again! *Safety Vision! New Patented Steel Construction!* "Blind zone" reduced 47%! Visibility increased 53%! An idea that other builders will follow. And now the body designers and engineers are attempting to reproduce this new idea, yet it will take them months to get into production; probably a year to make it available. *But today, immediately, you may have this great patented feature in the Diana Light Straight Eight.* An unrestricted panoramic sweep—different from anything you have ever seen before, and the most revolutionary step towards *driving without hazard* since the coming of four-wheel brakes. ¶ Statistics show that 80% of all motor accidents are due to the driver who *didn't see the other car in time*—couldn't see it, because the thick wooden pillar blocked it from view when less than two seconds (27½ feet) away. But now Diana Safety Vision removes the risk and speculative chance—the new patented Steel Construction cuts the "blind zone", and adds 53% to your visibility, doubles your safety. ¶ Of course, everybody wants it, wants vision, wants safety. And everybody wants it without body roar, without metallic drumming. So Diana brings the new, patented Composite-Steel Body, *hushed*—made quiet, made proof to sound. *Actually, at 71 miles an hour you can hear your watch tick.* ¶ So, now, *get in and drive.* Get the full sweep of Diana Safety Vision. *You'll never buy a car again without it.*

DIANA EIGHT PRICES
Range From
$1795
Upward
F.O.B. St. Louis

DIANA LIGHT STRAIGHT 8

Built by the MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY for the DIANA MOTORS COMPANY · Stewart MacDonald, *President*, St. Louis

(Continued from Page 166)

wasn't Millicent whom she blamed so much—Millicent, who was always dashing around now to meetings of shopgirls, getting herself into the papers as her father's political aid and all the rest of it. That was absurd and wrong. But it was Sam's fault. Millicent would find out what it meant next year when the excitement was over and the shoe began to pinch. No, it mustn't be allowed to pinch Millicent. She must prevent that. Putting the newspaper down in the reading rack, Jenny saw Sam's face staring up at her. She lifted the paper again and read just one thing: "This advertisement inserted by the Vail-for-Congress committee in behalf of Samuel Vail. Amount to be paid sixty-three dollars and fifty-four cents."

Sixty-three dollars! How many of such mad expenditures had there been?

Larry Chaloner was at the door, looking for Millicent. "Where's that wild politician woman?" he asked.

Jenny shook her head. "I don't know."

"Making a speech, I suppose. She had me cart her out to the rug factory yesterday and the garment mills the day before. She certainly gets in where the angels fear to tread. Have you heard her speak?"

"No."

"It's hot stuff. Anybody who doesn't vote after one of her talks will have a restless night."

Jenny said nothing. It hurt, this picture of Millicent, who should be dancing and swimming, running around to beg for votes. It was so wrong. No one of her friends did.

"Well, I'll chase her," said Larry blithely. "She wants me to pin a banner on the car, I think. I'll look for her in the more crowded districts. It will all be over by tomorrow anyhow. Awfully close race, Mrs. Vail. I do hope Mr. Vail gets in."

He was gone and Jenny left alone with her isolation. It was that. She heard the boys talking upstairs:

"I've got a few more dodgers, Tom. Let's get them out tonight. Father wants every house covered."

"Sure! Gosh, I wish I could vote!"

"If that dirty Quinn gets in, it will certainly be rotten!"

Even her sons! Politics had taken everything, she thought a little hysterically. Her daughter, her sons—the party! Who cared whether Quinn got in or not? She knew that it was political blasphemy, but she hoped for a minute that he would, just to show Sam.

The house was unbearable. She put on a hat and went downtown to do some petty shopping. Here and there a poster with her husband's face confronted her and sickened her. Tomorrow, if he lost, those things would still be there, a joke and a mockery. To the women whom she met she said nothing of politics, drawing away from the subject if they approached it.

It was on the street car going home that she heard the men in front of her talking. They were two ordinary dun-colored men, with hot red necks and ill-pressed clothes.

"Well, who's going to go to Congress?" grinned one of them. "Great fight that Vail's putting up, isn't it?"

"You bet. I guess he's a good man too. They say he won't get in though."

"Won't, eh?"

"No. They've got those copper ranges sewed up for Quinn, you know. Get every hunkie out to vote. Can't get a city vote out like that—not solid. Take the women you know. They don't take much interest except in presidential elections. They don't get out. They thought the permanent registration would tend to that, but lots of the women that are registered don't vote."

"I suppose ——"

"Too bad too," said the loquacious one. "Vail—you know—he's a good man, good party man. Stands for the best kind of politics. This fellow Quinn's a pretty bad bet."

The other man warmed up. "I'll tell you something about Quinn. Something I got pretty straight. Listen to this."

Jenny listened too. She couldn't help it, and what she heard made her angry. Why did people dream of sending a man like that to Congress—all these people who wouldn't even get out and vote for Sam, who were going to let him lose?

She was stiff and silent at dinner again. Millicent came home too tired and excited to eat. Sam had a mass meeting and did not appear.

"Are you going down to hear father tonight?" asked Millicent.

"No," said Jenny; "and I think you shouldn't either. You're tired. You'd better go to bed."

"No, Larry's taking me down. I want to be in at the death."

"You're making yourself silly."

"I'll die if he doesn't win."

"Don't talk like that. You know he probably won't. He'll have all sorts of wires pulled against him."

Millicent was sober. She had queer streaks of sobriety these last days.

"That wouldn't matter if the people who are decent voted—the people who really know something. The more I go about, the more I see why things go wrong. It's because all kinds of people keep their hands off, because they don't even vote. Once you get to them, it's not so hard to make them see why it's important. But there are so many I can't reach. And if he loses by just a few votes tomorrow, which is what they say may happen, I shall just curl up and die."

"Your father was very wrong to get you into this."

"Why, I've loved it! I don't see how you can feel so, mother. I don't see how you can act so. If I were a man's wife," cried Millicent, her lovely, eager, ready-for-life face raised, "and he were in politics, I'd stay by him to the end, win or lose. In England, the men's wives campaign for them. You ought to be good for a lot of votes, mother. You know more about father than anyone else. I should think you'd be out shouting it."

"Why, I wouldn't dream of such a thing! I do my duty to your father in other ways, Millicent."

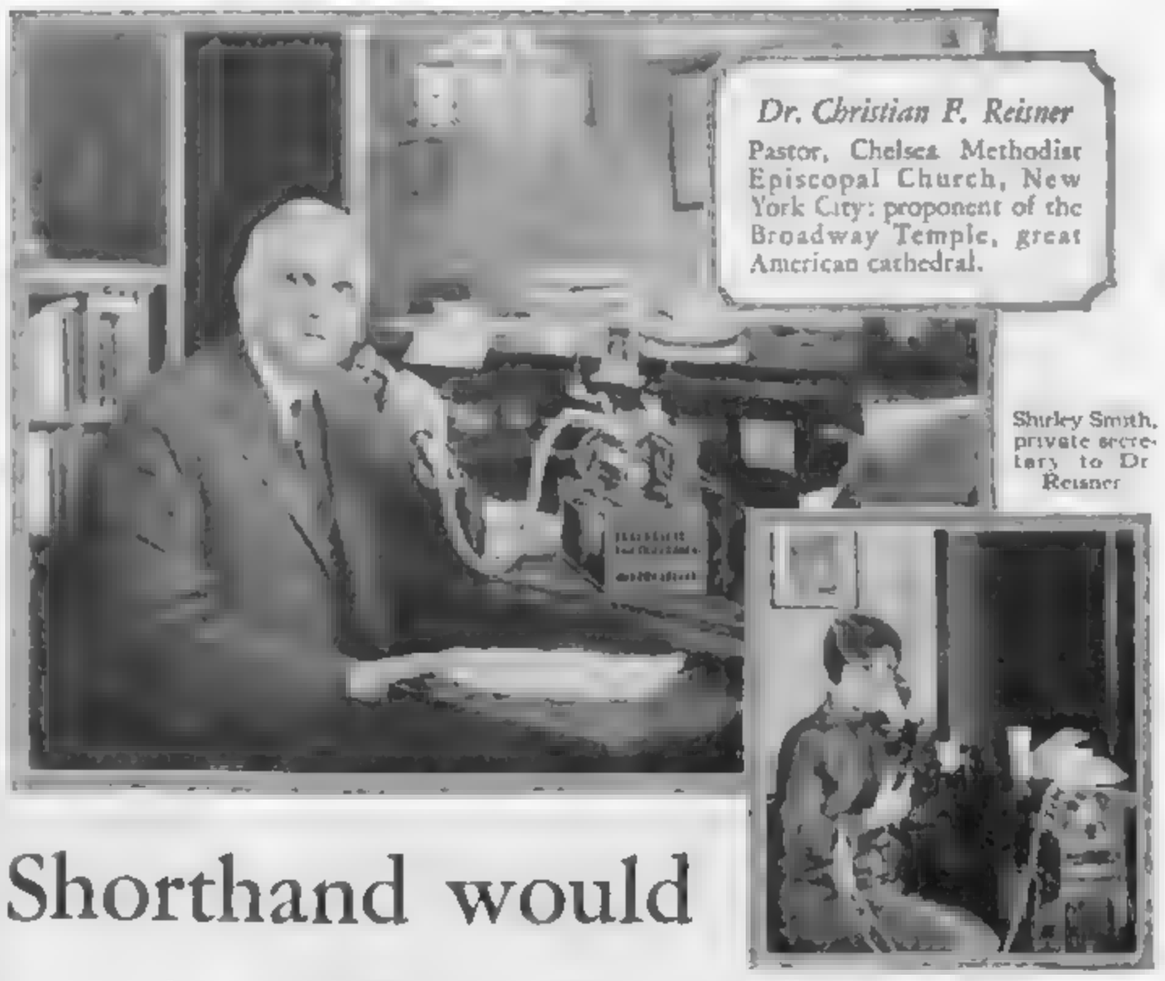
"I don't know," speculated Millicent, and there was no trace of impudence in her manner; "but I should think that if I married a man my duty was in helping him along the way he wanted to go. Suppose he lost by just a few votes tomorrow. Think how you'd feel! . . . There's the car. I've got to skip. Sure you won't come?"

Jenny was alone again. Even the boys had gone to the mass meeting to give out dodgers at the door. She busied herself about the house, but the duties went stale after a little. She could not sew. She could only wander about the house and think of what was going to happen tomorrow, of what would happen if he lost—or if he won. So many nights before election she had spent like this, waiting, worrying. She thought of what the men on the street car had said, of Millicent's talk, and, strangely and definitely, of Quinn. He mustn't go to Congress—not if he were what they said. And yet perhaps he was going, while Sam stayed home to pay his bills and take the venom of the organization he had defied. A fine little sweat came out in beads on Jenny's upper lip.

"If he should lose by a few votes!"

Mrs. Walter Chaloner went straight down the list of women in her engagement book. She went out a great deal and it was a long list, but she did it. It astonished many a matron on her way to the manicure or the golf course to be called up by Mrs. Chaloner or one of the three other important ladies who were assisting her and be asked to promise definitely to vote that day, especially for congressman, and told why. Still, if Mrs. Chaloner said so, it was undoubtedly necessary to do it. Chauffeurs found out where the polling place was and drove the ladies to it. They voted themselves.

"I've seen that a hundred and fifty telephone calls were made," said Margaret


Dr. Christian F. Reisner
Pastor, Chelsea Methodist Episcopal Church, New York City: proponent of the Broadway Temple, great American cathedral.
Shirley Smith, private secretary to Dr Reisner

Shorthand would keep him "one man"

So he uses The Dictaphone to help him become four: minister, publicist, author and business man

Read how Dr. Reisner keeps himself for the big things he alone can do—and realize that our coupon offer can help you get more done, too!

A NEW idea in churches! Self-supporting, income-producing, a skyscraper church built by interest-paying bonds—not donations. Due mainly to the vision and energy of Dr. Christian F. Reisner.

Combination church, social center, apartment house and hotel—The Broadway Temple will soon rear its lighted cross 30 stories over the 400,000 people who live on Washington Heights, Manhattan. Important men in the financial world are backing this project—a tribute to the sound business ability of the pastor.

Naturally, Dr. Reisner is a very busy man. The fulfillment of his dream of making the church a conspicuous building, with people living in it, means that his day is filled with conferences and visits. Then there are letters and publicity articles by the hundreds to write. "After hours" is the only time to do them and The Dictaphone provides the only possible way.

Everything goes right on The Dictaphone—letters, sermons, books, articles. His secretary, Miss Shirley Smith, sees that they are correctly transcribed. In fact, the letters and many articles are sent out without Dr. Reisner ever bothering to re-read them. The Dictaphone, he insists, means accuracy!

Dunn Barber, Ar h.
Broadway Temple
as it will look when completed

Miss Smith is charged with many important executive duties. In addition to taking care of Dr. Reisner's voluminous correspondence, she must see that the church magazine, the "Weekly Announcer," gets to press. "There is considerable research for me to do in connection with articles that Dr. Reisner writes," she says. "I could not do a third of what my office gets done if I had to use shorthand."

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

What's Wrong With Shorthand?

Secretaries say:—

"He talks so fast I'll be getting writer's cramp soon."

"Hours wasted while he's in conference."

"The other girls can't help me out."

"I'm nothing but a bell hop."

"Cold notes are maddening."

That's enough! I'll show him this trial offer right now.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corp., 154 Nassau St., New York City

☐ I want to read what leading executives or secretaries say about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me FREE copy of your booklet, "What's Wrong With Shorthand?"

I am a Secretary ☐ Executive ☐ (*Check One*)

☐ Please notify your nearest office to lend me a New Model to to try. I understand that this loan involves no expense or obligation.

For Canadian inquiries address Dictaphone Sales Corp., Ltd., 55 Melinda St., Toronto, Canada

World-wide organization—London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.

SOME *Parents Make Cleanliness Easy*

DO the lovable rascals in your home dodge a "scrub-up" with the deftness of a pedestrian in traffic? Are you regularly provoked by the oft-used excuse, "Aw, gee, the water ain't hot?" And is cleanliness too often neglected because water must be heated?

Your home needs a Hoffman **Automatic** Gas Water Heater—to make cleanliness easy and save time and work all through the house. It will end all hot water annoyances. There's nothing to do but turn the faucet, any time of day or night—and be **instantly** supplied with **unlimited** hot water for any purpose.

A Hoffman gives the cottage the convenience of the mansion. There are models for both, and all other homes. And—wonderful news—prices are low, terms easy and this super-service costs but a few pennies a day. Don't deny your home this comfort. Write us for complete information or inquire of branch nearest you.

Prices Lower

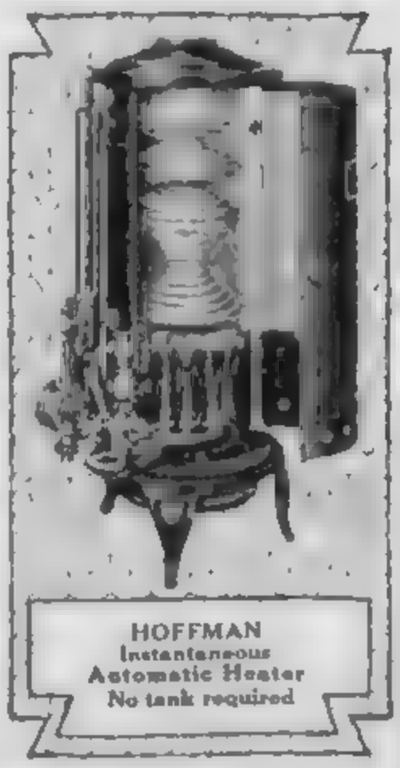
HOFFMAN
Automatic Gas Water Heaters

The No. 45 Instantaneous Model, for small homes with usual hot water outlets.

The No. 3, a slightly larger model for typical homes.

The No. 20-A Storage System (20 gallons capacity) for average homes.

The No. 40-A Storage System (40 gallons capacity) for larger homes.



The Hoffman Heater Company
1701-15 Eighteenth St., Louisville, Kentucky

Branches

ATLANTA
BALTIMORE—[illegible] N. Howard St
[illegible]
[illegible]
CHICAGO—[illegible] Michigan Ave
CINCINNATI—[illegible]
CLEVELAND—[illegible] Euclid Ave.
DETROIT—[illegible] Long St

DALLAS—1910 Main St
[illegible]
HOUSTON—204 W. 11th St.
HOUSTON—1313 Texas Ave.
INDIANAPOLIS—[illegible]
JOHNSTOWN—146 Fifth St
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

NEW ORLEANS—[illegible] Baronne St
NEW YORK—441 Lexington Ave
OAKLAND—[illegible]
PHILADELPHIA—[illegible]
SAN ANTONIO—[illegible]
SAN FRANCISCO—452 Fourth St.
ST. LOUIS—[illegible]
WASHINGTON—[illegible]

Chaloner to Jenny Vail, "and I've asked them to be sure that the cooks and housemaids vote. I suppose most of them registered during the presidential campaign. Anyway, it ought to mean seventy or eighty votes. Most of the women I know belong to our party. . . . No, you're not to thank me, Jenny. I was glad to do it. I ought to do it. We all ought. It's not your husband—it's our Government."

There was the church circle. The president said to Mrs. Vail's request that she had not fully realized the situation, but she certainly was going to start a chain of telephoning, not only in her own district but through the affiliated circles. She herself had forgotten it was election day; but if Mr. Quinn was that kind of man, they wanted to do all they could. Everybody respected Mr. Vail.

There was the college-club list of a hundred and sixty members which Jenny telephoned to, herself. It wasn't so hard after the first four calls. She had not realized that she knew so many ways of approach until she started; but still less had she dreamed of the idle, impotent vote that would stay at home and let Quinn get in unless it was prodded. No one knew she was doing it. The family scattered early, Millicent to her father's headquarters to see that her scouts were getting out the young vote everywhere—the young vote that Millicent had worked so hard to arouse in shop, warehouse, factory and debutante set. As for Sam Vail, he kept at it until the last hour before the polls closed. One had to be sure that in some places there were challengers at the polls. Sam saw to that.

The hour of hush came when it was over, when no one knew. Not Mott, who was rather upset over the whole business and inclined to razz the advisers who had told him to let Vail go. Not Jennings or O'Brien or Swanson, who had been startled for three weeks at the resistance to their effort to put Quinn over big. Not Quinn himself, with his sleeves empty now of political cards, sitting in a hotel room with some friends, his slanting, silent face impassive.

"It depends on the city vote, Quinn. If they got out the way they did in 1924, and gave the Coolidge vote to Vail, it looks bad."

"They won't," barked Quinn.

In a newspaper office, Millicent and Larry Chaloner sat on the edge of a long table and checked returns. Twelve o'clock, one o'clock, reporters yawning.

"They won't be all in until tomorrow. Even the city precincts aren't counted yet, and the country's not fully reported on. Come home, Milly."

"It's so close," said Millicent; "if it weren't so close, it would be easier. He's put up such an awfully good fight, Larry. I keep thinking of ways we could have pulled out more votes, you know. Makes me itch."

"Will you marry me if I go into politics?" asked Larry.

"If you promise to be as good a politician as my father," she told him.

He lifted her off the table. "I'm going to take you home, tired child."

Jenny saw them come. She was sitting in the dark, upstairs. She saw them getting out of Larry's car, lingering at the porch steps. It occurred to her that it didn't matter very much whether Millicent finished the university or not, that perhaps nothing mattered except caring for people and standing by them. If she had not been so absorbed, she would have been happy about Millicent. Larry Chaloner was a nice boy. But her mind was not on Millicent now. It was on Sam, who was probably beaten, who was probably afraid to bring his defeat home, and that seemed saddest of all.

She went downstairs to the telephone and called the number of his office. He would be sitting there, she guessed, waiting.

"Sam?" she asked. "This is Jenny. There's nothing more to do. You'd better come home and go to bed. Sam, win or lose, it's all right with me."

"You're a great sport, Jenny," he said. "I wanted to bring home a victory, but I'm not sure I can."

The morning papers were not sure. The evening papers wavered. It was not until the second day that the headlines dared to be definite and the city, thoroughly excited by that time, took off its political hat to Vail.

"One hundred and ten votes!" gloried Millicent. "Let them recount all they like, I'll bet they never get that hundred votes away from dad! Do you suppose that's the hundred votes I got you?"

Samuel Vail, again a little pompous, a thoroughly restored man of importance, looked at her genially and glanced into the mirror opposite.

"Don't you worry about the recount They counted every fraction of a vote up there before they gave in. It was the biggest vote ever polled in a congressional election out here. That'll teach them to stick to a good party man. And, Jenny, they're all coming around now. I hear I'm to have some pretty good business this summer. I certainly bless the person who got out the extra hundred and ten votes."

Jenny said nothing. She smiled and gave him his second egg.

The Respectable Family Man Buys a Haunted Car

SPARTON RADIO

"The pathfinder of the air"

Sparton Radio is built by the manufacturers of the world-famous Sparton horns for motor cars. Its production is a logical development of the Company's quarter-century of precision manufacture of electrical equipment.

THIS radio receiver has been developed for the most exacting conditions. It has a five tube tuned radio-frequency circuit. Cabinet and Console models are in two-tone walnut for decorating the most perfectly appointed room. The Sparton offers you tone, volume and selectivity. From coils to cabinet it is Sparton-built with that one outstanding attribute, Precision Manufacture.

Prices, $63 upward: Western and Canadian Prices, slightly more. Shown above, Model 5-26, Price, $83.

THE SPARKS-WITHINGTON COMPANY (Established 1900) JACKSON, MICHIGAN

ENJOYMENT *plus* HEALTH in this fruit juice!

PURE fruit juice—squeezed from perfect Concord grapes fresh from the vine—that is Welch's.

All the health-building qualities of ripe, fresh fruit—America's greatest food authorities say—are in each glass. And all the delicate refreshment of the ripe, fresh grapes.

Blend Welch's with other fruit juices, with ginger ale or sparkling water, or serve it with crushed ice. Have it for summer outings and parties. Order from your grocer, druggist or confectioner.

* * *

Free Offer: Book of the new fruit juice drinks sent free. Write to—The Welch Grape Juice Company, Dept. P-25, Westfield, N. Y. Canadian plant,—St. Catharines, Ontario.

WELCH PUNCH is a cool blend of fruit juices, perfect for luncheon or for the summer dance. The recipe is given on each bottle of Welch's.

WELCH'S WITH GINGER ALE and Welch's sparkling are among the most delightful of the new drinks. Ask for Welch's sparkling at the Soda Fountain.

AT BREAKFAST tomorrow—half fill a small glass with cracked ice; then fill with Welch's—pure juice of ripe fresh Concord grapes. See how appetite wakens to its fragrant tart appeal.

GRAPE RICKEY appears on many a country club veranda. Half fill tall glasses with Welch's; add to each the juice of one lime, sugar to taste and shaved ice and fill with sparkling water.

IN America's most famous hotels WELCH'S GRAPE JUICE is served regularly for the breakfast fruit juice. Among them are:

Ambassador Hotel	*New York City*	The Willard	*Washington, D. C.*
The Plaza	*New York City*	The Roosevelt	*New Orleans*
The Blackstone	*Chicago*	The Olympic	*Seattle*
The Book-Cadillac	*Detroit*	Hotel Sinton	*Cincinnati*
Hotel Cleveland	*Cleveland*	Hotel Statler	*Buffalo*
The Copley-Plaza	*Boston*	The Atlanta Biltmore	*Atlanta*
Fairmont Hotel	*San Francisco*	Hotel Peabody	*Memphis*
Huntington Hotel	*Pasadena*	Royal Dutch Hotel	*Palm Beach, Fla.*
King Edward Hotel	*Toronto*	The Roney-Plaza Hotel	*Miami Beach, Fla.*

AT SODA FOUNTAINS ask for Welch's straight or with sparkling water

PURE FRUIT JUICE *from* FRESH RIPE GRAPES

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 38)

hurled at me by the manager of The Biggest Bookstore in the World.

"Because I know books and love them," I replied, feeling the answer very weak and inadequate to cover my vast lack of business experience and contact with the purchasing public.

It must have appealed to him, however, for he gave me a chance, as he put it, at fifteen dollars a week, in the Gift Book Department—a show case in a far corner of the second floor—with instructions to the girl in charge to teach me all she knew before she left. This she did in a few brief words: "Learn where the stuff is kept, and tell the buyer when you are out of anything. But you won't need much," she added as an afterthought, and joined her friends to talk over her approaching marriage.

In the show case I found a weird conglomeration of literature, some of it classical, some popular, and much of it trash, but for the most part done up in small, dainty leather or parchment bindings supposed to appeal to those in need of a trifling gift.

My first customer was a worried broker seeking a joke book to cheer himself while the market was dull. He went away cherishing a little red-leather pocket edition of my beloved Marcus Aurelius, and later came back for more of the same type—a new vista of thought having been opened to his practical financial mind. From this point on I had no fear of the public, but considered each and every customer a friend in search of mental food for some especial need. These needs I tried to anticipate, and as the stock began to move, my requests for a broader line were granted, and I was given a second show case and a set of shelves to house the new volumes.

Soon my customers were returning often, to get my advice on the best book to give an elderly invalid, or a thoughtful girl of sixteen, a patient in a hospital, or to cheer one bereaved. Each case called for a different prescription. One traveling salesman took to dropping in, each time he came to town, to stock up with reading matter in pocket size for the next trip. I helped women trim their club articles with quotations or humorous stories, and often drafted the complete speech for the timid. Then there were the lovers who wished to send some sentimental bit of literature regularly to the adored. To fill all such demands, knowledge of the author, style, mood and contents of each book was necessary. In addition, I always inquired minutely into the likes and dislikes, the mood and character of the person for whom the book was intended, and advised as wisely as possible, using my former social experience as a guide. Which makes me think of one amusing customer, a great crude overdressed chap, whose clothes and manner bespoke new money. He demanded, "a book—the best you have!" To my inquiries he replied that it was for himself, and he didn't care what it was about or by whom it was written.

"Oh," I said, "I know just what you want! A fine big beautiful leather volume to lay on the table in your new home?"

"That's the idea, that's just the thing!" he agreed, beaming, and I sold him one of the most brilliantly colored and heavily pressed leather books in the store, with full-page colored illustrations, though I couldn't induce him to look at a picture—the outside was so entirely satisfactory.

I had taken this position in September. By the end of October my trade had developed to such an extent that I felt justified in demanding a sign over my section bearing the legend Gift Books, and a location farther forward in the store so as to catch some of the passing trade. To my surprise the department was moved bodily to a prominent position on the main floor, center aisle; I was given a raise in salary, an assistant to do the stock keeping, new and larger show cases, and carte blanche permission to gather from all over the store whatever I thought would be an asset to the Gift Book Department. This enabled me to add a few old and rare volumes for the occasional discriminating customer; complete leather-bound sets of Kipling, Conrad, Stevenson, Eliot and others; beautifully illustrated volumes for children and illuminated copies of some of the more popular long poems, such as Omar Khayyam, and the Sonnets from the Portuguese by Mrs. Browning.

Invariably people wished to write something on the fly leaf of the gift they purchased, yet were at a loss for just the graceful phrase, so I found it well to collect and keep on hand a variety of clever presentation phrases and messages to offer. From the manager I obtained an order for a continuous supply of white tissue paper and satin ribbon to tie the gifts in real gift form, and you have no idea how a trivial thing like tissue paper and ribbon increased the sales. One lady took a fancy to a fifteen-dollar leather-bound volume of etchings, which she gave whenever she needed a wedding gift, her one stipulation being that it should be tied in tissue paper with wide lavender satin ribbon. Without these finishing touches she wouldn't have bothered sending a book. One old gentleman brought me an itemized list of his daughter's family so I could choose a suitable book for him to present each one when he arrived on a visit. The paper and ribbon trimmings were largely responsible for his return at Christmas with his entire gift list, to be filled out and wrapped up the same way—a sale of some forty volumes.

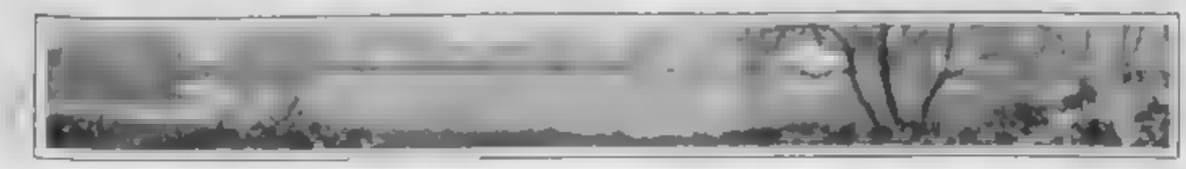
Early in November I began to talk Christmas to every customer, making suggestions for possible gifts for the holidays. When Christmas approached, the little department had grown to such an extent that we had four counters, and the brusque manager gave me seven assistant sales people with the instruction to teach them my methods before the rush began. To the manager's horror, he found them all sitting about reading, as I had put them to studying the contents of the books with which they were not familiar, so they would have some knowledge of the nature and style of the books they were to recommend. And when the rush came, such a bedlam as it was! My old customers returned almost to a man, many of them with long lists of people for whom I was to select appropriate gift books. One business man ordered 300 copies of a business pep-and-cheer book I had sold him in the fall, to present to his entire sales force.

Our section made a great hit. Customers stood before it five deep, and sent their friends in afterward. My time was so taken prescribing the proper literary diet for the various people described to me that I had no time to sell.

The department made such a good Christmas sales record that with the New Year I was honored by calls from the different local authors and publishers of some of the popular books we handled.

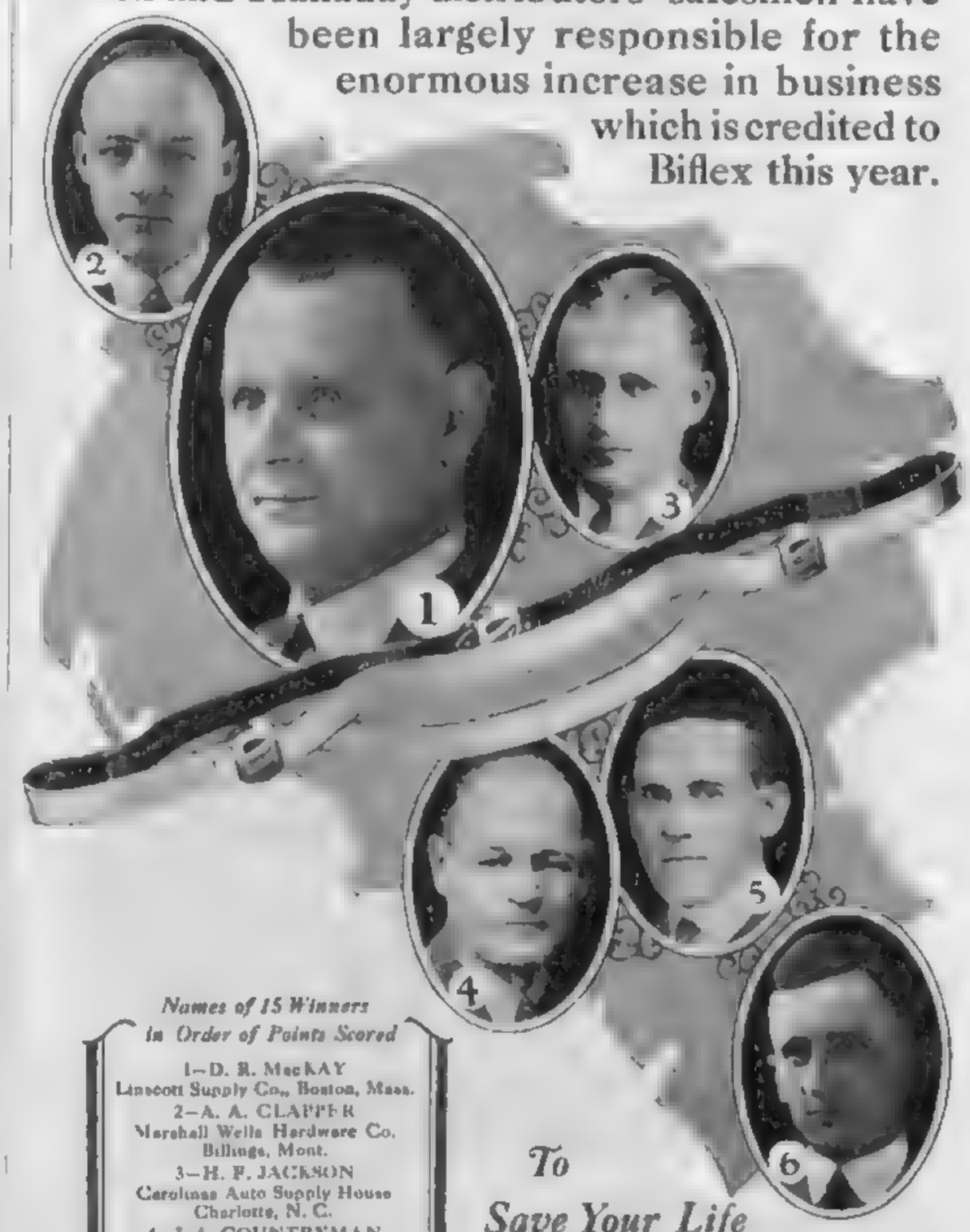
From this to buyer for the department with attendant increase in salary was but a natural step, and with a bright business future ahead of me I insist that to sell successfully one needs to know the goods and to study and understand the customers, which in the final analysis narrows down to the command: "Get interested in and enjoy your work, then study!"

—MARGARET DARST.



Biflex Winners

These star salesmen, winners in the recent Biflex and Halladay distributors' salesmen's contest, piled up a tremendous volume of business and smashed all previous records for individual bumper sales. The efforts of these men and other Biflex and Halladay distributors' salesmen have been largely responsible for the enormous increase in business which is credited to Biflex this year.



Names of 15 Winners in Order of Points Scored

1—D. R. MacKAY
Linscott Supply Co., Boston, Mass.
2—A. A. CLAPPER
Marshall Wells Hardware Co.
Billings, Mont.
3—H. F. JACKSON
Carolinas Auto Supply House
Charlotte, N. C.
4—J. A. COUNTRYMAN
Cedar Rapids Auto Supply Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
5—JIM HOWE
Linscott Auto Supply Co.
Boston, Mass.
6—J. M. PARKS
Carolinas Auto Supply House
Charlotte, N. C.
7—H. H. KRUDUP
Electric Appliance Co., Chicago
8—S. F. LOWE
Electric Appliance Co., Chicago
9—E. LINDSTROM
Automobile Supply Co., Chicago
10—J. S. CULBERTSON
Carolinas Auto Supply House
Charlotte, N. C.
11—V. I. CAPEN
Cedar Rapids Auto Supply Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
12—R. L. WIESE
Cedar Rapids Auto Supply Co.
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
13—E. A. GLASENER
Electric Appliance Co., Chicago
14—H. C. SYLVESTER
Electric Appliance Co., Chicago
15—MAX PARIS
Sieg Co., Davenport, Iowa

To

Save Your Life

You Can't Get Better Protection

Here's the vital difference between Biflex *cushion* bumpers and ordinary *non-cushion* bumpers:—Biflex is built on the tension principle to *absorb severe impacts*, a huge live spring that recoils and *repulses* impending smashes; a *non-cushion* bumper is simply one rigidly constructed for light duty. If the crash comes be sure your bumper protects the lives in your care. Biflex your car today—be sure, be safe.

Biflex Bumpers and Rearguards for all automobiles at all dealers'

THE BIFLEX CORPORATION
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The FLORSHEIM FEETURE ARCH

If your feet tire easily—if they need relief—give them the support of The Florsheim Feeture Arch—an unusual shoe for comfort.

The Florsheim Shoe Company
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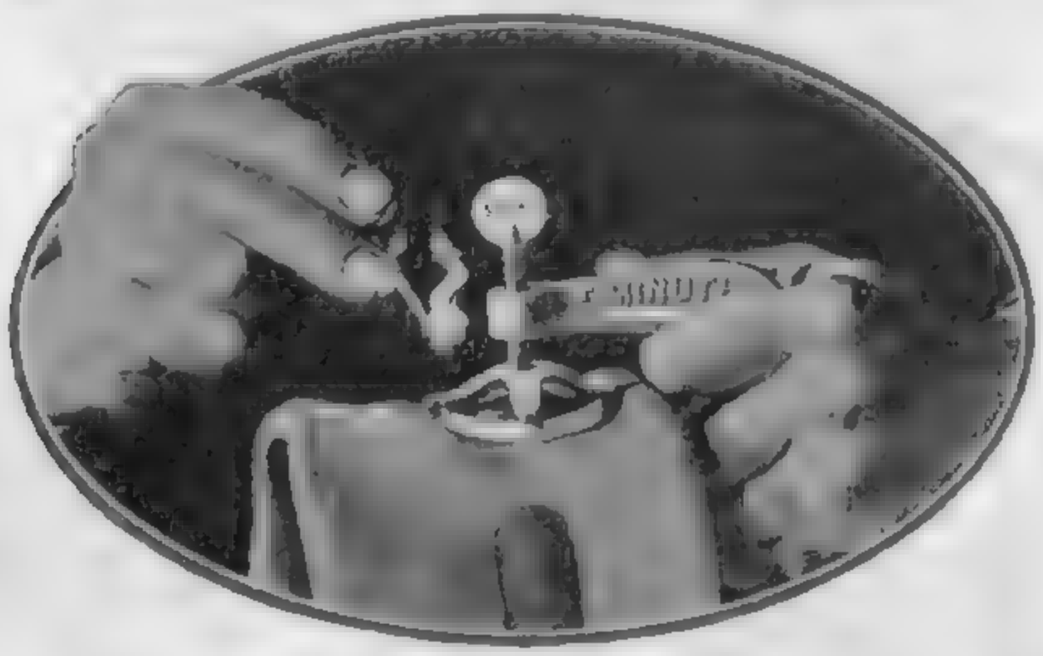


Easiest Way to Fix Punctures

In less than a minute you can place a Shaler Patch-&-Heat Unit over a puncture—screw it tightly over the hole with the Shaler Clamp—and light the prepared solid fuel. A few minutes more and you have a *heat vulcanized* repair that lasts. No mess, no fuss, no trouble. More than four million motorists use it.

Get Your Shaler Vulcanizer Today

Costs only $1.50 at Auto Supply Dealers' everywhere. Slightly higher in Canada and Far West. Includes Vulcanizer and 12 Patch-&-Heat Units.

C. A. SHALER CO., Waupun, Wis., U. S. A.

THE INFERNAL GRIND

Continued from Page 19

institution. The first on record was held in Birmingham, England, in 1889. Two years later, in 1891, it invaded America, and Plugger Bill Martin, riding the whole race alone on an old-fashioned high wheel, beat twenty-six competitors over a distance of 1400 miles for a prize of $2000 in the old Madison Square Garden.

The first races were one-man affairs, and to my mind the old riders were superhuman. The races lasted 142 hours and the methods of the riders were simple, but terrible to follow.

A rider rode until he was exhausted and then lay down to sleep or rest. While he was away from the track his competitors tried to catch up with him if he was ahead and to outdistance him if he wasn't. Nature was intrusted with the task of equalizing the chances, because obviously no man could ride for 142 hours without a rest. Everybody had to take one once in a while. They say that riders, finishing one of these races, fell in their tracks and slept for thirty-six hours.

In 1892 Charlie Ashinger, on a high wheel, was first over the finish line. During that year the safety, or modern, bicycle was put on the market and the following year Albert Shock demonstrated its superiority by riding one and running away from his competitors who rode the high wheels. The safety was then adopted as the standard racing bicycle.

In 1894 and 1895 there were no six-day races for men, but there was a woman's six-day race in 1895 which was won by Miss Frankie Nelson. Teddy Hale won the 1896 race and Charlie Miller, a hard-plugging, powerful and tireless rider, won the six-day races of 1897 and 1898, running his competitors into such a state of exhaustion that the New York Legislature outlawed the one-man race. The new law, enacted in 1898, pronounced the one-man race cruel and wearing on the human body, and provided that no competitor in any race of six days should be allowed to run or ride more than twelve hours each day. The promoters, to obey the law, conceived the idea of forming two-men teams, each man riding twelve hours each day, resting whenever it suited him. This was the beginning of the six-day race as we know it.

Diet Also Ran

The powerful Miller closed one era of six-day racing by winning the two last one-man races. He inaugurated a new one when, teamed with Frank Waller, he won the first six-day team race, making it his third consecutive win in three years. Miller and Waller covered a distance of 2733 miles and 4 laps, and this has been surpassed only three times since—in 1908 by McFarland and Moran, who traveled 2737.1; in 1913 by Joe Fogler and myself with 2751, and in 1914 by the official record of 2759.2.

To return to November, 1910, within a week I started an arduous course of training. Both Hehir and I were confident that we had a good chance of winning the race, and that, failing in that, we would finish in the money. As the riders, besides being paid a sum each day according to their records, also cut in on a percentage of the gate in the order of their positions at the finish, Hehir prophesied we would come out of the race with considerable money.

One thing I overlooked, however, and that was the matter of diet. I had no more idea of the rudimentary laws of taking care of myself during a grind than a rabbit has of arithmetic, and I paid a heavy price for this ignorance. We began the ride in November at the Boston Arena. I was nineteen years old and weighed 160 pounds.

The race was a ten-hour affair, the riders riding from four in the afternoon till two in the morning. Boston is not, like New York and Chicago, an all-night town, and it was known that no mere six-day bicycle race could keep the average Bostonian from his bed. So the riders had plenty of time to sleep.

We finished third and I came out of that race with the idea that I could make good as a six-day rider. The team of Hehir and Goullet filled out entry blanks for the race in Madison Square Garden in December.

Conditions have greatly improved in both the conduct of the races themselves and in the character of the attending crowds. In 1910, as it is today, the six-day race was a recognized annual sporting event, looked forward to by every class of New Yorker. But the riders, though admitted necessary as the main reason for the gathering of the crowds, were not considered important enough to merit more than casual care.

Jam Before Breakfast

The quarters in which we were supposed to rest in our hours off the track were in a long barnlike room under the arena seats. Directly under us was a shooting gallery, which never seemed more popular than when you were trying to sleep. Not far away, in another part of the basement, was Stevens' bar, recognized and regarded as much a part of the race as were the riders. As prohibition had not yet even been thought of, and as many of the spectators came as much to drink in the atmosphere of a congenial crowd as to watch the races, the Garden was never still. In the early hours of the morning you could expect to hear Sweet Adeline sung by hilarious quartets in at least four different keys, or roars of protest as a disorderly patron hit the outer air under the persuasion of a bum's rush.

The old-time six-day race was a much harder grind than it is today. Several factors made it so.

The prime object of the race was to equal or pass the current distance record, which, in 1910, was the 2737 miles and one lap, hung up in 1908 by McFarland and Moran. No six-day race which did not promise to do so was considered a success. In order to insure hard riding the management made it a practice to pay a team which was in the race but hopelessly out of the money to set a stiff pace for the field. It was not until 1914 that the point system of scoring was introduced, and up to that time the race, in the event of a tie between two or more teams, was decided by a mile sprint a minute before the race ended. The winners of the sprint were the winners of the race. Naturally no team wanted one sprint to decide the result of 142 hours' grilling riding, so attempts to steal a lap were incessant and jams were frequent. The favorite hour for jams was between four and six in the morning. It was about that time that one of the members of every team endeavored to get in his longest period of sleep—two hours.

At 4:30 or five o'clock a rider sunk in the depths of a sleep of exhaustion would be jerked from his bed by an excited trainer and hurried to the track to save his team mate from being lapped in the jam. He would see the riders strung out in a swift-moving line as team after team made a bid against the field. Heavy with sleep, he would take his place in the crush, often held to his wheel by sheer physical habit. Riders have told me of being jerked from their cots and riding through a jam and then returning to sleep with no memory of having been awakened. They were like the soldiers in the World War who fell asleep while marching.

Another thing that kept the riders from lagging was the style of the foreign competitors. They entered every race with the idea of riding the Americans into the ground. The fact that they never succeeded in doing anything but riding themselves into a state of exhaustion made no difference. They kept on trying it year after year. Add to these the pleasant custom of

(Continued on Page 177)

Palm Beach Cloth makes Summer-time a Pleasure

For twenty years—Palm Beach has pointed the way to cool comfort in warm weather. It's a friendly fabric—that tailors well—wears well—and drives away the heat.

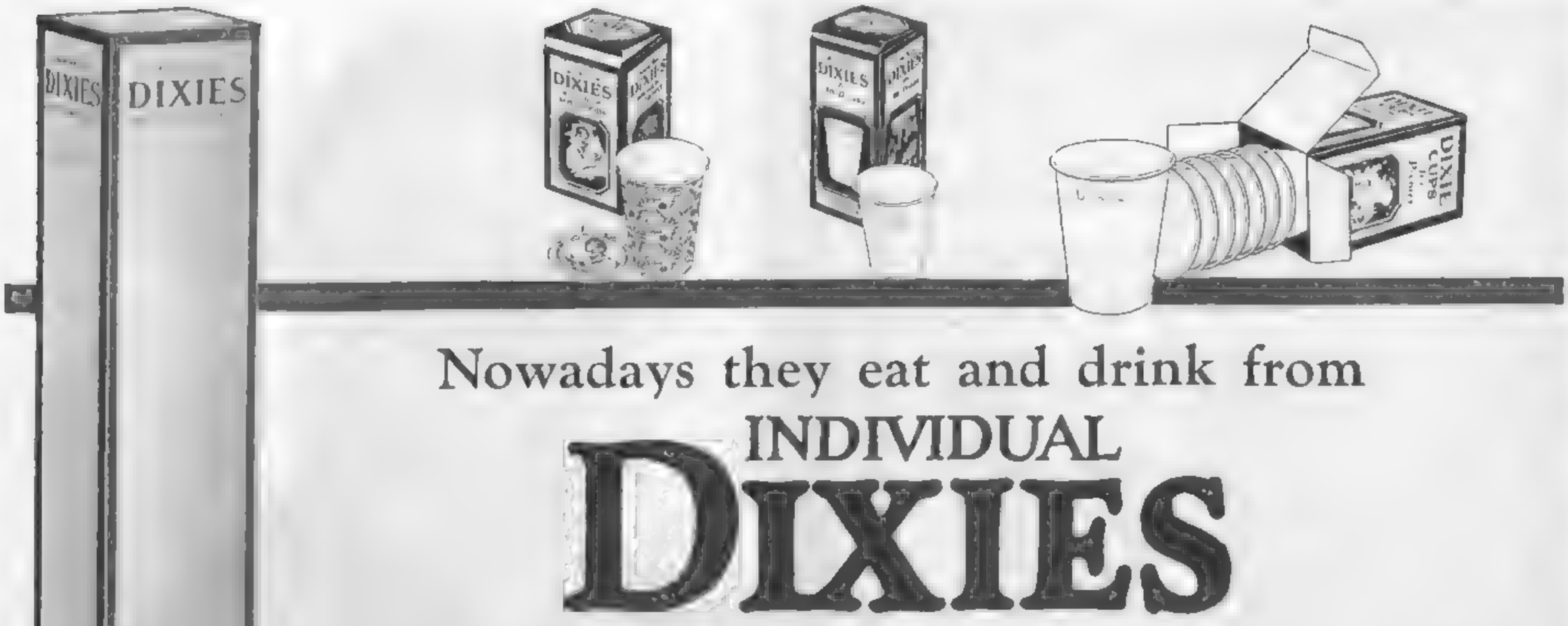
This year, its world of wearers is making a fresh discovery . . . . . the *new* Palm Beach Patterns . . . Diamond weaves, herringbones and wide Wales—"radio" stripes and plaids—from lightest linen tints to effective dark browns, grays and blacks.

Palm Beach suits at your clothier's—
Fashion's last word in well-dressed men.

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
GOODALL WORSTED CO., SANFORD, ME.
Selling Agent: A. Rohaut, 229 Fourth Ave., N.Y.C.

PALM BEACH SUITS

Look for this label



Nowadays they eat and drink from INDIVIDUAL DIXIES

Dixies, those dainty individual cups that have many times coaxed you to a refreshing drink or a tasty portion of ice cream, are now offered to you in convenient packages for office, home and picnic use.

They are the same round, sturdy cups with smooth rolled brims that you see everywhere—in railroad trains, in theatres and soda fountains all over the country. They're merely packed a different way—a more convenient way for you to buy them at drug, stationery, grocery and department stores.

DIXIES in the OFFICE

For years Dixies have been supplying the sanitary drinking cup needs in thousands of big business institutions. They have come to be regarded not only as good taste but as sound health insurance.

Now, the new package Dixies and the simple Dixie Dispenser provide Dixie Service at a surprisingly low cost for large and small offices alike.

Buy several Dispensers—they are only 35c—and put them up beside your water stands, where they'll always be at hand. Or keep an individual carton in your desk. You'll find it pays well both in personal satisfaction and in health security. (The coupon will bring you one Dispenser and a sample package of Dixies free.)

DIXIES in the HOME

Would you think of using the tooth brush of another member of the family? Of course not! Then why use his glass? Individual Dixies cost less than colds, grippe and flu. And they are so clean and inviting!

Dixies are used by manufacturers to contain individual portions of ice cream and other soft foods.

Dixies are placed in thousands of railway trains and stations, in hotels and theatres for the convenience of their patrons.

Dixies are used in the leading soda fountains to serve all sorts of cold drinks.

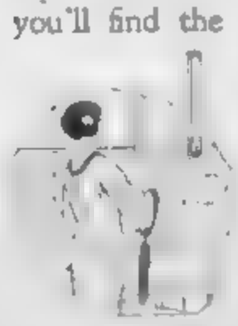
Dixies are used by Dentists and Doctors and in hospitals, clinics and sanitariums.

Dixies are used at lunch counters, delicatessen stores, cafeterias and restaurants.

Dixies are used in offices and homes. For parties, picnics and for packing lunch boxes

Packages of 100 Dixies particularly adapted for use with the Dixie Dispenser will insure your having a reserve supply always on hand. Buy them by the case from the nearest Dixie dealer.

Beside the bathroom basin, beside the kitchen tap—wherever you take a drink at home you'll find the neat, trim Dixie Dispenser convenient and decorative. (Send the coupon for a free Dispenser and a sample package of Dixies.)



And aside from the main purpose of Dixies, housewives have found them useful as molds for cakes, puddings and tarts; as containers for jams, preserves and jellies, and for many other household needs.

DIXIES for the OUT-OF-DOORS

For picnics, Dixies are "made-to-order". Take along a package of Dixies on your next Sunday outing. Just the thing when the Thermos bottle is opened, or to snatch a rare cool draught from the secluded wayside spring.

Pack your lunch in Dixies—pickles, salads, jellies, desserts—and seal with the lids that are provided with lunch box Dixies. No danger of bumpy roads or hot sun spoiling the lunch when it is packed in this ship-shape manner. And how much fresher, daintier and more appetizing it will be when it's served.

Buy your additional supply of Individual Dixies in 50c Cartons of 100 each, at the nearest drug, stationery, grocery or department store. These same stores also carry the Dixie 10c Packages. Keep a supply of them at hand for their many uses in the home, on outings, in the office.

The constantly growing popularity of Dixies in the offices and homes of today is a tribute to a discriminating American public. So that every Dixie customer may be promptly served, we urge all dealers not already handling the entire Dixie Line to communicate with us at once.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc
Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

free offer—

Let us send you this handy Dixie Dispenser, retailing at 35c, and a 10c Package of Dixies. A regular retail value of 45c free for the asking. Then buy them in 100-cup Cartons, at most any retailer's, for 50c per Carton. For convenience, use the coupon.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
Easton, Pa.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me the new 35c Dixie Dispenser and a 10c package of Dixies—free.

My Name is

My Address is

(Continued from Page 174)

citizens putting up substantial cash prizes for sprints and you have all the reasons why a six-day rider never went to sleep on his wheel.

Harry Payne Whitney in 1906 introduced the practice of hanging up money prizes in Madison Square Garden when he hung up a prize of $300 for any team gaining a lap. Since then no night of a six-day race is complete unless a celebrity or two offer prizes. Nowadays these prizes are awarded for informal sprints and are subject to the approval of the management. They are a very welcome addition to the incomes derived by riders from the race. In one night of the March race at Madison Square prizes of $100 or more were hung up by Col. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., just returned from his Far East expedition; Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge and the Marx Brothers.

The 1910 race was the most exhausting I ever rode, not because of the labor involved but because of the fact that I did not know how to take care of myself and therefore was not in the best physical condition.

My reactions were typical of what a six-day rider endures and I will try to describe them from a memory into which they are pretty well etched.

For the first twenty-four hours I was too excited to sleep, and this has always been so in every six-day race I ever rode. Late Monday afternoon I became saddle sore and my wrists, arms and legs began to ache.

I got my first sleep from six till nine Tuesday morning, and when I relieved Hehir I felt much better. I rode till twelve while my partner slept, and then alternated with him, riding two hours and sleeping two hours.

On Wednesday the sheer monotony of the steady grind was aggravated by a stiff neck and aching leg muscles. Even the reteaming of Clarke and Rutt from the teams of Rutt and Stoll and Clarke and McFarland, caused by the failure of Stoll's stomach and an injury suffered by McFarland in a fall, did not dent it. On Thursday my stomach began to act up and I refused food.

Riotous Color of the Old Garden

The jams were following one another with monotonous regularity. In the early hours of the morning the old Garden got cold and the riders shivered and increased the pace to get warm. I stuck with the field, riding in a daze, scarcely conscious of the roar of the crowd encouraging its favorites, or of the gang fights or the overcoat robberies that were part of the small hours' show.

Friday was the same as Thursday, but on Saturday all my aches and sickness miraculously left me and I was as strong as any other rider. It was the excitement of the approaching finish that nerved me so that I forgot everything else.

In the last hour of the race it was announced that four teams were tied for first place—Root and Moran, Clarke and Rutt, Fogler and Hill, and Hehir and Goullet. It was decided in a one-mile sprint in which Root went to the front at the beginning and was never headed. Clarke was second, Fogler third and Hehir fourth.

At the close of that race I had lost ten pounds, my knees were sore, I was suffering from stomach trouble, my hands were so numb I couldn't open them wide enough to button a collar for a month and my eyes were so irritated I couldn't, for a long time, stand smoke in a room. I was exhausted, yet when I fell into a bed at the old Bartholdi Hotel on Twenty-third Street I could not sleep.

Old-time followers of the six-day races often declare that the six-day crowd has lost in color what it has gained in orderliness in the past ten or twelve years. This is undoubtedly true, though I doubt that the brand of color which ran riotously in the old Garden in the old days will ever be deeply lamented.

From the beginning the six-day race captured the imagination of every class of New Yorker because of its spectacular appeal, but it had other appeals, too, to several different types of citizen. Among these was the six-day nut, a man who became so hypnotized watching the progress of the race that he spent every minute of his spare time and several other minutes that he should have been devoting to something else, like his business, to watching the riders ride. This sort of enthusiasm is in a class with addiction to cross-word puzzles, working out baseball averages or drink. Every six-day race develops its crop of nuts, and among the most prominent that come to my mind are Freddie Benham, of the New York World, who holds the continuous attendance record of four days and nights; Jimmie Barton, an actor, who cancels all engagements during the week of a six-day race in either Chicago or New York; Leon Errol, who has been known to commute nightly from Philadelphia while playing in Sally to await daylight at the track side; Will Rogers, who never misses one if he can help it; and John Kelly, millionaire sportsman and world traveler, who makes it a point to be in New York whenever a six-day race is being run.

The Game of Hide the Overcoat

Society people took to it, and early in the history of the New York six-day race it became the thing to visit it after the theater and hang up cash prizes for the riders. Then the ordinary citizen could always be depended on to look in sometime during the week, oftentimes coming out of curiosity, only to be converted into a nut.

But the six-day race was also an attraction for types that supplied a certain amount of color and plenty of turbulence and noise. These were recruited from the barrel houses of the Bowery and from the gang strongholds of the city. They came because, in the old days, one admission ticket was good for a week, provided the owner did not leave the Garden. So the bums came to hang around the bar and the gangs came to carry on their feudal wars and to steal anything they could lift. From three o'clock in the morning until an hour or so after daylight they were in full control of the place, and under their régime anything might happen—and often did.

One of the most popular sports of the gangsters was the stealing of overcoats, and the thieves were artists in their profession. A fan, excited by a close finish of a sprint or a jam, would rise from his seat on the back of which hung his overcoat. When the sprint was over and he sat down again his overcoat would have disappeared. This became such a regular happening that self-appointed announcers would rise early in the morning to give out the overcoat score for the night.

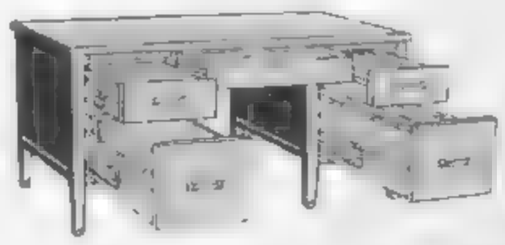
"Lade-es and gents"—out of the corner of a hard mouth—"it gives me great pleasure to announce dat sixteen bennies was copped dis evenin', breakin' de record made last year for de thoid day by two bennies."

The victims had no recourse against the thieves. By the time a policeman reached the spot occupied by the announcer there was nothing there but space, and the missing overcoats were as difficult to find as needles in the well-known haystack.

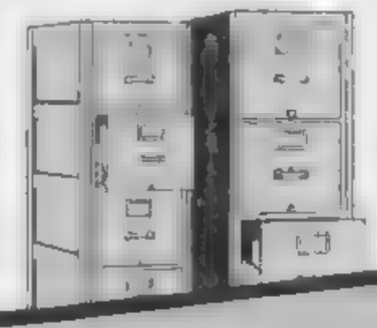
Old-timers still tell a story of a certain rich young man who, while on a spree, decided to make the old Garden a port of call during a six-day race. He arrived there in his evening clothes, in which he had about a hundred and fifty dollars in bills and change, and two quarts of liquor. His valet, under orders, accompanied him.

They occupied a box and the young man watched the races through a vision rapidly becoming blurred by frequent pulls at the bottle. After the seventh drink he insisted that the valet drink with him, and shortly after midnight both were out. He woke up between six and seven next morning. His valet was sprawled across two chairs, snoring lustily. There was no liquor in sight. He started to put his hand into his

DESKS



STEEL OR WOOD FILING CABINETS



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OFFICE SYSTEMS & SUPPLIES—BANK & LIBRARY EQUIPMENT

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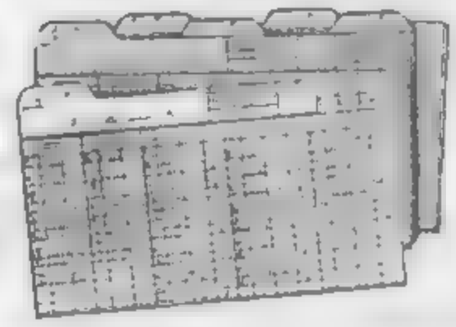
What does your office need?
Write for free book

See this "Y and E" office equipment at the nearest "Y and E" store, or write for our free book of suggestions to office managers. Yawman and Erbe Mfg. Co., 532 Jay St., Rochester, N.Y. In Canada: The Office Specialty Mfg. Co., Ltd., Newmarket, Ont.

CARD RECORDS



Make your screen doors *behave*

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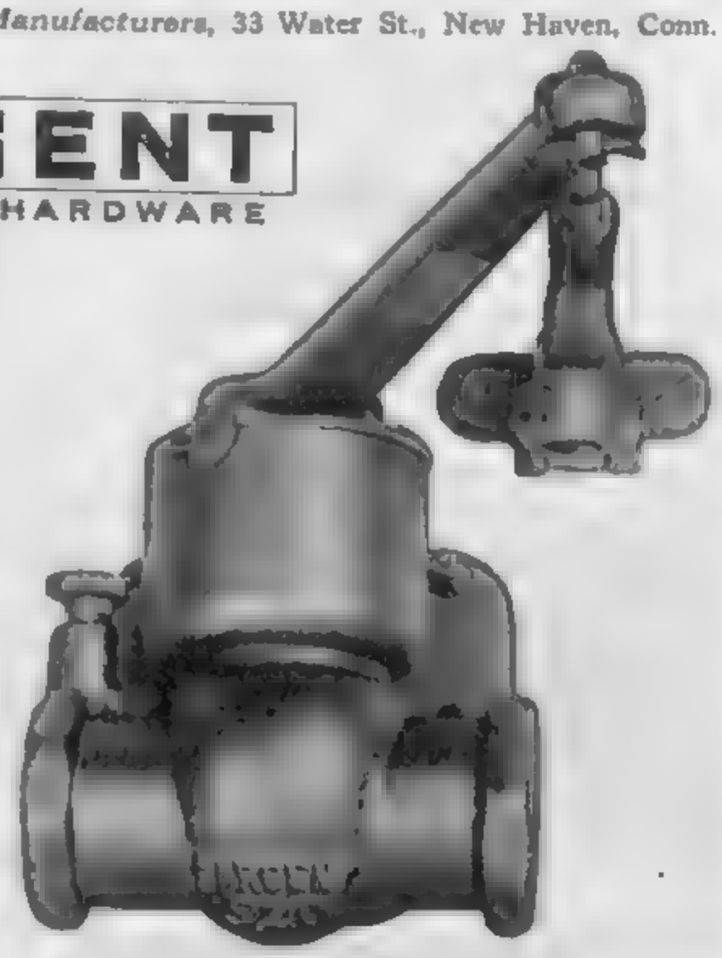

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trousers pocket to get money with which to buy more, and found that his trousers had disappeared with the liquor. He found a piece of paper folded in his vest pocket. Opening it, he read:

"The pants will bring a couple of bucks and the dough will come in handy, but much obliged for the booze."

An attendant loaned him a blanket, while his valet staggered home for another pair of trousers.

One of the riders, resting in his camp, was awakened from sleep at about three o'clock one morning by the pained voice of a disillusioned man.

"Honest," it said, "I ought to bump you off. You're a hell of a guy, wearin' de soup and fish and only twenty bucks in your kick."

In the bar the wrecks, derelicts and drunks gathered like flies around honey, and the man who took his hand and attention away from his glass for a moment found his liquor stolen. Many tricks and stratagems were employed to distract the attention of the moneyed drinkers. The favorite was to have someone yell "Jam! A jam is on!"

The sports about the bar would leave their drinks and rush for the stairs to see the excitement. When they reached the track they would learn they were victims of a false alarm. If they went back to the bar they found their liquor had disappeared.

These gangsters, thieves and tramps were bringing the six-day race into such disrepute that Floyd McFarland, promoting the 1913 race, took the first step in getting rid of them. He succeeded in cleaning the Garden out on Wednesday by making the admission tickets good only to the middle of the week. Mr. Chapman, following him, brought more frequent clean-outs, making them once a day and then twice a day. Now an admission ticket allows the bearer to stay till five o'clock in the afternoon. A night ticket entitles him to parking space till six in the morning. The Garden is cleaned every day at these hours. The rough element has disappeared.

Training for the Big Ride

I spent the season of 1911 riding in the sprint races out-of-doors and refraining from entering the long grind. I became acquainted with Jack Neville, the Jimmy de Forest of bicycle racing, now head trainer for John M. Chapman and a great conditioner of men.

Neville started conditioning bicycle racers in 1893, handling his brother, Speck Neville, a famous road rider of that time. He was Frank Kramer's trainer for sixteen years, during which Kramer won fifteen straight championships. He has conditioned riders for thirty-seven six-day races. He handled me for four years and he taught me all I know about the care of myself during a racing campaign.

Neville's cardinal principle is summed up in his favorite slogan, "Keep 'em clean and healthy," and following his rules of training had much to do with my success as a rider, because I based my preparations, my routine and my equipment for a six-day race on what I learned from him.

I began training three or four weeks before the race by walking three hours a day, covering a distance of ten miles. In the afternoon I rode from twenty-five to forty miles, riding slowly at first and increasing the pace as I rounded into condition. Most of my training was done on the bicycle, and a week or so before the race I used an auto for pace riding at full speed in five-mile bursts.

During the race I usually ate six good meals a day, consuming a dozen or more eggs a day, four quarts of milk, both fresh and buttermilk, chicken, lamb and beef, broiled, boiled or roasted, all kinds of soups and all kinds of vegetables—spinach, celery, lettuce, carrots and asparagus.

The sweets and fruits were represented by rice pudding, custards, all kinds of jellies, prunes, apples, oranges, raisins, dates and grapes. I drank milk, tea and water.

I cleaned my teeth six times a day, after every meal, took one hot bath and one head-to-foot rubdown a day, and one slap-up of my legs—sometimes two if I thought I needed it for strained or aching muscles.

The big camp where the riders keep all their clothing and get their rubs and baths is in a room under the track. This camp is run by four head trainers. Besides that, each team has its own camp, the little box on the track side, and three handlers—a rubber, a track man, who keeps the bicycles in shape and takes care of the rider on the track, watching the time of riding shifts. He has an assistant, who runs the errands, brings the food up to the rider and makes himself generally useful.

An Ideally Suited Couple

My clothing for the race consisted of a half dozen riding suits, two or three pairs of riding shoes, a half dozen suits of underwear, three woolen shirts, two pairs of silk tights—to prevent saddle soreness—a dozen pairs of socks, a dozen handkerchiefs, two pairs of gloves—to ease the strain on the hands and wrists—and a pair of goggles.

In my equipment were two complete bicycles, three sets of spare wheels, a complete set of spare parts and from three to six saddles.

In 1912 I went to Australia, partly for a visit and partly on business. In midsummer—January—1912, with Hehir as a partner, I won an outdoor six-day race at Sydney before a crowd of 55,000 people, the largest attendance on record at the finish of such an event. The next month, again with Hehir, I won the six-day race at the Exhibition Grounds, Melbourne; and I rode in the six-day race at the Sport Palace in Brussels with Iver Lawson the following December. Lawson broke his collar bone and we withdrew.

In January, 1913, I teamed with Joe Fogler and we won the six-day race at the Velodrome D'Hiver, in Paris. That year we also won the Madison Square event. Fogler, a great six-day rider, was the stormy petrel of the game. He was equally good at plugging and sprinting, and he was of the high-strung nervous type. Joe never looked for trouble, but trouble seemed to know that whenever it went looking for him it would be welcomed home, and it sort of stuck around him. His percentage of victories was high, however.

The following year, 1914, I found my ideal partner, Alfred Grenda. With him I rode four races, three official and one ten-hour. We won the ten-hour and two of the official races, and these two were the greatest of my career. Grenda and I were foils for each other. I was high-strung and nervous, inclined to worry over everything. Grenda never worried about anything as long as he got his share of the grub and sleep. He was a plugger de luxe, and though I had the edge on him in sprinting, he wasn't so bad himself. Whenever a jam occurred the man on the track never worried about the whereabouts of his partner, because the partner was always right there to relieve him.

We went to France in January and finished second to Hourlier and Comes, the French team in the Paris six-day race. Both Hourlier and Comes were killed within the year while flying for France.

In December we entered as a team for the Madison Square grind. That year the Berlin system of point scoring was introduced in America. It provided that in the event that two or more teams were tied for distance, the race should be decided by a series of fifteen sprints in the final hour, a sprint occurring every fifteen laps. The winner of each sprint would be credited with six points; second, five; third, four; fourth, three; fifth, two; and sixth, one.

It was the strongest field I ever faced. Every man in it was a seasoned rider, many of them had one or more grinds to his credit, several were among the greatest riders of all time—McNamara, Fogler, Hill, Moran, Verri, Egg and Magin.

(Continued on Page 181)

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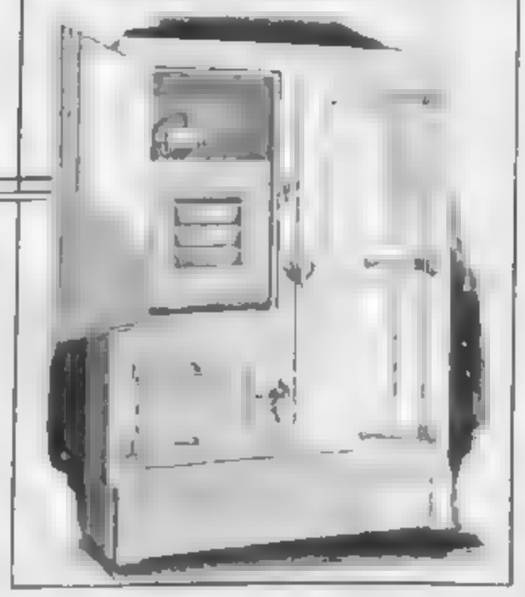

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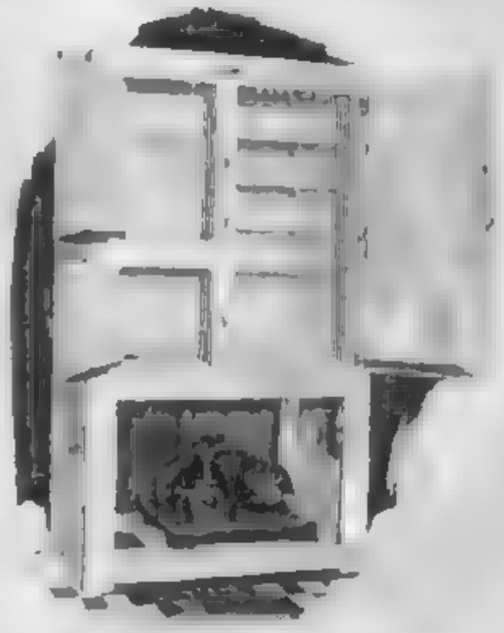

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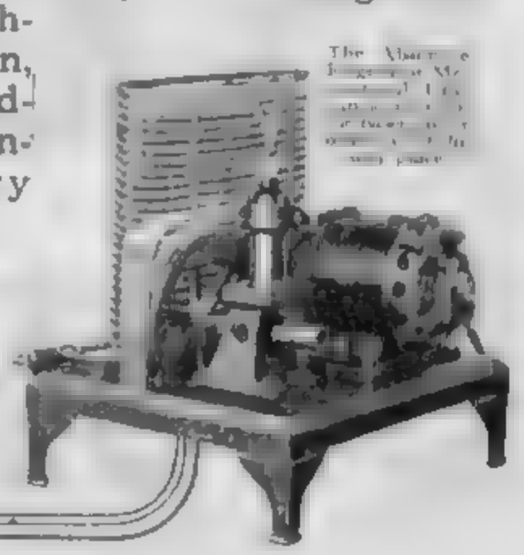

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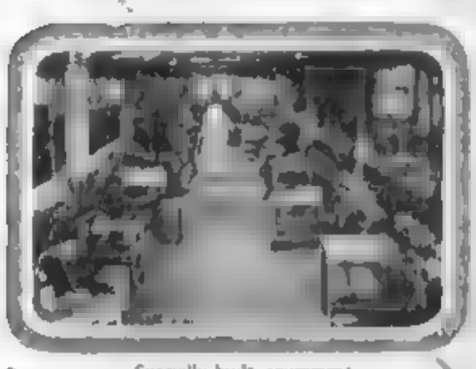

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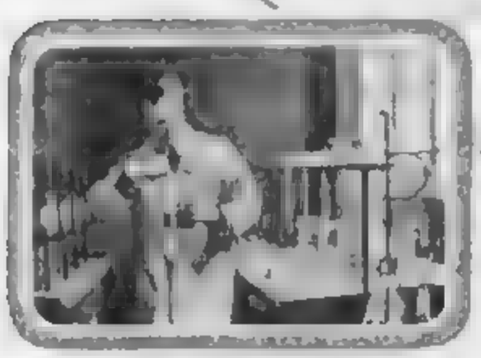

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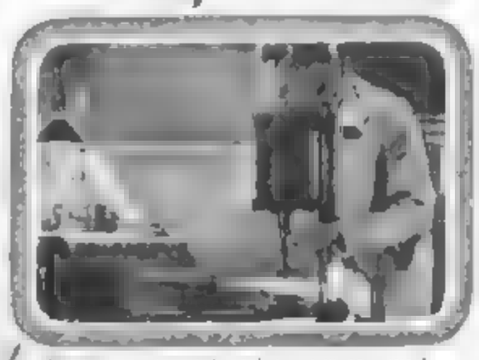

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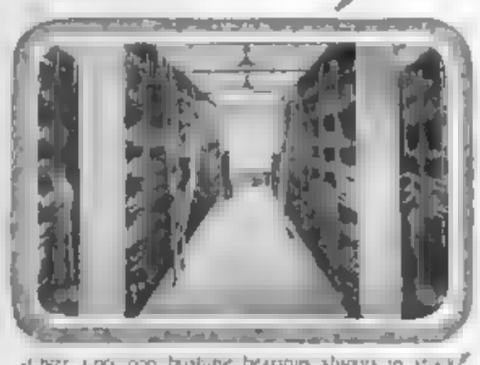

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(Continued from Page 178)

The race was the hardest and fastest ever ridden up to that time, and, in my opinion, the hardest and fastest that ever will be ridden. The jams were incessant, following on the heels of one another. This was due partly to the caliber of the riders and the keen rivalry that flared up among them; but it was also due to the shrewdness of the managers, who paid the team of Keefe and Kopsky, who remained in the race but were hopelessly behind, to set a stiff pace for the teams in the early hours of each day. During that race every rider was jerked repeatedly out of his sleep to take his place in jams. A jam was in full flower when the gong announced that the final hour and the time for the sprints had arrived.

At that moment seven teams were tied. They were Goullet and Grenda, Lawson and Drobach, McNamara and Moran, Fogler and Hill, Verri and Egg, Kaiser and Cameron and Lawrence and Magin.

Using our track man as a medium, because we had no chance to talk to each other, Grenda and I discussed the situation and decided that we would alternate in the sprints. We won eight out of the fifteen sprints and the race, hanging up the record of 2759.2.

In 1916 we were forced out of the race in Madison Square Garden when Grenda broke his collar bone. In 1917 I won the event with Jake Magin, and in 1921 Maurice Brocco went in front in the last hour of the race and won on points by an even distribution of labor. To Brocco fell the task of the heavy riding in the jams, while I saved myself as much as possible for the sprints. Our score was 2463 miles and 6 laps and 1232 points against Coburn and Rutt, with 2463.6 and 431 points.

A Six-Day Bouncing Star

Brocco was a born showman and one of the most colorful riders of recent years. He was born at Fismes, in the Department of the Marne, France, of Italian parentage, and was a great road rider in Europe before he became a six-day star. In a jam he was priceless, never seeming to tire. He had a peculiar style of riding, all his own. Instead of riding smoothly, he bounced up and down on his wheel, seeming to gallop around the track. He was the idol of the fans and in dull moments of the races in which he rode they sang his name. The word "Brocco-o-o" seemed to roll off the tongue.

Ernest Kockler and I won the Chicago race in November, 1922; and in the 1923 race in March in Madison Square, Grenda and I were again team mates. Many people declare that the finish of this race was the most startling and spectacular in all six-day racing.

The field was almost as fast as that of 1914. Among the riders were McNamara and Moran, Egg and Van Kempen, Gastman and Lands, Hanley and Magin, Brocco and Coburn, and the Belgians, Buyase and Buyase—one of these, Maurice, the strongest man I ever saw astride a wheel. In this race, as in the one of 1914, jam followed jam and the last day saw a wearied field of riders.

The finish was at eleven o'clock, and at 10.30, a half hour before the close, the team of Goullet and Grenda seemed hopelessly beaten by two teams. Gastman and Lands were a lap ahead of the field and Egg and Van Kempen were so far in the lead on points that they could not be caught.

Grenda and I, again using our track man as a medium while we alternated in the riding, talked over the situation. I began it.

"Ask Grenda," I told the track man as he pushed me off to take my team mate's place, "if he thinks we are beaten, or if we'll keep on trying."

When the track man stopped me again he said, "Grenda says, 'Hell, no, we're not beaten! We got Gastman and Lands on points. If we gain a lap we got the race!'"

"Tell him we're going after it," I said. "Watch for my signal."

The Lap of Success

Ten minutes passed in the pandemonium of the final hour of a six-day race. The teams were riding a sprint at every mile. No rider dismounted from his wheel. As his partner relieved him, he slowed down and rode into the arms of the track man, who held him on his wheel till he relieved his partner.

At 10:55 the field strung out in a sprint, with two laps to go, and as it did, I relieved Grenda. I jockeyed for position, working up from sixth, and until when we rode the final lap of that mile I was fourth.

Now at the end of a sprint the leaders, having shot their bolt, let down and swing up the bank of the track. As the three leaders did so I gathered myself and shot away. The unexpectedness of the jump completed the paralysis of the let-down field and I was a third of a lap in the lead when they took up the pursuit.

Grenda caught my signal as I started, and when I had completed a lap, he swung onto the track. By this time the field had recovered from its surprise, and I was just about holding my own when I reached Grenda and gave him the benefit of my speed by a shove in the small of his back. He rode twice around, gaining a little. I swung in again and we held our own. Grenda gained a little. Then I put everything I had left into it and caught Gastman and Lands, the leaders. It was 10:59.

One minute later we were pronounced the winners, with 2507.9 miles and 888 points against the 2507.9 and 310 points of Gastman and Lands, who, five minutes before, had the race in their hands.

That was my high moment of racing. I knew I never could experience anything like it again. I rode three more six-day races after that, but I never won again; and when Grenda broke his collar bone for the second time and I finished in the ruck with Georgetti, I found the savor had gone from me.

The six-day race had brought me a fortune, success, excitement, a certain amount of fame and a place in the record books. I should have been grateful. Since, instead of being so, I regarded it as an infernal grind, I knew I was through.

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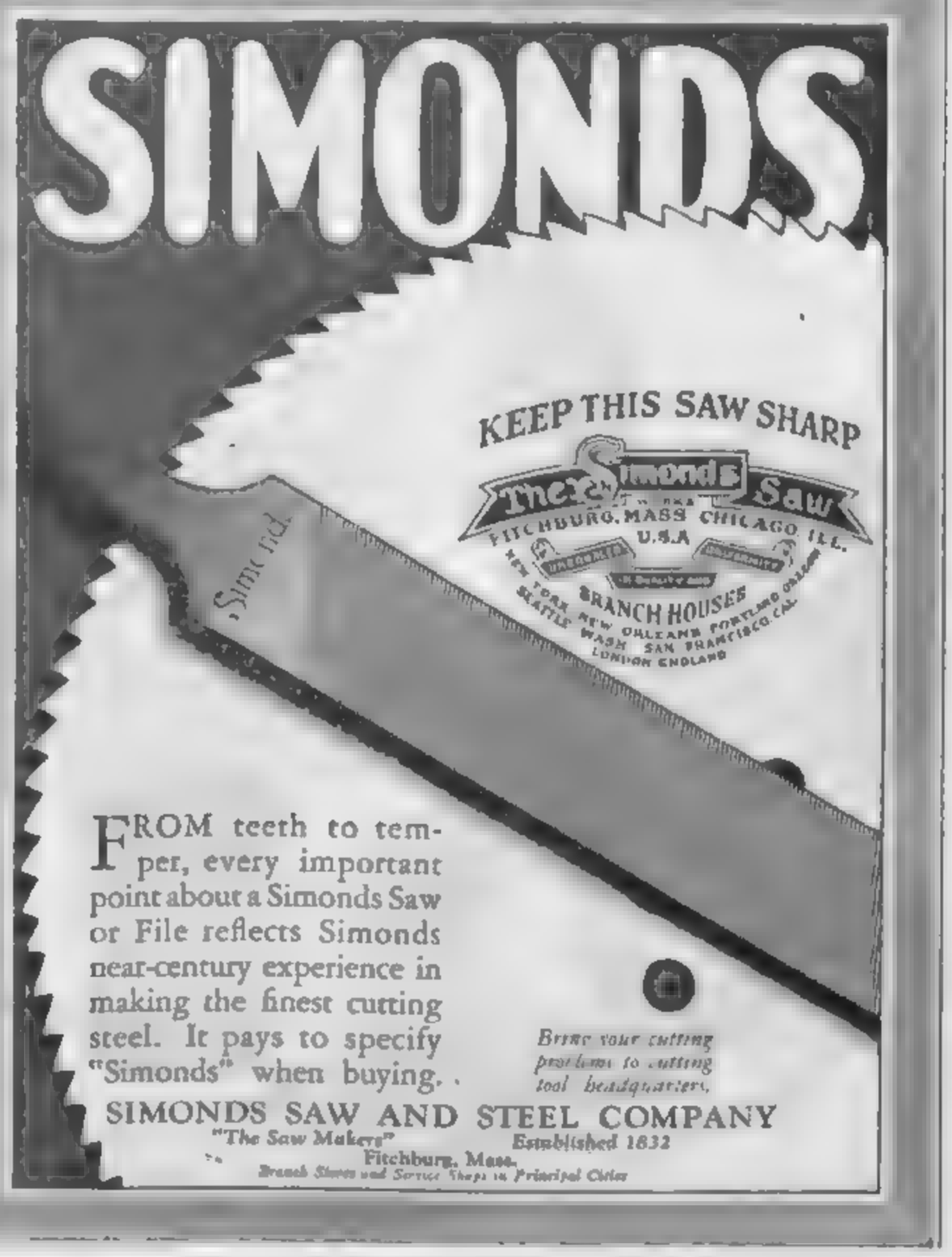

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THE CRIMINAL'S LAWYER

(Continued from Page 25)

without ever winning an acquittal, has won his case. He has tired out the prosecution and tangled the state in its own tether. Victory of the sort he wins is now his; not a clean-cut victory which restores to the defendant his good name, but it is sufficient, because the defendant is not interested in his good name. Technically, he is not even out of jeopardy, but he is out of jail. His case could again be set for trial at any term of court.

This is the sort of practice that wins bread and butter for the criminal's lawyer. Now he and his client can settle their little negotiation with the professional bondsman and recover the stolen goods. Bond has been discharged, so the collateral is released. Where has it been all this time? Well, I don't know, and neither does the district attorney and neither do the police. But there are indications that the criminal's lawyer usually knows. Perhaps the lawyer and the bondsman and the criminal are all three inclined to trust one another through the crisis. In that event it is entirely possible to negotiate with a fence, or receiver of stolen goods, while the legal proceedings drag on, and turn the collateral into cash.

Whatever is done, however, the criminal's share will not be very large. In the long run he is a peon, the slave of those who keep him out of jail and buy his ill-gotten goods. Ten per cent of the value of what he steals is just about the best that even the cleverest crook can hope to keep.

There ought not to be any great difficulty about finding a remedy for excessive delays based upon pleas that counsel for the defendant is busy in another court. In many states this obstacle to justice does not exist, because court rulings specify the conditions under which a very busy lawyer must obtain assistance. These rulings are based upon common sense, for anyone can see what would happen if every litigant and defendant in a county took his case to one lawyer. They could; there is nothing to prevent it. But if they should do so, the courts ought to require the lawyer to discharge the business, and many of them do so. In New York City, District Attorney Joab H. Banton has found a partial remedy for this situation by assigning, so far as he is able, all one lawyer's cases to one court. In that way they can scarcely conflict; but even so, the district attorney does not control the civil-court dockets or the courts of lower jurisdiction. Conflicts persist despite his efforts.

Ghost Witnesses

Delay obtained by withholding notice of appeal for nearly a year could also be prevented simply by a change in the rules. Many lawyers think that thirty days would constitute ample time for giving notice of appeal and that sixty days would be ample time for preparation of the brief. In some states it is the rule to give notice of appeal immediately upon receipt of the jury's verdict, and the time granted for preparation of the brief is sharply limited either by statute or by rule of the courts.

The most extreme case of delay in appeal that has come to my attention relates to a New York murder trial. The defendant's lawyer gave notice on the last day before his year of grace expired. Very shortly after that he was drafted into the Army and went to Europe. More than four years later he filed his brief, along with the explanation that he didn't have time to prepare it while in the Army. The court accepted this explanation and the appeal was considered. Not only that, but the verdict was reversed and the case remanded for new trial. A new district attorney had come into office in the meantime. Five and a half years after the commission of the crime he was unable to assemble his witnesses, so the case was dropped. There, most assuredly, was professional courtesy in the nth degree.

From the preceding paragraphs one might conclude that New York State offers a shining example of inefficient criminal procedure, but such is not the case. Many of its worst loopholes do not exist in other states, but virtually all of them have their own, which serve just as well. For example, in a great many states the criminal's lawyer weeps and wrings his hands and tears his hair because the sheriff has failed to produce the mysterious missing witness demanded by the defense in order to prove an alibi. Try as he will, the sheriff simply cannot find this witness, principally because no such witness exists.

Criminals' Confederates-at-Law

The criminal's lawyer may be misled by his client, or he may not. In the latter event he ought to be disbarred, but as a rule he isn't. Indeed, he wins delay after delay, and all the while the case is growing colder. Time inevitably plays into the hands of the defendant. One of the state's witnesses may die. There is always a chance. And if the defendant is a member of one of the modern bandit gangs or mobs, as they now call themselves—some confederate still at liberty may possibly assist in the disappearance of a state's witness.

But in New York the missing-witness trick doesn't work. An end was put to that bit of strategy by giving the defendant permission to take depositions even outside the state. The prosecutor enjoys no such privilege, and on first examination it appears to be both dangerous and unfair; but in practice the effect of it seems to have been a checkmate for false affidavits about essential but missing witnesses.

There is another phase of criminal procedure which ought to be mentioned in justice to the state of New York, because it is on the credit side of the ledger and worthy of consideration elsewhere.

In at least half our states the court records bristle with startling examples of reversal on trivial grounds—some typist left out a comma when copying the indictment; the district attorney neglected to ask one of the witnesses the name of the county and therefore the venue of the case hasn't been proved; or the indictment charges theft of three gold watches and five ten-dollar bills, while the testimony proves theft of five gold watches and three ten-dollar bills. Such chaff as this reverses many convictions, but not very frequently in New York State. It is generally agreed among lawyers there that the higher courts engage in a minimum of hair-splitting.

That, however, means nothing more than that the operations of the criminal's crooked lawyer in Kansas City or Dubuque or Dallas are not the same as in New York City. No jurisdiction has curbed him to any marked extent. And until they do so, they will find the campaign against crime waves an uphill fight, for he is not in reality an attorney at law; he is a confederate of the criminal.

The means for delaying criminal trials are not nearly so numerous or intricate as the layman might suppose. Most of them, as a matter of fact, are amazingly simple. Each jurisdiction provides only a few. Taking the nation as a whole, the number and variety are bewildering, but they do not all exist in any one place. There is scarcely any single pernicious scheme for obtaining unwarranted delay that has not been dealt with effectively in one or more states. The trouble is that if one good loophole remains in service unchallenged, it answers the needs of the criminal's lawyer nearly as well as five or six.

But I am giving a disproportionate amount of space to the operations of the criminal's lawyer in the courthouse. The criminal's lawyer does his most effective work in an advisory capacity far, far away

(Continued on Page 185)

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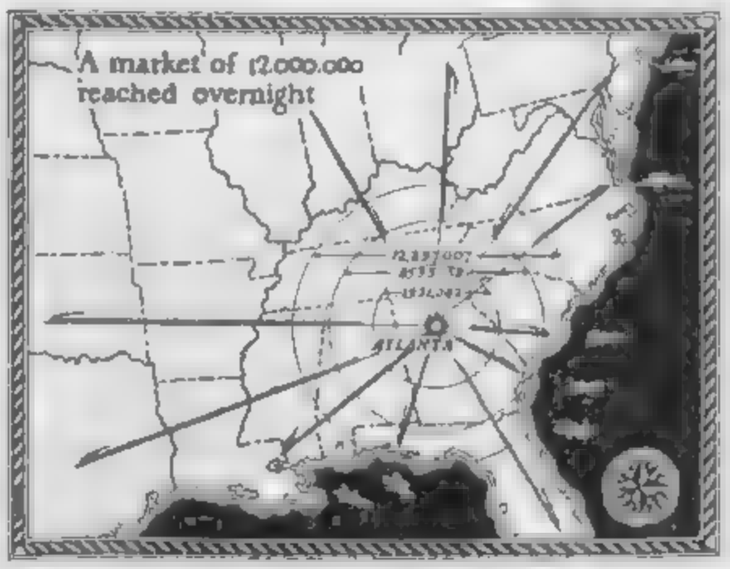

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ATLANTA

Industrial Headquarters of the South

(Continued from Page 182)

from the portals of justice. Like the corporation lawyer, he is a specialist who endeavors to guide the policies of his clients with such wisdom that they will not find it necessary to engage in litigation. He cannot do a great deal for the highwayman and burglar, because, as a rule, those fellows haven't got much sense. Many of them are dope fiends, degenerates, or of subnormal mentality, and about 80 per cent of them are under twenty-one years of age. But their operations are entirely dependent upon the existence of receivers of stolen goods, who are very shrewd men, so the crooked lawyer works largely with these receivers, or fences. He is absolutely essential to their business and has been so effective that police and prosecutors quite generally agree that it is almost impossible to convict a fence. They are organized and do an interstate business. Very frequently it is they who provide the funds for the defense of a captured bandit. Bandits are in effect their hired hands, and very cheap labor too. If the guilty bandit can be brought promptly to trial, however, no lawyer can do much for him; but it is quite otherwise with the fence. He has more brains and obtains the advice of counsel to avoid being arrested.

Let us consider, for example, the industry of stealing, transporting and selling automobiles. The business of the receivers is well organized and on the whole conducted with considerable skill—thanks, in part, to shrewd legal advice. The salesmen who offer stolen automobiles do not slink out of alleys or whisper furtive inquiry to their prospects. Quite the contrary. They have bills of sale in legal form. Trace these back through two or even sometimes four persons and they appear to be bona fide; but if you go just one step too far you encounter a blank, or what the police call a Chinaman. Either there is no such address or no such person ever lived there.

The hand of the lawyer shows quite clearly here. Nearly all our courts agree that proof of recent possession is essential to conviction for the crime of receiving stolen property. Well, if the goods have passed through the hands of three or four or five persons, the district attorney isn't very sure of proving recent possession. No one, I venture to assert, is so simple as to believe that automobile thieves examined the higher court decisions for themselves and invented the necessary dodge. They probably had legal advice. And the result of it is that uncounted hundreds of cases in which there appears to be a high probability of guilt have to be abandoned without prosecution. In destroying or concealing essential links in the chain of evidence against him lies the fence's safety, and he does this under the direction of his lawyer, who indicates the point of least resistance. The result is that the fence, although known, can seldom be caught.

The Criminal's Lawyer at Large

The average criminal is not very bright. Give him an opportunity to enter a warehouse where great quantities of silks are deposited and he would very probably attempt to sell the stolen goods without removing the marks of identification. Therefore the fence has to enter before there is even a fair gambling chance of profit. The fence buys at a very low price and then he and the lawyer do the brain work. The criminal takes laborer's hire and usually spends it within a week. The lawyer knows just about how far to go in this matter of destroying identification and guides the operations of the fence. If one goes too far, the utter lack of identification marks on goods might be considered suspicious. There is a delicate balance in these matters. Once arrived at, the fence is approximately safe. The owner of the goods frequently is unable to go further in the matter of identifying his stolen property than to say that he recognizes it by its quality.

"I bought this silk from the Such-and-Such Company, of Paterson, New Jersey," he will say. "I've been buying this grade of silk from them for six years, so I recognize it. Of course it's mine. Eighteen bolts were stolen and eighteen were recovered. It's clear as daylight. Sure, I recognize it by the feel and by the looks of it."

Probably he does; but the jurors don't, and they are required to find the defendant guilty beyond a reasonable doubt, if they find him guilty at all. There are scores of silk mills in this country and quite a few importing firms. The owner might be mistaken. So the case isn't quite good enough to be presented and it is dropped without ever going before a jury. Here is where the criminal's lawyer does his best work—not in the court room.

An almost amusing phase of this intricate matter of identifying stolen property comes to light when the firm that has suffered loss sues an innocent purchaser and gets judgment in a civil suit with evidence that wasn't even good enough to justify the expense of bringing the original receiver to trial. That happens fairly frequently. The explanation is that in a civil suit the preponderance of the evidence wins. A civil jury is expected to use its ordinary common sense, to draw conclusions and strike toward substantial justice. But in a criminal case the law says "beyond a reasonable doubt." It would be absurd, of course, to plead for a change in that requirement; all I wish to point out is that through the advice of crooked lawyers, known receivers of stolen goods, who are the paymasters of the bandits, manage to ply their trade year in and year out, unwhipped by the law. Robbed of legal advice, most of them would probably be in the penitentiary within sixty days.

Fencing With Fences

The case that to me most strikingly portrayed the difficulty of identifying stolen property after it had received the skilled attentions of a fence related to a stolen shipment of sausage casings. The owner was positive that he knew them by their quality. Now suppose, I meditated, that I were on a jury and that this man testified positively that he recognized his sausage casings by their quality. What do I know about sausage casings? Absolutely nothing at all. How then would I be certain beyond a reasonable doubt that he could recognize sausage casings? If there had been marks on the boxes in which they were packed, that would be different. But the receiver, acting on advice of counsel, knows just which marks and what proportion of them to destroy. To remove all of them would be going too far. Eventually, of course, the goods must reach an innocent purchaser—and they usually do.

There never was a time, under our legal system, when it was easy to convict a receiver of stolen goods, but the tendency during recent years has been to make it even more difficult. This development is of prime importance, because the receiver is the key man in thievery. When jewelry stolen in Philadelphia is disposed of to innocent purchasers in Denver and Los Angeles within a month of the theft, that is the work of the fence, not the bandit. If the jewelry was worth $300,000, the bandit probably received between $20,000 and $30,000 for it. The fence may be regarded as quite a business man. To convict him it is necessary to prove that he knew the goods were stolen, so he moves them rapidly through several hands and probably through several states, landing them at the earliest possible moment in the hands of an innocent purchaser. There is scarcely any hope of even finding out who the original receiver was unless the thief is caught. He will often tell. But in New York, the state where there are at present probably more and shrewder fences than anywhere else on earth, the testimony of the captured thief is of almost no value against the fence, and this condition has come about through court decisions.

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extremely shrewd counsel for a long time, the effect begins to show in the form of a body of court-made law. For example, if the railroad attorneys of some state were for a period of ten years to be vastly better lawyers than those who usually prosecuted claims for damages, there would inevitably grow up a body of decisions making pretty hard sledding for damage suits.

The evidence that fences are skillfully guided by counsel shows in every one of our states where there are large cities. These men have money, and if one happens to be arrested, his case is bitterly fought to the court of last resort. These battles have brought into existence a body of decisions that are of great aid to the operations of the fence. I do not mean to intimate that the decisions are not sound law. As a matter of fact, they are unassailable as law. But neither can it be denied that these decisions indicate that keen minds have been at work for the defense. Let me cite a specific example:

The higher courts of New York State have conferred upon fences what may be accurately described, I think, as a boon, in the form of decisions holding that the thief is the accomplice of the fence in the crime of receiving stolen property. This means that the testimony of the thief against the fence is valueless in nearly all prosecutions for receiving. As an accomplice, all his statements have to be corroborated. Now who is to corroborate them? A thief negotiating with a fence doesn't call in witnesses. Their trading is done as secretly as possible. If the thief is eventually caught and, facing conviction, is willing to testify against the fence in return for leniency, his testimony might at least be considered by the jury. It isn't worth a great deal at best; but if it dovetails with all the rest, it might form an impressive link in the prosecution's whole array of testimony.

But in those states where the thief is, by court decision, an accomplice of the fence, his testimony is seldom used. In fact it is positively dangerous because of the risk of reversal on appeal. Not only does this situation add immeasurably to the security of the fence but it also gives him a great business advantage in dealing with thieves, because he could testify against them. He is not an accomplice in the theft, so they are at his mercy. In his crime, however, by legal decision, they are his accomplices, so his interests become theirs whether they like him or not. It would be a tremendous aid to prosecutors and police if fences didn't know this—but they all do. They have their lawyers, sworn to uphold the Constitution and the laws and enjoying high privileges before the courts of justice, but hiring themselves to men whose criminal practices they know better than anyone else. There is a great gulf between the criminal lawyer and the criminal's lawyer.

Trailing the Key Men of Crime

The Federal courts do not have occasion very often to deal with the crime of receiving stolen property. Not many cases of that sort have been bitterly contested before the Federal courts. Consequently there are few decisions on the subject. No great body of court-made law has grown up. And what do we find? In the Federal courts the thief's testimony could be used against the receiver. Its value would be a question for the jurors to decide. They could accept it or not, as they saw fit.

However, I must draw the line sharply between the battle for favorable court decisions and unethical procedure. It was not unethical to fight for the decision mentioned. That falls within the legitimate field of operations of a criminal lawyer and obtaining this decision was practicing criminal law. But now that it exists, it can be and is used by the criminal's lawyer in advising him with regard to his criminal business. The fence is not an accidental criminal; that is his business and his lawyer is bound to know it.

In order to put the fence in jail and keep him there, under present laws, it will be necessary to subject him to espionage by the shrewdest of detectives, well versed in the law and working patiently for long periods of time. But the job would be worth doing, for he is a key man in crime, he and his lawyer. The lawyer probably couldn't be sent to jail, but it would be worth something to disbar him. Morally, he is an accessory. For him to pose, at the same time, as an honorable member of the bar seems a little too much. Once stripped of his license to practice, if he continued his connections with fences, the fact of his guilt as an accessory would become much clearer. He would then be just a citizen. As matters stand, he is in the absurd position of being legal adviser to men who make crime a business and at the same time an aid to the court when he appears before the bar of justice.

In order to make this very clear, let us consider a type of prosecution that arises fairly frequently and note the position of the criminal's lawyer. An automobile has been stolen. The thief is arrested in the car, taken to the nearest police station, later indicted and brought to trial. On trial of the case, testimony indicates that the theft took place two miles from the point where the arrest was made, all in the same city but not in the same county. It is a large city. So here is the defendant facing a jury in the wrong county. Or perhaps the matter is merely uncertain. The district attorney should have prepared his case better, but at present we are examining the position of the criminal's lawyer.

Housecleaning Necessary

He rises and calls attention to this error in venue, as, of course, he has a perfect right to do. Why has he that right? Because he is a sworn officer of the court whose duty it is to uphold the law, and the law says that the prosecution must take place in the county where the crime was committed.

Theoretically, this lawyer is aiding the court to track the statutes and uphold the orderly administration of justice. No question of the guilt or innocence of the defendant is involved in this point of venue. The defendant is a mere bystander. That's the theory. And it is a wholesome, laudable point of view, a theory worth living up to. The dignity of the state and its legal system are important. But if that lawyer is the regularly employed adviser of a gang of automobile thieves, he has no moral right to masquerade as an assistant to the court, enjoying the privileges and honors incident thereto, because his interest is not in the law but in stolen cars. His only object in raising the point is to win delay.

Our whole body of tradition in connection with the administration of law reflects meticulous consideration for dignified procedure as well as for the man accused of crime. Not only is he presumed to be innocent until proved guilty beyond a reasonable doubt but his lawyer is presumed to be a learned, ethical gentleman, no less eager than the judge to see justice triumph.

Today society confronts gangs of young bandits who apparently respect neither God, man nor devil; their attitude toward life may be summarized as universal contempt. Being fools, they fall into the toils of shrewder men who use them—the fences; and the fences act under the advice of counsel. The lawyer is the wedge that finally enters the very portals of justice and strikes at the keystone in the arch of our national civilization. There is no use mincing words on this subject, because the matter is not open to dispute; we cannot hope to punish justly so long as the legal profession tolerates widespread corruption and collusion with criminals.

The measures necessary to uphold ethical standards in the legal profession are not clear to the general public. An ordinary mass meeting of citizens cannot deal with that problem any better than it could devise statutes regulating the practice of medicine. The professions must keep themselves clean.

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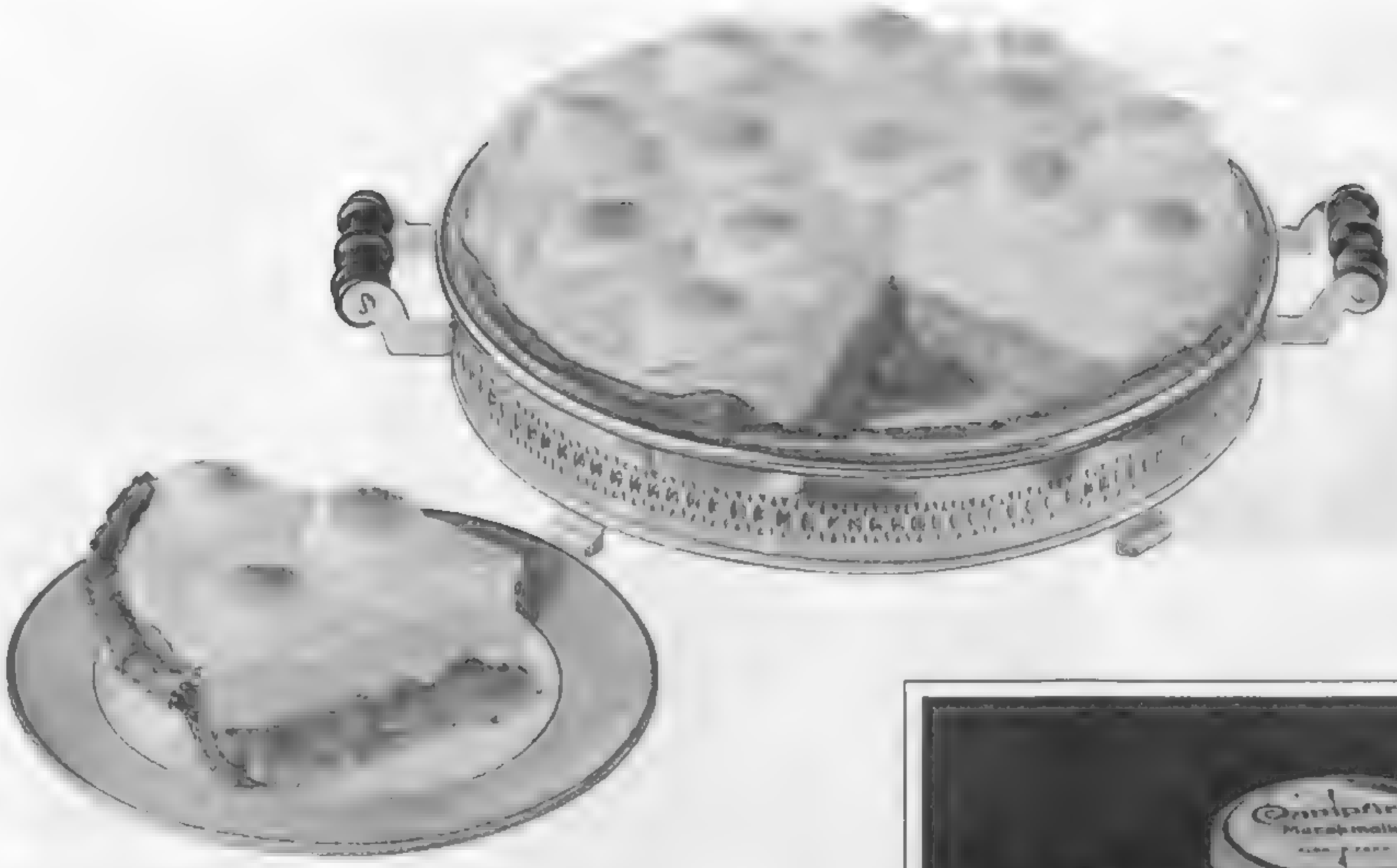
While every precaution is taken to insure accuracy, we cannot guarantee against the possibility of an occasional change or omission in the preparation of this index



An antidote for the blues . . .
a luscious Campfire marshmallow pie

TO DISPEL the glooms, serve pie . . . a scrumptious, ambrosial Campfire pie. All brown and flaky crust beneath. A tasty filling next. And crowning deliciousness! . . . a top of delicate, flavorsome whiteness that disappears meltingly down ecstatic throats.

This Campfire marshmallow topping for pies is a culinary secret discovered by Mrs. Gladys Williams. She has put it into a Campfire recipe book which you may have for four cents in stamps. You can use this topping on almost any pie. On a butterscotch pie, for instance, recipe for which is given on this page.

And there are also Campfire cakes, puddings, parfaits and salads which you can make. Many new and tempting dishes, in fact, with which to vary your menus for dinners, luncheons and teas.

In using Campfire marshmallows, remember that they are not just a confection, but a *food*. Campfires have as their basic ingredient a food-substance which is not only nutritious in itself, but which increases the nutritive properties of the foods with which it is combined.

It requires scientific accuracy and the utmost skill to make Campfires. Temperatures are gauged to within the tiniest fraction of a degree. Even the air must not be too moist or too dry. To insure their reaching you in all their original perfection, Campfires are packed in air-tight containers the moment they come from their final coating of pure confectioner's sugar . . . and they are *shipped fresh from the Campfire kitchens each day.*

Campfires are good for the children too. They are a safe and easily digested sweet which may be used instead of a prepared dessert, or given between meals instead of the rich, cloying candies which spoil the appetite for normal foods.

Ask for Campfire marshmallows at any good store. They may be purchased in small air-tight cartons, or in five-pound tins. The Campfire Company, Milwaukee, Wis., and Cambridge, Mass.

Campfire Marshmallow Pie

2 cups milk	2 eggs
1 cup brown sugar	1 teaspoon vanilla
2 tablespoons cornstarch	Pastry crust
3 tablespoons butter	1 box Campfire marshmallows
¼ teaspoon salt	

Scald milk in double boiler, mix sugar and cornstarch, add to milk, stir until thick, cover and cook fifteen minutes. Add butter and salt and pour over egg yolks slightly beaten.

Return to double boiler, stir and cook one minute, remove from fire and cool. When ready to serve, add vanilla and pour into a baked pastry crust.

Cut Campfire marshmallows in pieces and put in a warm place until they are soft. Beat egg whites until stiff, beat in marshmallows and spread over the top of the pie. Serve as it is or if desired bake in the oven until delicately browned.

In the Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams you will find many suggestions and recipes just as delicious as the above. Send for it. Write your name and address on the coupon, enclosing four cents in stamps, or send ten cents in stamps for a regular 3½ oz. package of Campfires and a complete recipe booklet. Mail to our nearest office today.

Mrs. Gladys Williams, Domestic Science Dept. J
THE CAMPFIRE CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
or Cambridge, Mass

Enclosed find
- ☐ 4c in stamps for Campfire recipe booklet by Mrs. Gladys Williams.
- ☐ 10c in stamps for regular 3½-oz. package and recipe booklet.

Name

Street

City State

For convenience and economy buy a five-pound tin of Campfires. They keep indefinitely.

Campfire
The original food
Marshmallows
45¢ per pound

What about Cancer?

THE SHAM MYSTIC

Scattered all over the country are cruel imposters who claim to have the ability to cure cancer.

The old Indian woman who pretends to heal by occult rites is less dangerous than the crooked institutions and individual practitioners who advertise that their secret knowledge and mysterious "treatments" will cure this dread disease.

THROUGH fear and ignorance cancer is sometimes spoken of furtively. Yet no more disgrace is attached to cancer than to appendicitis. Many are unwilling to admit they suspect cancer until necessity forces them to seek the truth. They wait too long—tragedy comes.

There is good news about cancer. In many instances it can be prevented and if treated in its early stages it can be eradicated. Sometimes it can be successfully removed, even when it has progressed beyond the early stages. It does not break out in another place when the removal is complete.

A cancer in the body is like a weed in a garden. It begins in one spot as a small growth. There is only one course to follow with cancer as there is with a weed—get rid of it immediately and *entirely*.

Not Hereditary—Not Contagious

Do not imagine that because someone in your family died of cancer, you are doomed. In some families the tendency toward cancer seems to be hereditary, but the disease itself is not.

Cancer is not contagious. To avoid those who are suffering from this disease, or to make them feel that they are dangerous to their friends, is as stupid as it is cruel. There is not a single authenticated record of any person having contracted the disease through association with a patient.

Be on the watch for the first signs of cancer. Do not neglect any strange growth. Be suspicious of all abnormal lumps or swellings or sores that refuse to heal. Look out for moles, old scars, birthmarks or warts that change in shape, appearance or size. If you have jagged or broken teeth, have them smoothed off or removed. Ill-fitting dental plates may cause cancer. Continued irritation of any part of the body is often the beginning of trouble.

The failure of internal organs to function normally, or an unusual discharge from any part of the body should at once receive thorough and skilful attention. Make certain whether or not the cause is cancer.

Above All—Act Promptly!

Remember this: Once it has begun to develop, Nature alone is helpless to stop the growth of cancer. But it may be removed by surgery or destroyed by X-rays or radium. Do not wait, thinking that the trouble will clear up. Do not wait for pain. In the early stages there is no pain. Time is a matter of life and death with cancer.

The greatest scientists of the world, though they have searched for years and are still searching, have not found a serum to prevent cancer or drugs to cure it. The great victories have come from surgery, X-rays or radium.

Spread the good news about cancer—how it can be recognized in its early stages—how to get rid of it. Help to save lives.

Cancer accounts for one-tenth of all deaths among adult persons of the United States. Almost as many people over 40 die of cancer as of pneumonia, tuberculosis and typhoid fever combined.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is vitally concerned in the appalling number of deaths from cancer. If—and when—cancer is successfully brought under control, the cost of life insurance will be reduced.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company is glad to coöperate with those who are doing splendid work—helping to control cancer. By dealing openly and frankly with it, by learning to recognize first symptoms, by acting promptly when it is discovered and, most important, by having thorough physical examinations annually or oftener, the cancer death rate can be materially reduced.

We shall be glad to mail to anyone interested, a leaflet on cancer entitled "A Message of Hope".

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Continued from Page 61)

became, one fine October afternoon, setting and backdrop for a most enthralling one act—himself and me the entire cast. If I had written his lines, he couldn't have had them neater.

There was a diary—authentic—of a fruit-steamer cruise in the Caribbean which I had kept to amuse myself. It amused him. That was the plot of the one act. He bought it—not for ten dollars. He had James Montgomery Flagg do the pictures. J. M. F. being at that time, so far as I was concerned, lineal descendant of Fra Filippo Lippi *et al.*—— Well, figure to yourself!

I left that office and walked Madison Avenue—my first week in New York, too—with the mien of a Pirate Bride—no, frankly, the Pirate himself.

At which point one usually goes on to observe, with a sigh and a smile, "Nothing since then has ever afforded that first *exlase.*" Only, it wouldn't be true. Every story I do gives me that identical thrill.

That's the amazing part of living with the work you love. So long as you give it your unshirted soul, custom cannot stale the relationship. To the gentle reader your latest story may be just one more collection of phrases, just one more futile rendering of the bunk. To you it's sweat and laughter, tears and delight.

The person who preceded you on the Table of Contents has done better than you; perhaps, as well, the person who came after you. You roll up your sleeves, take your knife in your teeth, shake your hair out of your eyes and go out after Hidden Treasure once again. I said it was Adventure—nothing more so.

Roland Pertwee concludes—and if this much publicity distress him, I do beg his pardon, but I like what he says; also, it's easier writing stuff like this with a model:

"I have a healthy and modest ambition—the bittersweet, the familiar and the intimate."

Mine—since ambitions are in the ring—is romance, with its tongue in its cheek; emotion, with a laugh up its sleeve; passion, with a wise crack for cover; tragedy, with a whistle to get it by the graveyard. A green hat, *pour le sport*, as one may say, with something not purely sportive thereunder.

In so many words, I aspire to what, not always with approval, is known among reviewers as the light touch. The kind of thing for the achievement of which one has first to learn to leave out adjectives, then learn to imply them. First learn what not to mention, then learn to get it over without mentioning it. I don't mean thin ice, although that, also, requires only two feet.

I mean —— Fanny Brice singing Mon Homme. John Rodgers kidding the crew of the PN9 Number 1 off the vanishing coast of Oahu —— That kind of thing! It takes some doing—one may never get there—but, when I began, gravely, at seven, making poems in a copy book, I never dreamed I'd ever get as far as this. Who's Who—and Why? Why, indeed?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)

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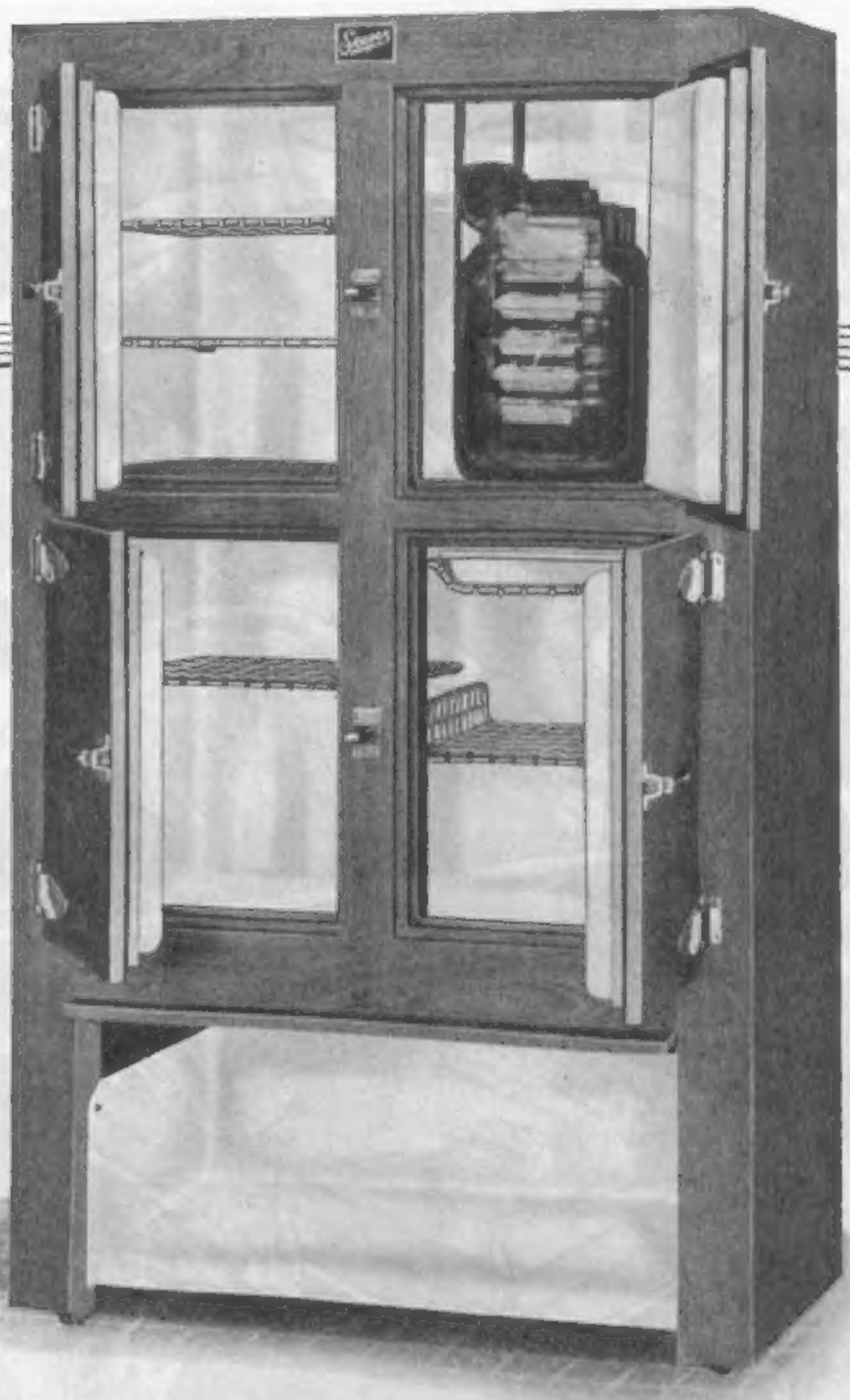
A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.



Seeger

ANNOUNCES A NEW LINE OF REFRIGERATORS BUILT EXCLUSIVELY FOR ELECTRICAL REFRIGERATION.

There are many features wherein this new type of refrigerator differs from any others so far produced.

In the refrigerating chamber above is shown a composite photograph of eight different cooling units of the principal electrical refrigeration manufacturers.

THE REFRIGERATOR IS WORTHY OF THEM—THEY ARE WORTHY OF IT.

The Representatives of Electrical Refrigeration will be pleased to show and demonstrate the new Seeger.

SEEGER REFRIGERATOR COMPANY

SAINT PAUL—NEW YORK—BOSTON—CHICAGO—LOS ANGELES—ATLANTA

Seeger

REFRIGERATOR

Standard of the American Home

Johnston's

CHOCOLATES *for Town & Country*

Johnston's for Town & Country *beautifully packaged, at one dollar the pound . . . Among others, the Choice Box, 20-Odd, Quintette, Peacock, etc., at $1.50 a pound—Chocolate Bazar and Treasure Box at $2 a pound.*

For glorious summer days with a carefree companion, take Johnston's for Town & Country. An enticing array of delightful summer candies to pass vacation hours . . . Whether it's tennis or golf, dancing or riding or driving . . . whether you swim or only like to watch . . . you'll like Johnston's for Town & Country . . . As a week-end gift, or with your thank-you note . . . worthy of the sweetest lady in all the world.

ROBERT A. JOHNSTON COMPANY · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · MILWAUKEE · MINNEAPOLIS · OAKLAND

You will find a special agency for Johnston's Chocolates in one of the better class stores in your neighbourhood

Heretofore, most silverware has been sold in "dozens" and "half dozens" of each unit.

"But twelve is too many," many housewives maintain, "and six is not enough. 'Eight of each' is what the average family needs!"

So here it is, the *happy-medium* selection—eight dinner knives, eight dinner forks, eight dessert spoons, eight tea spoons, one sugar shell and a butter-knife. Thirty-four pieces all told—a balanced and an adequate selection of silverplate.

And the price! $43.50 for the set complete, in an attractive box. Or with the popular Utility Serving Tray at but $1.00 extra.

Or better still, you may secure the complete "Pieces of 8" service of the world's finest silverplate in the gorgeous Spanish chest (illustrated above) for but $49.50. (Prices for the above slightly higher in Canada.)

The "Pieces of 8" set may be secured in any of the famous 1847 ROGERS BROS. classic patterns.

Your silverware dealer has the chest on display in his window or store. Stop in and see it . . . and get the thrill of a treasure-finder. Ask for the "Pieces of 8" set. INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, Meriden, Conn.

·1847 ROGERS BROS·

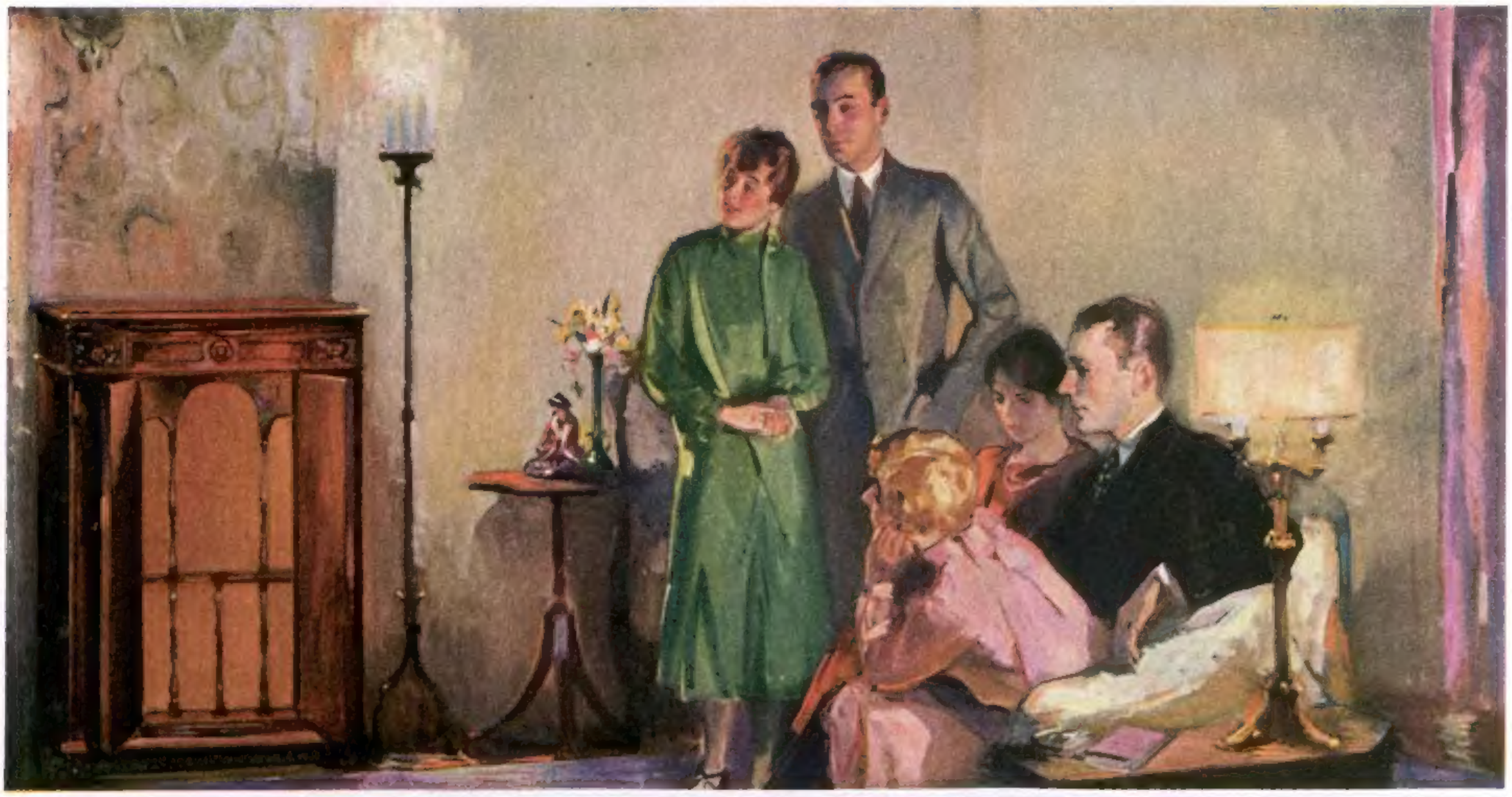
SILVERPLATE

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO.

SALESROOMS:
NEW YORK, CHICAGO, SAN FRANCISCO

CANADA: INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY OF CANADA, LIMITED, HAMILTON, ONTARIO

The Orthophonic Victrola saved the day!



How to entertain guests who drop in unexpectedly . . . it's never a problem in the homes that have the new Orthophonic Victrola. For this instrument is all-entertainers-in-one. Versatile. Untiring. Always ready to thrill its listeners—your guests . . . your family . . . *yourself.*

The new Orthophonic Victrola! The musical marvel of the age. The fruit of patient, exhaustive research into the realm of sound. The new Orthophonic Victrola—nothing else is like it . . . nothing!

Such flawless reproduction! Such realism! All the music of all the world brought to the home *precisely* as it is played or sung. Bell-clear treble tones . . . deep, rolling bass . . . all the delicate shadings of voice or instrument. Higher notes and lower notes than have ever been caught before.

The Orthophonic Victrola is *new* from start to finish—not merely "improved" or "revised." It is new in principle . . . basically, fundamentally *new.* "Matched Impedance," the engineers call it. In other words, this results in the smooth, uninterrupted flow of sound . . . *flawless* reproduction. The principle of Matched Impedance enabled Victor to give the Orthophonic Victrola to the world.

Only an organization with the Victor background and the Victor facilities could have done it. The principle is controlled exclusively by Victor and fully covered by patents.

Hear this musical marvel today at the nearest Victor dealer's. He will demonstrate an instrument, the like of which you have never heard before. There are many beautiful models, from $85 up. You will agree that the new Victrola and the new Victor Records furnish entertainment of a kind and quality absolutely beyond compare.

The New Orthophonic **Victrola**

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